THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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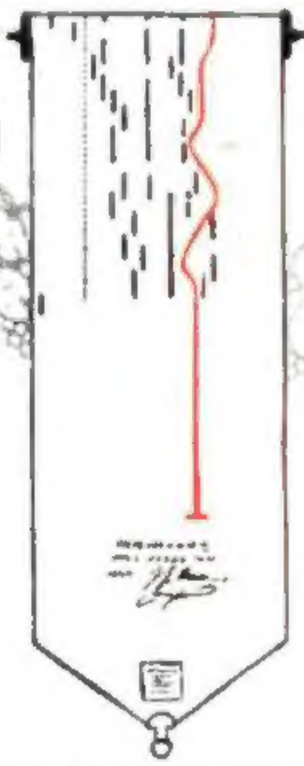
DRAWN BY
SARAH S. STILWELL WEBER

Beginning

THE GLORY OF CLEMENTINA—By W. J. Locke



"*Theme and Variations*"—I. J. Paderewski
Metrostyle interpretation indicated by the composer.

"*Peer Gynt*"—Edvard Grieg
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"Music's Life Line"

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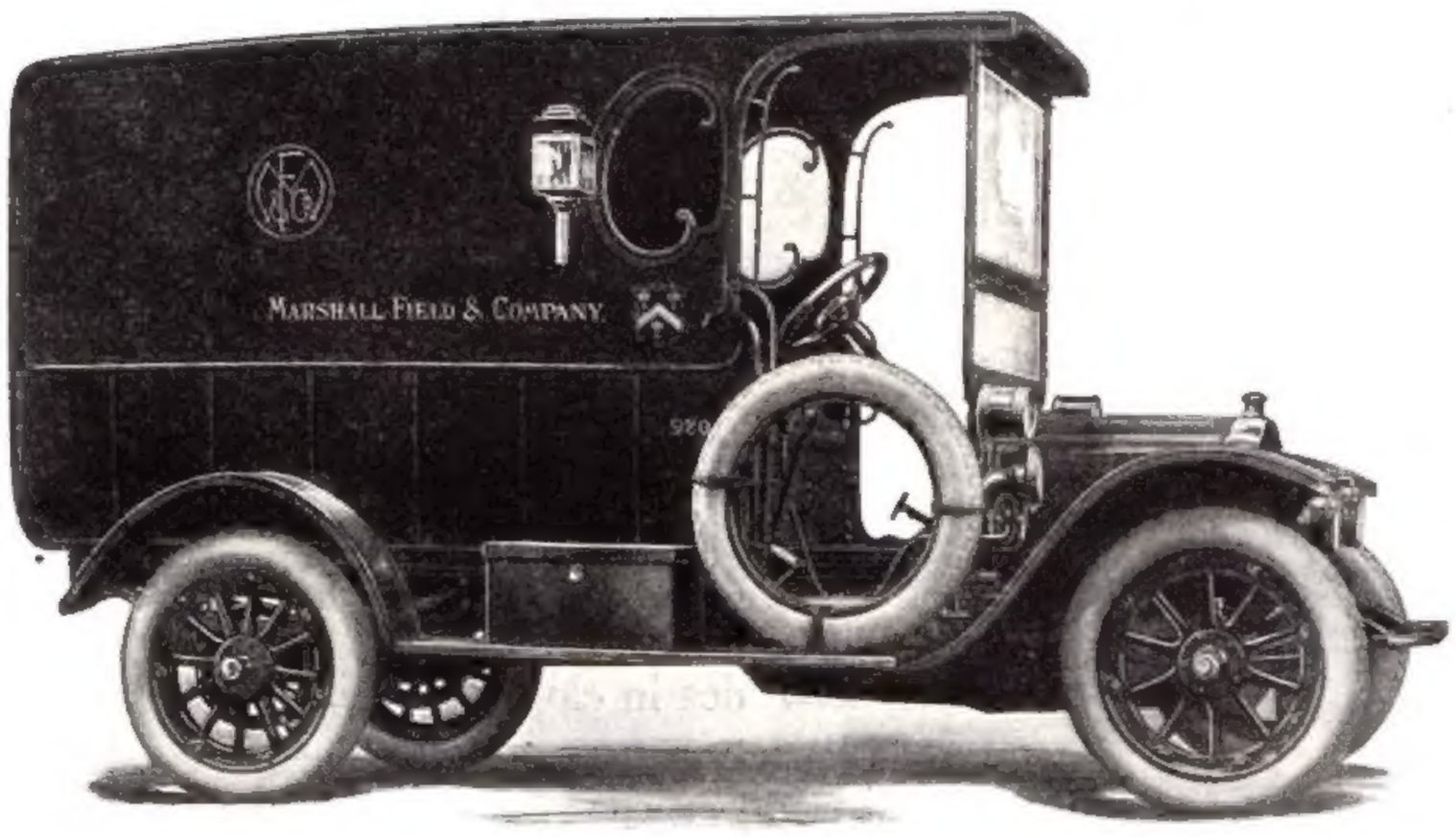

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THE GLORY OF CLEMENTINA

By WILLIAM J. LOCKE

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR I. KELLER

UNLESS you knew that, by taking a few turnings in any direction and walking for five minutes, you would inevitably come into one of the great, clashing, shrieking thoroughfares of London, you might think that Romney Place, Chelsea, was situated in some world-forgotten cathedral city. Why it is called a "place" history does not record. It is simply a street or double terrace—the quietest, sedatest, most unruffled, most old-maidish street you can imagine. It is rigorously closed to organ-grinders and German bands; and itinerant venders of coal would have as much hope of selling their wares inside the British Museum as of attracting custom in Romney Place by their raucous appeal. Little dogs on leads and lazy Persian cats are its *genii loci*. It consists of a double row of little Early Victorian houses, each having a basement protected by area railings, an entrance floor reached by a prim little flight of steps, and an upper floor.

Three little houses close one end of the street; a sleepy little modern church masks the other. Each house has a tiny back garden which, on the south side, owing to the gradual slope of the ground riverward, is on a level with the basement floor and thus on a lower level than the street. Some of the houses on this south side are constructed with a studio on the garden level running the whole height of the house. A sloping skylight admits the precious north light and a French window leads on to the garden. A gallery runs round the studio on a level and in communication with the entrance floor; and from this to the ground is a spiral staircase.

From such a gallery did Tommy Burgrave, one November afternoon, look down into the studio of Clementina Wing. She was not alone, as he had expected; for in front of an easel carrying a nearly finished portrait stood the original—a pretty, dainty girl—and a well-dressed, well-fed, bullet-headed, bull-necked, commonplace young man. Clementina, on hearing footsteps, looked up.

"I'm sorry ——" began Tommy Burgrave. "They didn't tell me ——"

"Don't run away. We're quite through with the sitting. Come down. This is Mr. Burgrave, a neighbor of mine," she explained. "Tries to paint too. Miss Etta Concannon—Captain Hilyard."

She performed perfunctory introductions. The group lingered round the portrait for a few moments, and then the girl and the young man went away. Clementina scrutinized the picture, sighed and pushed the easel to a corner of the studio and drew up another one into the light. Tommy sat on the model-throne and lit a cigarette.

"Who's the brute?"

"This?" asked Clementina, pointing to the new portrait, that of a stout and comfortable-looking gentleman.

"No. The man with Miss Etta Something. I like the name Etta."

"He's engaged to her. I told you his name—Captain Hilyard. He called for her. I don't like him," replied Clementina, whose language was abrupt.

"Neither do I—and she's as pretty as paint. It must be awful hard lines on a girl when she gets hold of a bad lot."

"Awful!" she said, gathering up palette and brushes. "What are you wasting precious daylight for? Why aren't you at work?"

"I feel rather limp this afternoon and want stimulating. So I thought I'd come in. May I stay?" Tommy asked her.

"Oh, Lord, yes! You can stay," said Clementina, dabbing a vicious bit of paint on the canvas and stepping back to observe the effect; "though you limp young men who need stimulating make me tired—as tired"—she added, with another stroke—"as this horrible fat man's trousers."

"I don't see why you need have painted his trousers. Why not have made him half length?"

"Because he's the kind of cheesemonger that wants value for his money. If I cut him off at the waist he would think he was cheated. He pays to have his hideous trousers painted and so I paint them."

"But you're an artist, Clementina."

"I got over the disease long ago," she replied grimly, still dabbing at the creases of the abominable and unmentionable garments. "A woman of my age and appearance hasn't many illusions left. If she has she's a fool. I paint portraits for money, so that one of these days I may be able to retire from trade and be a lady. Bah! Art! Look at that!"

"Hi! Stop!" laughed Tommy as soon as the result of the fresh brush-stroke was revealed. "Don't make the infernal things more hideous than they are already."

"That's where I get 'character,'" she said sarcastically. "People like it. They say: 'How rugged! How strong! How expressive!' Look at the fat, self-satisfied old pig! And they pay me in guineas where the rest of you high artistic people get shillings. If I had the courage of my convictions and painted him with a snout they'd pay me in lacs of rupees. Art! Don't talk of it. I'm sick of it."

"All right," said Tommy, calmly puffing away at his cigarette, "I won't. Art is long and the talk about it is longer, thank God! So it will keep."

He was a fresh-faced, fair-haired boy of two and twenty and the chartered libertine of Clementina's exclusive studio. His uncle, Ephraim Quixtus, had married a distant relation of Clementina; so, in a vague way, she was a family connection. To this fact he owed acquaintance with her—indeed, he had known her dimly from boyhood; but his intimacy he owed to a certain charm and candor of youth which found him favor in her not very tolerant eyes.

He sat on the model-throne, clasping his knee, and watched her paint, wonderingly, admiringly. For all her cynical depreciation of her art, she was a portrait painter of high rank, possessing the portrait painter's magical gift of getting at essentials; of splashing the very soul—miserable or noble—of the subject upon the canvas. She had a rough, brilliant method, as direct and uncompromising as her speech. To see her at work was at once Tommy Burgrave's delight and his despair. Had she been a young and pretty woman, his masculine vanity might have smarted; but Clementina, with her ugliness, gruffness and untidiness, scarcely ranked as a woman in his disingenuous mind. You couldn't possibly fall in love with her; no one could ever have fallen in love with her. And she, of course, had never had the remotest idea of falling in love

"They Said About Five Hundred Pounds—They Evidently Have a Lot of Money to Throw About"

with anybody. To his boyish fancy, Clementina in love was a grotesque conception. Besides, she might be any age. He decided that she must be about fifty; but, when you made allowances for her gruffness and eccentricities, you found that she was a good sort; and—there was no doubt about it—she could paint.

Of course Clementina might have made herself look much younger and more prepossessing, and thereby have pleased the fancy of Tommy Burgrave. As a matter of fact, she was only thirty-five. Many a woman with more years and even less foundation of beauty than Clementina flaunts about the world breaking men's hearts, obfuscating their common-sense and exerting all the bewildering influences of a seductive sex. She only has to do her hair, attend to her skin and attire herself in more or less becoming raiment. Very little care suffices. Men are ludicrously easy to please in the way of female attractiveness—but they draw the line somewhere. It must be confessed that they drew it at Clementina Wing. Her coarse black hair straggled perpetually in uncared-for strands between fortuitous hairpins. Her complexion was dark and oily; her nose had never been powdered since its early infancy; and her face, even when she walked abroad, was often disfigured, as it was now, by a smudge of paint. She had heedlessly suffered the invasion of lines and wrinkles. A deep vertical furrow had settled hard between her black overhanging brows. She had intensified and perpetuated the crow's-feet between her eyes by a trick, when concentrating her painter's vision on a sitter, of screwing her face into a monkey's myriad wrinkles.

She dressed habitually in any old blouse, any old skirt, any old hat picked up at random in bedroom or studio—and picked up originally, with equal lack of selection, in any miscellaneous emporium of feminine attire. When her figure, which—as women acquaintances would whisper to each other, but never—not daring—to Clementina—had, after all, its possibilities, was hidden by a straight, shapeless, color-smeared painting smock, and all of Clementina, as God made her, that was visible, save her capable hands, was the swarthy face with its harsh contours, its high cheek-bones, its unlovely, premature furrows, surmounted by the bedraggled hair that would have disgraced a wigwam, Tommy Burgrave may be pardoned for regarding her less as a woman than as a painter of genius, who somehow did not happen to be a man.

Presently she laid down palette and brushes and pushed the easel to one side.

"I can't do any more at it without a model. Besides, it's getting dark. Ring for tea." She threw off her painting smock, revealing herself in an old brown skirt and a soiled white blouse, and sank with a sigh of relief into a chair. It was good to sit down, she said. She had been standing all day. She would be glad to have some tea. It would take the taste of the trousers out of her mouth.

"If you dislike them so much why did you rush at them as soon as those people had gone?"

"To get the girl's face out of my mind. Look here, *mon petit*," she said, turning on him suddenly, "if you ask questions I'll turn you into the street. I'm tired. Give me something to smoke."

He disinterred a yellow, crumpled packet of French tobacco and cigarette papers from among a litter on a table and lit the cigarette for her when she had rolled it.

"I suppose you're the only woman in London who rolls her own cigarettes."

"Well?" asked Clementina.

He laughed. "That's all."

"It was an idiotic remark," said Clementina.

The maid brought in tea and it was Tommy who played host. Clementina softened a little as he waited on her.

"I was meant to be a lady, Tommy, and do nothing. This paintbrush walloping—after all, what is it? What's the good of painting these fools' portraits?"

"Each of them is a work of genius," said Tommy.

"Rot and rubbish!" said Clementina. "Let me clear your mind of a lot of foolish nonsense you hear at your high-art tea-parties, where women drivel and talk of their mission in the world. A woman has only one mission: to marry and get babies. Keep that fact in front of you when you're taking up with any of 'em. Genius! I can't be a genius for the simple reason that I'm a woman. Did you ever hear of a man mother? No. It's a contradiction in terms. So there can't be a woman genius."

"But surely," Tommy objected, more out of politeness, perhaps, than conviction—for every male creature loves to be conscious of his sex's superiority—"surely there was Rosa Bonheur—and—and, in your own line, Madame Vigée Le Brun."

"Very pretty," said Clementina; "but stick them beside Paul Potter and Gainsborough and what do they look like? Could a woman have painted Paul Potter's bull?"

"What's your definition of genius?" asked Tommy, evading the direct question. He had visited The Hague and stood in rapt wonder before what is perhaps the most essentially masculine bit of painting in the world. Certainly no woman could have painted it.

"Genius," said Clementina, screwing up her face and looking at the tip of a discolored thumb, "is the quality the creative spirit assumes as soon as it can liberate itself from the bond of the flesh."

"Good!" said Tommy. "Did you make up that all at once? It knocks Carlyle's definition silly. But I don't see why it doesn't apply equally to men and women."

"Woman," said Clementina, "has always her sex hanging round the neck of her spirit."

Tommy stared. This was a new conception of women which he was too young and candid to understand. For him, women—or rather that class of the sex that counted for him as women: the mothers and sisters and wives of his friends; the women from whose midst one of these days he would select a wife himself—were very spiritual creatures indeed. That twilight region of their being in which their sex had a home was holy ground, before entering which a man must take the shoes from off his feet. He took it for granted that every unmarried woman believes in the stork or gooseberry-bush theory of the population of the world. A girl allowed you to kiss her because she was kind and good and altruistic, realizing that it gave you considerable pleasure; but as for the girl craving the kiss for the satisfaction of her own needs, that was undreamed of in his ingenuous philosophy. And here was Clementina, laying it down as a fundamental axiom that woman has her sex always hanging round the neck of her spirit. He was both mystified and shocked.

"I'm afraid you don't know what you're talking about, Clementina," he said at last with some severity.

Indeed, how on earth could Clementina know?

"Perhaps I don't, Tommy," she said, with ironical meekness, realizing the gulf between them and the reverence which, as the Latin grammar tells us, is especially due to tender youth. She looked into the fire, a half smile playing round her grim, unsmiling lips, and there was silence for a few moments. Then she asked bruskly:

"How's that uncle of yours?"

"All right. I'm dining with him this evening."

She Remembered How He Had Drawn Back His Handsome Head and Looked Into Her Eyes

"I hear he has taken to calling himself Doctor Quixtus lately."

"He's entitled to do so. He's a Ph.D. of Heidelberg. I wish you didn't have your knife into him so much, Clementina. He's the best and dearest chap in the world. Of course he's getting rather elderly and precise. He'll be forty his next birthday, you know."

"Lord save us!" said Clementina.

"But one has to make allowances for that. Anyway," he added with a flash of championship, "he's the most courtly gentleman I've ever met."

"He is," said Clementina; "but if I were his wife I'm sure I would throw him out of the window."

Tommy stared again for a moment and then laughed—more at the idea of the quaint old thing that was Clementina being married than at the picture of his uncle's grotesque ejectment.

"I don't think that's ever likely to happen," he remarked.

"Nor do I," said Clementina.

Soon after that Tommy departed as unceremoniously as he had entered. Not that Tommy Burgrave was by nature unceremonious, being a boy of excellent breeding; but no one stood on ceremony with Clementina; the elaborate politeness of the Petit Trianon was out of place in the studio of a lady who would tell you to go to the devil as soon as look at you.

When the door at the end of the gallery closed behind him she gave a sigh of relief and rolled another cigarette. There are times when the most obstinate woman's nerves are set on edge and she craves either solitude or a sympathetic presence. Now, she was very fond of Tommy; but what, save painting and cricket and the young animal's joy of life, could Tommy understand? She regretted having spoken of sex and spirit to his uncomprehending ears. Generally she held herself and even her unruly tongue under control. But this afternoon she had lost her grip. The sitting had strangely affected her, for she had divined, as she had not done on previous occasions, the wistful terror that lurked in the depths of the young girl's soul—a divination that had been confirmed by the quick look of fear with which she had greeted the bullet-headed young man when he arrived to escort her home. And Tommy, with his keen young vision, had summed him up in a few words.

She turned on the arc lamp suspended in the middle of the studio and drew the easel containing the girl's portrait into the light.

She gazed at it for a while intently and then, throwing herself into her chair by the fire, remained there motionless with parted lips, in the attitude of a woman overwhelmed by memories.

They went back sixteen years, when she was this girl's age. She had not this girl's bearing and flowerlike grace, but she had her youth and everything in it that stood for the promise of life. She had memories of her mirrored self—quite a dainty slip of a girl in spite of her homely face, her hair wound around a not unshapely head in glossy coils, and her figure set off by delicately fitting clothes. And there was a light in her eyes because a man loved her and she had given all the richness of herself to the man. They were engaged to be married. Yet, for all her tremulous happiness, terror lurked in the depths of her soul. Many a night she awoke gripped by the nameless fear, unreasonable, absurd; for the man in her eyes was as handsome and debonair as any prince out of a fairy tale. Her mother and father, who were then both alive, came under the spell of the man's fascination. He was of good family, fair private income and was making a position for himself in the higher walks of journalism; a man, too, of unsullied reputation. A gallant lover, he loved her as in her dreams she had dreamed of being loved. The future held no flaw.

Suddenly, something so grotesque happened as to awaken all her laughter and indignation. Roland Thorne was arrested on a charge of theft. A lady, a stranger, the only other occupant of a railway carriage in which he happened to be traveling from Plymouth to London, missed some valuable diamonds from a jewel-case beside her on the seat. At Bath she had left the carriage for a minute to buy a novel at the bookstall, leaving the case in the compartment. She brought evidence to prove that the diamonds were there when she left Plymouth and were not there when she arrived at her destination in London. The only person, according to the prosecution, who could have stolen them was Roland Thorne, during her temporary absence at Bath. Thorne treated the matter as a ludicrous annoyance. So did Clementina, as soon as her love

and anger gave place to her sense of humor. And so did the magistrate, who dismissed the charge, saying that it ought never to have been brought.

With closed eyes the woman in front of the fire recalled their first long passionate kiss after he had brought the news of his acquittal, and she shivered. She remembered how he had drawn back his handsome head and looked into her eyes.

"You never for one second thought me guilty?"

Something in his gaze checked the cry of scorn at her lips. The nameless terror clutched her heart. She drew herself slowly, gradually, out of his embrace, keeping her widening eyes fixed on him. He stood motionless as she recoiled. The horrible truth dawned on her. He was guilty. She sat on a chair, white-lipped and shaken.

"You? You?"

Whether the man had meant to make the confession, probably he himself did not know. Overwrought nerves may have given way. But there he stood, at that moment, self-confessed. In a kind of dream paralysis she heard him make his *apologia*. He said something of sins of his youth, of blackmail, of large sums of money to be paid so as to avert ruin; how he had idly touched the jewel-case, without thought of theft; how it had opened easily; how the temptation to slip the case of diamonds into his pocket had been irresistible. His voice seemed a toneless echo, far away. He said many things that she did not hear. Afterward she had a confused memory that he pleaded for mercy at her hands. He had only yielded in a moment of desperate madness; he would make secret restitution of the diamonds. He threw himself on the ground at her feet and kissed her skirt, but she sat petrified, speechless, stricken to her soul. Then, without a word or a sign from her, he went out.

The woman by the fire recalled the anguish of the hour of returning life. It returned with the pain of blood returning to frostbitten flesh. She loved him with every quivering fiber. No crime or weakness in the world could alter that. Her place was by his side, to champion him through evil, to ward off temptation, to comfort him in his time of need. Her generous nature cried aloud for him, craved to take him into her arms and lay his head against her bosom. She scorned herself for having turned to him a heart of stone, for letting him go broken and desperate into the world. A touch would have changed his hell to Heaven—and she had not given it. She rose and stood for a while, this girl of nineteen, transfigured, vibrating with a great purpose—the woman of thirty-five remembered—ah, God!—the thrill of it. The flames of the sunrise sped through her veins.

In a few minutes she was driving through the dizzy streets to the man's chambers: in a few minutes more she reached them. She mounted the stairs. She had no need to ring, as the outer door stood open. She entered. Called:

"Roland, are you here?"

There was no reply. She crossed the hall and went into the sitting room. There on the floor lay Roland Thorne, with a revolver bullet through his head.

II

SUCH were the memories that overwhelmed Clementina Wing as she sat grim and lonely by the fire.

In the tragedy the girl Clementina perished and from her ashes arose the phenix of dingy plumage that had developed into the Clementina of today. As soon as she could envisage life again, she plunged into the strenuous art-world of Paris, living solitary, morose and heedless of external things. The joyousness of the light-hearted crowd into which she was thrown jarred upon her. It was like Bacchanalian revelry at a funeral. She made no friends. Good-natured importunates she drove away with rough usage. The pairs of young men and maidens who flaunted their foolish happiness in places of public resort she regarded with misanthropic eye. She hated them—at one-and-twenty—because they were fools; because they deluded themselves into the belief that the world was rose and blue and gold, whereas she, of her own bitter knowledge, knew it to be drab. And from a drab world what was there more vain than the attempt to extract color? Beauty left her unmoved because it had no basis in actuality. The dainty rags in which she had been accustomed to garb herself she threw aside with contempt. Sackcloth was the only wear.

It must be remembered that Clementina at this period was young and that it is only given to youth to plumb the depths of existence. She was young, strong-fibered, desperately conscious of herself. She had left her home, rejecting sympathy. To no one could she exhibit the torture of her soul; to no one could she confess the remorse and shame that consumed her. She was a failure in essentials. She had failed the man in his hour of need. She had let him go forth to his death. She, Clementina Wing, was a failure. She, Clementina Wing, was the world. Therefore was the world a failure. She saw life drab. Her vision was infallible. Therefore life was drab. Syllogisms, with the eternal fallacy of youth in their minor premises. Work saved her reason. She went at it feverishly, indefatigably, unremittingly, as only a woman can—and only a woman who has lost sense of values. Her talent was great—in those days she did not scout the suggestion of genius—and by her indomitable pains she acquired the marvelous technique that had brought her fame.

The years slipped away. Suddenly she awakened. A picture exhibited in the Salon obtained for her a gold medal, which pleased her mightily. She was not as dead as she had fancied, having still the power to feel the thrill of triumph. Money much more than would satisfy her modest wants jingled in her pockets with a jocund sound. Folks whom she had kept snarlingly at bay whispered honeyed flattery in her ears. Philosophy, which—of a bitter nature—she had cultivated during her period of darkness, enabled her to estimate the flattery at its true value; but no philosophy in the world could do away with the sweetness of it. So it came to pass that, on her pleasant road to success, Clementina realized that there was such a thing as light and shade in life as well as in pictures. But, though she came out of the underworld a different woman from the one who had sojourned there, she was still a far more different woman from the girl who had flung herself into it headlong. She emerged cynical, rough, dictatorial, eccentric in speech, habits and attire. As she had emancipated herself from the gloom of remorse and self-torture, so did she emancipate herself from convention. Youth had flown early and with it the freshness that had given charm to her young face. Lines had come, bones had set, the mouth had hardened.

She had lost the trick of personal adornment. Years of loose and casual corseting had ruined her figure. Even were she to preen and primp herself, what man would look on her with favor? As for women, she let them go hang. She was always impatient of the weaknesses, frailties and vanities of her own sex, especially when they were marked by an outer show of strength. The helpless she had been known to take to her bosom as she would have taken a wounded bird; but her sex as a whole attracted her but little. Women could go hang, because she did not want them. Men could go hang likewise, because they did not want her. Thus, dismissing from her horizon the whole human race, she found compensation in the freedom so acquired. If she chose to run bareheaded and slipshod into the King's Road and come back with a lump of beef wrapped in a bloodstained bit of newspaper, as her acquaintance, Mrs. Venables, had caught her doing—"My dear, you never saw such an appalling sight in your life," she said when reporting the incident; "and she had the impudence to make me shake hands with her—and the hand, my dear, in which she had been holding the beef!"—if she chose to do this, what mattered it to any one of God's creatures, save perhaps Mrs. Venables' glovemaker, to whom it was an advantage? Her servant had a bad cold; time—the morning light—was precious and the putting on of hat and boots a retarding vanity.

If she chose to bring in a shivering ragamuffin from the streets and warm him before the fire, and stuff him with the tomato sandwiches and plumcake set out for a visitor's tea, who could say her nay? The visitor, in revolt against the sight and smell of the ragamuffin, could get up and depart. It was a matter of no concern to Clementina. Eventually folks recognized Clementina's eccentricity, classed it in the established order of things, ceased to regard it—just as dwellers by a cataract lose the sound of the thunder and as a human wife ceases to be conscious of the wart on her husband's nose. To this enviable height of freedom had Clementina attained.

She sat by the fire overwhelmed by memories. They had been conjured up by the girl with the terror at the back of her eyes; but their weight was no longer crushing. They came over her like a weightless gray cloud that had arisen from some remote part with which she had no concern. She had grown to look upon the tragedy impersonally, as though it were a melodramatic tale written by a young and inexperienced writer, in which the characters were overdrawn and untrue to life. The reading of the tale left her with the impression that Roland Thorne was an unprincipled weakling, Clementina Wing an hysterical little fool.

Presently she rose, rubbed her face hard with both hands—a proceeding which had the effect of spreading the paint-smudge into a bright gamboge over her cheeks—pushed the easel aside and, taking down Tristram Shandy from her shelves, read The Story of the King of Bohemia and His Seven Castles, by way of a change of fiction, till her maid summoned her to her solitary dinner.

Early the next morning, as soon as she had entered the studio and had begun to set her palette, preparatory to the day's work, Tommy Burgrave appeared on the gallery, with a "Hello, Clementina!" and ran down the spiral staircase. Clementina paused with a paint-tube in her hand.

"Look, my young friend; you don't live here, you know," she said coolly.

"I'll clear out in half a second," he replied, smiling. "I'm bringing you news. You ought to be very grateful to me. I've got you a commission."

"Who's the fool?" asked Clementina.

"It isn't a fool," said Tommy, buttoning the belt of his Norfolk jacket, as if to brace himself to the encounter. "It's my uncle."

"Good Heavens!" said Clementina.

"I thought I would give you a surprise," said Tommy.

Clementina shrugged her shoulders and went on squeezing paint out of tubes.

"He must have softening of the brain."

"Why?"

"First, for wanting to have his portrait painted at all; and secondly, for thinking of coming to me. Go back and tell him I'm not a caricaturist."

Tommy planted a painting stool in the middle of the floor and sat upon it, with legs apart.

"Let us talk business, Clementina. In the first place, he has nothing to do with it. He doesn't want his portrait painted, bless you. It's the other prehistoric fossils he foregathers with. I met chunks of them at dinner last night. They belong to the Anthropological Society, you know. They fool around with antediluvian stones and bones and bits of iron—and my uncle's president. They want to have his portrait to hang up in the cave where they meet. They were talking about it at my end of the table. They

(Continued on Page 51)

"What Your Bone-Digging Friends Want With a Portrait of You at All for, I'm Blessed if I Can Understand"

SPRING FASHION NOTES

A RECORD OF ADVENTURES IN SEARCH OF THE STYLE MOTIF

By Samuel G. Blythe

ILLUSTRATED BY EDMUND FREDERICK

EARNESTLY I ask you: What chance has the fat woman?—what chance? It is immutably established that nobody loves a fat man; but otherwise fat men do reasonably well, except in hot weather. There are some, no doubt, who love fat women; but I do not mean that when I ask, What chance? I mean generally speaking.

I grant you no man or no woman has a right to be fat, should be fat, deserves to be fat; but that doesn't get us anywhere, for many men are fat and many women. The man can laugh about his fat, be joyous and gay, and conceal his real feelings by throaty haw-haws that undulate his many chins and shake his paunch symphonically. "Laugh and be fat," said John Taylor, as cadaverous a philosopher as ever philosophized for the benefit of others and not for himself, which is a habit all philosophers and reformers have. Be fat and laugh, the meager Taylor should have said; for that seems to go with the game. When you come to think of it there isn't much else for fat men to do; for everybody laughs at them anyhow, and they might just as well laugh at themselves.

Hence every community has its jolly fat men, who are usually jolly fat fakes; for there never was a fat man who did not want to be thin. Still, the fat man has much the better of it; for he can puff and bluster and blow about, and nobody expects him to look or feel or act like anything but a fat man. What chance has a fat woman? None; for fat in a woman is the greatest of the human tragedies. Some may contend about this and say loss of youth and loss of beauty are greater; but fat means loss of both, usually, and always loss of beauty—and that settles it. Who ever heard of a real, honestly jolly, jolly fat woman? Those in history and literature are apocryphal, and those who appear to be jolly in real life are merely bogusly jolly, as would be known if it could be learned how much they weep about their vanished waists in the privacy of their cloisters.

How to be Stylish Though Fat

SO THEN, here recurs the original query: What chance has a fat woman in this present age, period and trend of fashion? A fat man can wear anything with impunity except a frock coat, and most fat men do. Nor will it excite other than passing remark. I once knew a man who weighed four hundred pounds and dressed in a suit made of blue-and-white bed-ticking. The stripes ran up and down, and he was quite an addition to the rural scenery. But what happens when a fat woman, anxious to be in style, tries to dress in the present mode—in those clinging, scant, ethereal adaptations of the sort of gowns they tell us the ladies used to wear in Grecian and Empire days? What would happen to a fat woman who tried a *jupe-culotte*—in other words, a harem skirt—or, to be frank, a French dressmaker's idea of a feminized pair of pants? I pause for a reply.

It Looked Like an Umbrella Case

It has long been my private opinion—although I have no knowledge on the subject—that those French dressmakers along the Rue de la Paix and the Rue Royale all have fat wives, and that they design these slim and slender concoctions just to spite those wives. Some day, when the women get tired of playing bridge and seeking culture and the ballot, the fat contingent—a large contingent—will turn attention to a crusade really worth while and form an International Union for the Admonishment and Correction of French Dressmakers, will meet in Paris, march in a determined and vengeful body down the Rue de la Paix and chase those French dressmakers into the Seine; and will impress on their successors the necessity of occasionally designing a gown that a fat woman can wear, instead of spending all their time thinking up gauzy things that only their tall and willowy, slender and spirituelle sisters can becomingly get into. It would be a great and a just reform; for how the dickens can a woman know whether she will remain forever at stock size?

For many years the women of this country have been accepting meekly whatever in the way of styles these Frenchmen nightmared for them, the sole idea of the Frenchmen—who are keen for money—being to contrive something for each season so radically different from each previous phantasmatical creation that the woman who wants to be in the fashion must have a new outfit every time the Frenchmen have a sartorial spasm. This, of course, applies only to the women who have much money, but it has its certain reflex action all the way down the feminine line; for, if a woman can have only one dress instead of twenty, she must have that one dress in the prevailing style—else much woe. Thus, although one may not see often the elect of society in their gowns, one may know definitely what kind of gowns the elect are wearing; for no news travels so fast as gown news, and the great dame doesn't beat the lesser dame to a new style by more than a week or two. The great may beat the lesser in price, in material, in workmanship; but in style, never!—nor in celerity in adopting it. Indeed, that is one of the plagues of society—the joyous quickness with which the dressmakers to the million seize upon the latest exclusive achievement of M. Paquin or M. Poiret, make it up and put it on the backs of those who really do not belong to the olden and golden families at all. It is a shameless infringement on the rights of both wealth and position, but it has its humors none the less.

It is probably true that, in the gorgeous and kaleidoscopic procession that moved slowly up and down the Boardwalk in Atlantic City on Easter Day, there were not a dozen representatives of our real, crusted, bullioned, exclusive society from any group that excludes itself in any place whatsoever; but, and this is the point, there were a hundred thousand *similia* of the gowns the haughty ladies of fashion were wearing, wherever secluded. And the hats! Alert dressmakers had seen models, had made sketches, had studied fashion sheets—and there they all were, mixed and massed under a brilliant sky, and more brilliant than any sky ever dare be. A woman can keep a gown exclusive just once. After her first appearance in it in any place whatsoever that is at all public, it will not be a fortnight before a hundred women have it copied, provided it is anywhere in the broad sweep from freakishness to frumpishness, not excluding all the freaks. They were all at Atlantic City—freaks and frumps and all.

This adventure really had its origin in the incoherent babblings of a gloomy protagonist of equal rights for women, who had in his hand a bill for sixty-five dollars for a certain bit of millinery injected into his family circle by a vivacious wife, who held firmly to the belief that among the many inalienable rights of her sex was the right to have a new hat for Easter. The babbler seemed to be concerned with an intense, although disjointed, curiosity as to where he would get the sixty-five; but that was set down as a personal matter and of no consequence, in a general way. The talk began—bromidic to distraction.

"The styles this year are the limit."

"And so are the prices." This from the man with the bill for the hat.

"It's curious to me that women will wear these freak things."

"But they will do it." Also from the man with the bill.

"Still, they've got it down pretty fine—these dressmakers. They sting the women with new stuff four times a year regularly."

What Chance Has a Fat Woman in This Present Age?

"And their husbands." Again the gloomy one.

"It's a continual mystery to me how they get it over. Some Frenchman eats an onion, drinks a bottle of sour wine and takes three puffs at a cigarette. Then he grabs a sheet of paper and draws a picture of a gown that either contains all the cloth there is or none at all, puts it out as his latest creation, hires a model to wear it—and everybody on this side falls for it; all the other dressmakers fix up variations for it and then it is announced that this year the style motif is Empire, or Grecian, or Abyssinian, or Camembert; and ——"

"The what?"

"The style motif."

There we were, face to face with a new—to us—and fascinating proposition, the style motif! It was worthy of investigation. All things considered, the place to investigate it was Atlantic City; for, though there would be an Easter parade in New York, in Philadelphia, in Washington—everywhere—there would be a bigger one in Atlantic City, and a better one too; for the persons who had enough money to take an Easter holiday at Atlantic City—enough—also had enough to wear the newest styles. Or, to put it explicitly, the male appendix had enough money to give the style-wearers enough to go and make the splash—and perhaps trail along.

And, after a faithful survey, there are several things to be said, several lines of reflection to be indulged in, several deductions to be observed. There is a style motif—you may be sure of that. Moreover, the style motif motifs exclusively for the benefit, adornment and aggrandizement of the slim, which is the reason for what has been said hitherto concerning the hopelessness of the fashionable yearnings of the fat lady.

When the Waistline Nears the Neck

FOR the purposes of fashion and fashionable attire, all ladies may be divided into three classes: Slim—not thin—ladies, plump ladies and obese ladies. Thin ladies do not count. There was one willowy sprite on the Boardwalk who, so far as could be seen, exemplified the style motif perfectly. She was Empire, I take it; for she wore a hat that was turned up in front and turned up at the back and turned down at the sides, and looked like a discouraged boat, or a pliable oyster, or a perverse slice of watermelon, or some other familiar object. Then she had on a gown that had two brilliant flaps in front and a high waist and buttons—dozens of buttons. They said the flaps were "revers." Anyhow, they were all green and gold and yellow and red, like chunks of tapestry; and the gown part of it was blue. The blue part of it was opened at the sides, at the waist, and gradually brought together down to the bottom, with more buttons along the edges; and in the opening that decreased from top to bottom there was a panel of black satin, and it was said there was also some soutache and a gold *cordelière*—all of which was very illuminating. So was the lady.

Well, she was slim, and that *cordelière* fixed her waistline within a few inches of her neck—so she may be said to have been reasonably short-waisted, so far as that goes; but what I thought was this:

"For the land's sake, what would a fat woman or even a plump woman do with a rig like that!" It wasn't long to wait for an answer, for it was soon discovered that one thing a fat woman would do with a rig like that was to wear it, and one came along in identically that outfit. So far as the waistline was concerned, it didn't make any difference, for she hadn't had a waistline for twenty years; but the whole effect—the *tout ensemble*, after a manner of speaking—reminded one of a dirigible balloon in its party clothes. That place below the waistline, where the blue cloth was

spread apart, with the buttons on the edge and the black satin showing, was two feet wide on each side and ran down rapidly to a sharp point, giving the impression that somebody had sawed a couple of wedges out of her and had tried to conceal the operation by putting in the black.

It was a grand day for investigating the style motif. In half an hour it was traced to its lair. Take ft from me, the style motif this spring is to put as little cloth as possible in the skirts and to put as much colored straw as possible in the hats. Any woman whose skirt will allow her to take a step more than ten inches long may be said to have disobeyed the real dictates of fashion. Conversely, any woman who is so constricted about her feet that she can take a step only six inches long is entirely modish and correct. This works well enough with the slim ones; but the fat ones! A fat lady whose skirt runs down to a point at her feet, who wears one of those Empire effects for a waist and puts on one of those convoluted hats—but what's the use? This is a free country.

She Hadn't Had a Waistline for Twenty Years

One—a slim one—came along in a black satin affair that was so tight it looked like an umbrella case; she had on a hat not more than three feet across, with a few miles of black-and-white ribbon on it. And there was another who apparently had on a long coat of dark blue satin that came almost to the ground and, as I was informed, made a tunic over an underflounce of white voile, embroidered with blue cord. The impression you got from this lady was that she had slipped on her long coat over her nighty. At least that is what some more experienced persons said.

There were some harem skirts there—a few—but they did not attract much attention. The pantaloon part of it was so adroitly concealed and the crowd so thick that I fancy the ladies who wore them must have been disappointed. Besides, the dressmakers had a little plan to give the idea without really putting on the pantaloons. They cunningly fixed a slit up the side of many skirts that flapped open now and then, but in reality was a frightful fraud, for it had a panel of some other colored cloth beneath it.

Bearing in mind that the style motif is the high waist and the scant skirt, and bearing in mind the various physical formations of the ladies of our times, it may be necessary only to say that a hundred thousand women, seventy-five per cent of whom are wearing high waists and scant skirts whether or not they are high-waisted or scant themselves—wearing all sorts of combinations of colors—are likely to foster the opinion that, so far as freakishness in women's clothes goes, there cannot be much farther for the style-motif gentlemen to go. Still, if there is any farther they can go, undoubtedly the women will go with them, provided poor old father can furnish the wherewithal.

The Reign of the Social Parasite

POOR old father! You could see him trailing along behind—eclipsed, excess baggage; allowed to carry the Pomeranian, perhaps, but of no more consequence, except as a producer, than the chair-rollers. The styles do not change for father. He is lucky to get one new suit in the spring and another in the winter. Did you ever think of how father has been shoved into the background in the past twenty-five years? Atlantic City illustrates it perfectly.

Take the hotels. Twenty-five years ago the hotels were for men. You rarely saw a woman around a hotel. She was expected to come in and go to her room, or, after dinner in a resort hotel, to sit decorously in the lobby for a while. A reception room for her was usually on the second floor. Now the hotels are run for the women. Absolutely for no other purpose. Go into any big hostelry—anywhere—and you will find that the men have been crowded into one small café—usually in the cellar—and all the restaurants, parlors, lobbies, peacock alleys and other rooms are monopolized by the women. The hotelkeepers cater almost exclusively to the women. They fix up their bills-of-fare for the women, serve tea for them, give them the run of the place—and father cuts no figure on any day of the month except on the day the bills are to be paid. Women predominate; and father is filtering further and further into the background, which, I suppose, in order to avoid argument, is the proper place for him.

These women are the women who produce nothing, do nothing; who have no desires beyond the latest styles; who have no ambitions beyond being seen and seeing in public; who crowd hotels in the cities, crowd restaurants and theaters, crowd resorts—there were a hundred thousand of them at Atlantic City on Easter Day—and who, thus, have come to be the economic problem of the present time. Non-producers, they consume all that is produced. Their demands are insistent and never-ending. They are directly responsible for the increased cost of living; for most of them, of this class, will do nothing to help their producers, whether fathers or husbands, either in the way of production or in the economical use of what is produced. The whole country

Excess Baggage

is now organized for the women; all the stores and about every line of human activity contribute almost solely to supply the demands of this parasitic class—and those demands never cease. Why they want to vote is beyond human comprehension. They have everything as it is, without bothering about politics.

However, that has nothing to do with style motif, except to prove why there is a style motif; and we shall pass rapidly to the subject of hats. It is my candid opinion that the hatmakers of this country and the rest of the hatmaking world set out not long ago to make it possible for every woman to make a guy of herself. To be sure, the hatmakers for men have been at that for centuries. There is nothing on earth so ridiculous as a derby hat except a silk hat, and nothing on earth as uncomfortable as either. Soft hats, while more comfortable, are just as uncouth and just as ridiculous. Granting all that, where shall language be found to designate the hats the women are wearing now? It can't be found. There isn't any such language. The plain truth of it is that not one in a hundred of the hats the women are now wearing looks well on the woman who wears it, nor has one in a hundred any beauty of its own. They are of all colors and of all shapes—particularly of all shapes. If there is a style motif for hats it went crazy before it could be applied. Some women who were on exhibition at Easter brought one hat with them and some brought a dozen. Whether one or a dozen, all were outlandish, mostly unbecoming; and not one in the lot was artistic. The boardwalk was a wild carnival of hats—straw hats, cloth hats, hats of whatever other material is used for hatmaking, and hats in every possible and painful contortion into which these various materials could be twisted, stamped, beaten or tortured. As Colonel Khayyam might have put it: "I often wonder what the hatter buys one-half so foolish as the things she sells."

The curious, although by no means novel, thing about it is the passion the older ladies have for these fantastic hats. And, speaking of older ladies, I have to announce a discovery of the secret of longevity, which may as well be disclosed here as elsewhere. All great discoveries are simple and this flashed on me while investigating the style motif at Atlantic City. The long procession of comfortable, placid, interesting old ladies brought it about.

It will be admitted that the secret of longevity is an important secret. Humans have been trying to find it for millions of years; when all is said, the principal concern of life is life, and there are as many ways of living as there are of dying—exactly; for each person lives peculiarly and each person dies peculiarly, and the balance is even when the year's toll is taken. There are as many recipes for long life as there are recipes for cooking eggs, an enterprise to which the cooks of the world have devoted assiduous attention since the dawn of time—cooking eggs.

The Secret of Longevity

WHEN you get down to basic conditions you discover that all human actions divide sharply into two classes—things you do to keep you alive and things you do that help to make you dead. There is no middle ground in the proposition. Hence it is not remarkable that the secret of longevity should have been sought so earnestly; but it is quite remarkable that it should have been discovered in a search at Atlantic City for the style motif.

This is it: Become a rich or well-to-do widow and you will live practically forever. Indeed, to make it broader, become a widow with an income, and time is yours to command. Look over your own community. Who are the longest-lived? Widows with incomes, for a certainty. Take it in Washington, for example. To whom do the big houses, the best properties and the longest lives inevitably come? The widows. The proposition proves itself. You have only to look around. There isn't a place in this country but has its quota of widows, living calmly and quietly, going where they please—witness Atlantic City and its Boardwalk and its hotels on Easter Day—and living to a great age. Where is father? Gone—gone after a life devoted to the task of getting something in the bank for mother—gone after fighting and contriving and struggling and wearing out; and then mother comes in for hers, and can wear a red hat with a green plume if she wants to.

What Would Happen to a Fat Woman Who Tried a Jupe-Culotte?

However, that is a digression. Recurring again to the style motif for the present spring season, the conclusion, after arduous investigation, is that the style motif is the scant skirt, the long, attenuated gown, the high waist, the delirious hat; and that on this motif, owing to the ingenuity of the dressmakers, there can be built almost anything in the way of a freak gown that may be desired. Further, that on this motif there has been built this spring an astounding array of attire that causes mere man to wonder hopelessly where it is going to stop. The answer is that it isn't going to stop so long as poor old father can continue to finance it, and that next spring it will be something else—probably something worse. Meantime let us hope the fat woman will have a look-in then. She certainly was shabbily treated this spring.

THE FLYING STARS

By G. K. Chesterton

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL F. FOSTER

THE most beautiful crime I ever committed," Flambeau would say in his highly moral old age, "was also, by a singular coincidence, my last. It was committed at Christmas. As an artist I had always attempted to provide crimes suitable to the special season or landscapes in which I found myself, choosing this or that terrace or garden for a catastrophe as if for a statuary group. Thus, squires should be swindled in long rooms paneled with oak; while Jews, on the other hand, should rather find themselves unexpectedly penniless among the lights and screens of the Café Riche. Thus, in England, if I wished to relieve a dean of his riches—which is not so easy as you might suppose—I wished to frame him, if I make myself clear—to frame him in the green lawns and gray towers of some cathedral town.

"Similarly, in France, when I had got money out of a rich and wicked peasant—which is almost impossible—it gratified me to get his indignant head relieved against a gray line of clipped poplars and those solemn plains of Gaul over which broods the mighty spirit of Millet.

"Well, my last crime was a Christmas crime—a cheery, cozy, English middle-class crime; a crime of Charles Dickens. I did it in a good old middle-class house near Putney—a house with a crescent of carriage-drive; a house with a stable by the side of it; a house with the name on the two outer gates; a house with a monkey tree. Enough; you know the species. I really think my imitation of Dickens' style was dexterous and literary. It seems almost a pity I repented the same evening."

Flambeau would then proceed to tell the story from the inside; and even from the inside it was odd. Seen from the outside, it was perfectly incomprehensible; and it is from the outside that the stranger must study it. From this standpoint the drama may be said to have begun when the front door of the house with the stable opened on the garden with the monkey tree and a young girl came out, with bread to feed the birds, on the afternoon of Boxing Day. She had a pretty face, with brave brown eyes, but her figure was beyond conjecture; for she was so wrapped up in brown furs that it was hard to say which was hair and which was fur—but for the attractive face, she might have been a small, toddling bear.

The winter afternoon was reddening toward evening and already a ruby light was rolled over the bloomless beds, filling them, as it were, with the ghosts of the dead roses. On one side of the house stood the stable; on the other an alley or cloister of laurels led to the larger garden behind. The young lady, having scattered bread for the birds—for the fourth or fifth time that day, because the dog ate it—passed unobtrusively down the lane of laurels and into a glimmering plantation of evergreens behind. Here she gave an exclamation of wonder, real or ritual, and looking up at the high garden wall above her beheld it fantastically bestridden by a somewhat fantastic figure.

"Oh, don't jump, Mr. Crook!" she called out in some alarm. "It's much too high."

The individual riding the party wall like an aerial horse was a tall, angular young man, with dark hair sticking up like a hairbrush, intelligent and even distinguished lineaments, but a sallow and almost alien complexion. This showed the more plainly because he wore an aggressive red tie, the only part of his costume of which he seemed to take any care. Perhaps it was a symbol. He took no notice of the girl's alarmed adjuration, but leaped like a grasshopper to the ground beside her.

"I think I was meant to be a burglar," he said placidly; "and I have no doubt I should have been if I hadn't happened to be born in that nice house next door. I can't see any harm in it anyhow."

"How can you say such things!" she remonstrated.

"Well, if you're born on the wrong side of the wall I can't see that it's wrong to climb over it."

"I never know what you will say or do next," she said.

"I don't often know, myself," replied Mr. Crook; "but, then, I am on the right side of the wall now."

"And which is the right side of the wall?" asked the young lady, smiling.

"Whichever side you are on," said the young man named Crook.

As they went together through the laurels toward the front garden a motor horn sounded thrice, coming nearer and nearer—a car of splendid speed, great elegance and a pale green color swept up to the front door like a bird and stood throbbing.

"Hello! Hello!" said the young man with the red tie. "Here's somebody born on the right side anyhow. I didn't know, Miss Adams, that your Santa Claus was so modern as this."

It Was Hard to Say Which Was Hair and Which Was Fur

"Oh, that's my godfather, Sir Leopold Fischer; he always comes on Boxing Day."

Then, after an innocent pause which unconsciously betrayed some lack of enthusiasm, Ruby Adams added:

"He is very kind."

John Crook, journalist, had heard of that eminent city magnate—and it was not his fault if the city magnate had not heard of him; for in certain articles in the Clarion and the New Age Sir Leopold had been dealt with austerely. However, he said nothing and grimly watched the unloading of the motor car, which was rather a long process. A large, neat chauffeur in green got out from the front and a small, neat manservant in gray got out from the back, and between them they deposited Sir Leopold on the doorstep and began to unpack him, like some very carefully protected parcel. Rugs enough to stock a bazar, furs of all the beasts of the forest and scarves of all the colors of the rainbow were unwrapped one by one, until they revealed something resembling the human form—the form of a friendly but foreign-looking old gentleman with a gray, goatlike beard and a beaming smile, who rubbed his big fur gloves together.

Long before this revelation was complete the two big doors of the porch had opened in the middle and Colonel Adams—father of the furry young lady—had come out himself to invite his eminent guest inside. He was a tall, sunburnt and very silent man, who wore a red smoking cap like a fez, making him look like one of the English sirdars or pashas in Egypt. With him was his brother-in-law, lately come from Canada, a big and rather boisterous young gentleman farmer, with a yellow beard, by name James Blount. With him also was the more insignificant figure of the priest from the neighboring Roman church—for the colonel's late wife had been a Catholic and the children, as is common in such cases, had been trained to follow her.

Everything seemed undistinguished about the priest, even down to his name, which was Brown; yet the colonel had always found something companionable about him and frequently asked him to such family gatherings.

In the large entrance hall of the house there was ample room, even for Sir Leopold and the removal of his wraps. Porch and vestibule, indeed, were unduly large in proportion to the house and formed, as it were, a big room, with the front door at one end and the bottom of the staircase at the other. In front of the large hall fire, over which hung the colonel's sword, the process was completed and the company, including the saturnine Crook, presented to Sir Leopold Fischer. That venerable financier, however, still seemed struggling with portions of his well-lined attire; and at length he produced from a very interior tail-coat pocket a black, oval case, which he radiantly explained to be his Christmas present for his goddaughter.

With an unaffected vainglory that had something disarming about it, Sir Leopold held out the case before them all; it flew open at a touch and half blinded them. It was just as if a crystal fountain had spurted in their eyes. In a nest of orange velvet lay, like three eggs, three white and vivid diamonds that seemed to set the very air on fire all round them. Fischer stood beaming benevolently and drinking deep of the astonishment and ecstasy of the girl, the grim admiration and gruff thanks of the colonel, the wonder of the whole group.

"I'll put 'em back now, my dear," said Fischer, returning the case to the tails of his coat. "I had to be careful of 'em coming down. They're the three great African diamonds called 'The Flying Stars,' because they've been stolen so often. All the big criminals are on the track; but even the rough men about in the streets and hotels could hardly have kept their hands off them. I might have lost them on the road here. It was quite possible."

"Quite natural, I should say," growled the man in the red tie. "I shouldn't blame 'em if they had taken 'em. When they ask for bread, and you don't even give them a stone, I think they might take the stone for themselves."

"I won't have you talking like that!" cried the girl, who was in a curious glow. "You've only talked like that since you became a horrid what's-his-name! You know what I mean. What do you call a man who wants to embrace the chimney-sweep?"

"A saint," said Father Brown.

"I think," said Sir Leopold, with a supercilious smile, "that Ruby means a Socialist."

"A Radical does not mean a man who lives on radishes," remarked Crook, with some impatience; "and a Conservative does not mean a man who preserves jam. Neither—I assure you—does a Socialist mean a man who desires a social evening with the chimney-sweep. A Socialist means a man who wants all the chimneys swept and all the chimney-sweeps paid for it."

"But who won't allow you," put in the priest in a low voice, "to own your own soot."

Crook looked at him with an eye of interest and even respect. "Does one want to own soot?" he asked.

"One might," answered Brown, with speculation in his eye. "I've heard that gardeners use it. And I once made six children happy at Christmas, when the conjurer didn't come, entirely with soot—applied externally."

"Oh, splendid!" cried Ruby. "Oh, I wish you'd do it to this company!"

The boisterous Canadian, Mr. Blount, was lifting his loud voice in applause, and the astonished financier his—in some considerable deprecation—when a knock sounded at the double front doors. The priest opened them and they showed again the front garden of evergreens, monkey tree and all, now gathering gloom against a gorgeous violet sunset. The scene thus framed was so colored and quaint, like a back scene in a play, that they forgot for a moment the insignificant figure standing in the door. He was a dusty-looking man in a frayed coat, evidently a common messenger. "Any of you gentlemen Mr. Blount?" he asked and held forward a letter doubtfully. Mr. Blount started—and stopped in his shout of assent. Ripping up the envelope with evident astonishment he read it; his face clouded a little and then cleared—and he turned to his brother-in-law and host.

"I'm sick at being such a nuisance, Colonel," he said, with the cheery Colonial convention; "but would it upset you if an old acquaintance called on me here tonight on business? In point of fact, it's Florian, that famous French acrobat and comic actor. I knew him years ago out West—he was a French Canadian by birth—and he seems to have business for me; though I hardly guess what."

"Of course—of course," replied the colonel carelessly. "My dear chap, any friend of yours. No doubt he will prove an acquisition."

"He'll black his face, if that's what you mean," cried Blount, laughing. "I don't doubt he'd black every one else's eyes. I don't care; I'm not refined. I like the jolly old pantomime, where a man sits on his top hat."

"Not on mine, please," said Sir Leopold Fischer, with dignity.

"Well, well!" observed Crook airily. "Don't let's quarrel. There are lower jokes than sitting on a top hat."

Dislike of the red-tied youth, born of his predatory opinions and evident intimacy with the pretty godchild, led Fischer to say in his most sarcastic, magisterial manner:

"No doubt you have found something much lower than sitting on a top hat. What is it, pray?"

"Letting a top hat sit on you, for instance," said the Socialist.

"Now, now, now!" cried the Canadian farmer, with his barbarian benevolence. "Don't let's spoil a jolly evening. What I say is, let's do something for the company tonight; not blacking faces or sitting on hats, if you don't like those—but something of the sort. Why couldn't we have a proper old English pantomime—Clown, Columbine, and so on? I saw one when I left England at twelve years old and it's blazed in my brain like a bonfire ever since. I come back to the old country only last year and I find the thing's extinct. Nothing but a lot of sniveling fairy plays! I want a hot poker and a policeman made into sausages, and they give me princesses moralizing by moonlight. Bluebirds, or something! Blue Beard's more in my line—and him I liked best when he turned into the Pantaloon."

"I'm all for making a policeman into sausages," said John Crook. "It's a better definition of Socialism than some recently given. But surely the getup would be too big a business."

"Not a scrap," cried Blount, quite carried away. "A harlequinade's the quickest thing we can do, for two reasons: first, one can gag to any degree; and second, all the objects are household things—tables and towel-horses and washing-baskets, and things like that."

"That's true," admitted Crook, nodding eagerly and walking about. "But I'm afraid I can't have my policeman's uniform. I haven't killed a policeman lately."

Blount frowned thoughtfully for a space and then smote his thigh. "Yes, we can!" he cried. "I've got Florian's address here, and he knows every costumer in London. I'll 'phone him to bring a police dress when he comes." And he went bounding away to the telephone.

"Oh, it's glorious, godfather!" cried Ruby, almost dancing. "I'll be Columbine and you shall be Pantaloon."

The millionaire held himself stiff, with a sort of heathen solemnity. "I think, my dear," he said, "you must get some one else for Pantaloon."

"I will be Pantaloon if you like," said Colonel Adams, taking his cigar out of his mouth and speaking for the first and last time.

"You ought to have a statue," cried the Canadian as he came back radiant from the telephone. "There we are, all fitted: Mr. Crook shall be Clown—he's a journalist and knows all the oldest jokes. I can be Harlequin—that only wants long legs and jumping about. My friend Florian 'phones he's bringing the police costume—he's changing on the way. We can act it in this very hall—the audience sitting on those broad stairs opposite, one row above another. These front doors can be the back scene, either open or shut: shut, you see an English interior; open, a moonlit garden. It all goes by magic!" And, snatching a chance piece of billiard chalk from his pocket, he ran it across the hall floor, halfway between the front door and the staircase, to mark the line of the footlights.

How even such a banquet of bosh was got ready in the time remained a riddle, but they went at it with that mixture of recklessness and industry that lives when youth is in a house; and youth was in that house that night, though not all may have isolated the two faces and hearts from which it flamed. As always happens, the invention grew wilder and wilder through the very tameness of the bourgeois conventions from which it had to create. The Columbine looked charming in an outstanding skirt that strangely resembled the large lamp-shade in the drawing room. The Clown and Pantaloon made themselves white with flour from the cook and red with rouge from some other domestic, who remained—like all true Christian benefactors—anonymous. The Harlequin, already clad in silver paper out of cigar boxes, was with difficulty prevented from smashing the old Victorian luster chandeliers, that he might cover himself with resplendent crystals; in fact, he would certainly have done so had not Ruby unearthed some old pantomime paste jewels she had worn at a fancy dress party as the Queen of Diamonds. Indeed, her uncle, James Blount, was getting almost out of hand in his excitement; he was like a schoolboy. He put a paper donkey's head unexpectedly on Father Brown, who bore it patiently and even found some private manner of moving its ears. He even essayed to put the paper donkey's tail to the coattails of Sir Leopold Fischer. This, however, was frowned down. "Uncle is too absurd!" cried Ruby to Crook, round whose shoulders she had seriously placed a string of sausages. "Why is he so wild?"

"He is Harlequin to your Columbine," said Crook. "I am only the Clown, who makes the old jokes."

"I wish you were the Harlequin," she said, and left the string of sausages swinging.

Father Brown, though he knew every detail done behind the scenes and had even evoked applause by his transformation of a pillow into a pantomime baby, went round to the front and sat among the audience with all the solemn expectation of a child at his first matinée. The spectators were few—relations, one or two local friends and the servants. Sir Leopold sat in the front seat, his large and still fur-collared figure largely obscuring the view of the little cleric behind him; but it has never been settled by artistic authorities whether the cleric lost much. The pantomime was utterly chaotic yet not contemptible; there ran through it a rage of improvisation, which came chiefly from Crook, the Clown. Commonly he was a clever man, and he was inspired tonight with a wild omniscience, a folly wiser than the world—that which comes when a young man has seen for an instant a particular expression on a particular face. He was supposed to be the Clown, but he was really almost everything else: the author—so far as there was an author—the prompter, the scene painter, the scene shifter and, above all, the orchestra. At abrupt intervals in the outrageous performance he would hurl himself in full costume at the piano and bang out some popular music equally absurd and appropriate.

The climax of this, as of all else, was the moment when the two front doors at the back of the scene flew open, showing the lovely moonlit garden, but showing more prominently the famous professional guest—the great Florian, dressed up as a policeman. The Clown at the piano played the Constabulary Chorus in the Pirates of Penzance; but it was drowned in the deafening applause.

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The Two Front Doors Flew Open, Showing the Famous Professional Guest—the Great Florian, Dressed Up as a Policeman

The Border Land of the Law

By

Melville Davisson Post

DECORATION BY HANSON BOOTH

THE conspicuous failures of the Government in so many of its notable cases seem to have created a general impression in this country that wealthy men, engaged in large business enterprises, when those enterprises are thought to contravene the law usually by some means escape punishment. The method by which this escape is effected, not being clearly understood, has been put down commonly to some sinister influence.

One observes that, in spite of all the insurance investigation, almost no great official has been brought to account; that when the district attorney of New York endeavored to proceed against certain of them he failed; and that every now and then, when some great financier has wrecked a business enterprise and brought loss and poverty on a large number of people his conviction in a criminal court has been a matter of extreme difficulty.

This is a problem that should cause the most profound concern. If it be true that wealth and influence enable one to evade the law, then our system of justice fails. If it be true on the other hand that this result, sometimes to be observed, arises from other causes not the fault of the courts and not primarily the fault of the law, then this fact ought to be known in order that the law courts may be relieved from the odium of an unjust criticism.

In order to approach this problem with any degree of intelligence it is necessary to comprehend a few of the fundamental principles of the criminal law. There is a general impression that all wrongs are crimes, resting on the maxim, *Lex semper dabit remedium*. There was never a graver error. As civilization has progressed, men have insisted upon a larger liberty in the conduct of their affairs; and it has seemed the part of wisdom to permit every man as great latitude in his personal and business matters as was consistent with an orderly conduct of society.

Wrong-Doing Not Always Criminal

IN THE uncertain affairs of life it is evident that there could be no safety to anybody unless those things that a citizen ought not to do be clearly and accurately defined. If this were not true one might be haled into court and tried for anything that those in authority might conceive to be wrong. Such an intolerable condition would mean that all men were in constant jeopardy; it would mean that the citizen might be pursued by innumerable accusations, and as there would be no standard by which one could govern his acts no man could be certain in his transactions that he was within the law. The courts would be filled with innumerable cases based upon wrongs followed to their farthest refinements; there would be an end of all safety to the citizen, an end of all liberty and a condition of chaos.

The first requirement of justice, then, is that those things that the law prohibits the citizen from doing should be accurately defined.

The history of treason—that highest civil crime—illustrates this principle perhaps better than any other. Montesquieu held that to leave the crime of treason indeterminate was in itself enough to make any Government degenerate into a despotism. The history of the English common law strikingly demonstrates the truth of Montesquieu's statement. Because that crime was not definitely defined, but it was left to the judges to determine in every case whether the charge constituted treason or not, Lord Blackstone says: "The creatures of tyrannical princes had an opportunity to create an abundance of constructive treasons—that is, to raise, by force of arbitrary constructions, offenses into the crime and punishment of treason which never were suspected to be such."

Thus, to attempt to exercise royal power, to kill the king's messengers, or to "imagine the death of our lord, the king, or of our lady, his queen, or of their eldest son and heir," were held to be treasonable acts.

Now, though all of these things are doubtless wrongs, yet it is evident that to consider them generally as treason is to make the definition of that crime so broad that unending mischief and confusion would result. We have, therefore, deemed it advisable to confine the crime of treason to two acts, exactly defined—namely, levying war against these United States; or adhering to their enemies—giving them aid and comfort.

The elastic measure of the crime which the Romans called *laesae majestatis* presents a like example. All those acts that this crime was taken to include were doubtless wrong in morals, but it was so difficult to differentiate the vicious acts of this class from those that were innocent that we do not at present, in this country, deem it advisable to consider them at all.

The whole history of the law is a history of differentiation—a moving from that which is complex to that which is simple and definite. The effort has been to fix accurately and define that which the law prohibits, so that the measure of a crime may not be elastic—may be a measure that malice, ignorance or public opinion could not stretch to cover acts not clearly within the definition of a crime.

Consequently the law's measure for a crime is an inelastic measure. Every wrong, to become criminal, must fit exactly into the measure laid down by the law—else it is not a crime. If it varies never so little from this legal measure the law will refuse to regard it as criminal, no matter how injurious a wrong it may be. There is no measure of morality or equity or common right that can be applied to the individual case. The gauge of the law is ironbound. The wrong measured by this gauge is either a crime or it is not. There is no middle ground.

As there is no such thing as a sharply defined boundary between right and wrong—moral and immoral—but as these things shade into each other, it has been necessary for men, in formulating a government for society, arbitrarily to run a line between that which the state shall consider right and that which the state shall consider wrong, and between that which the state shall consider moral and that which it shall consider immoral. There is, then, what may be called a border land of the law.

Since there is a line where the law must stop in its effort to punish wrongs, it follows that all the variety of wrongs that lie beyond this border cannot be reached by the law. The law must stop somewhere; and, having marked out the place where it will stop, it cannot reach to those wrongs that lie beyond its frontier.

Now, this point at which the law stops, though necessarily an arbitrary one, has nevertheless been determined by the combined wisdom of the English-speaking people to be a line beyond which it is inadvisable to interfere with the liberty of the citizen. There is a zone of wrongs, none the less real because it is impossible to define its limits, within which the law is an intruder—likely to do more harm than good. It is a zone in which the effort to act is apt to compel the law to inflict greater damage upon innocent persons than it is able to inflict upon guilty ones; it is a zone in which charges are too vague for specific definition and distinct proof on the one side and disproof on the other. Moreover, it is a zone where the expense of investigation necessary for the legal punishment of offenders would be enormous, and the investigation would require an infinite number of delicate and subtle inquiries, which would tear off all privacy from the lives of a large number of people and in a very wide degree make the ordinary affairs of life and the conduct of business a perpetual jeopardy.

Take, for instance, some illustrations.

If one obtain your pocketbook by holding a pistol to your head it is a crime; but if one, with an equally vicious intent, obtain your pocketbook by promises, blandishments or cajolery, that is not a crime, although it involves the same element of moral wrong.

If one enter a bank at night and carry away the money it is a crime; but if he enter the bank during business hours, and induce the one in charge of the funds to lend him the money upon his promise to repay it, that is not a crime, although his intention be equally malicious and his promise false.

The Line Between Lawful and Unlawful

ALMOST all commercial wrongs, upon which this sentiment against the courts has been based, have grown out of transactions lying along this border land. It was shown in the case of Bowen vs. Needles National Bank that a national bank might guarantee to pay to another bank all checks drawn on it by a third party, when that third party had no account and the bank paying his checks knew he had no account and relied upon the guaranty of the national bank in cashing checks; and in such a case, after the bank had cashed the checks, the national bank could refuse to pay the checks on the ground that it had no authority under the laws of the United States to make such a guaranty.

Now one can see how it is possible to perpetrate a great wrong—and to inflict great injury in such a case—and still remain within the law; nevertheless, in order that the depositors and stockholders of a national bank may be protected, it is necessary rigidly to define what such a corporation can and what it cannot do.

Take, for instance, the statutory crime of embezzlement. This crime is usually defined as the converting to one's own use of money or property, or the like, that has been placed under one's care or management, by virtue of one's office, place or employment.

Now, under such a law, if one should place in the custody of another money that this person was not entitled to receive by virtue of his office, or under a mistake or misapprehension as to the nature of this person's place or employment, and the person receiving it should appropriate it to his own use, it would not be a crime under such a statute.

Under like statutes defining embezzlement in certain states, an officer of the county or state, by inducing some other officer to place in his hands funds to which he was not legally entitled, could appropriate the funds so received with perfect impunity and without committing any crime or rendering his bondsmen liable. Thus the clerk of the circuit court could use, without criminal liability, any

money properly belonging to the clerk of the county court or sheriff, providing he could convince the clerk or sheriff that he was entitled to its custody—and so with any officer of the state or county; this could be done with perfect ease where the officers were well known to each other and strict business methods were not observed. Hence all the great wrong and injury of embezzlement might be committed and the gain and profit of it secured without violating the statute or rendering the offenders liable to prosecution.

Take, for instance, partnerships. In certain states a member of a partnership may, even with felonious intent, draw out the partnership funds and appropriate them to his own use—that is, take the partnership funds, put them in his pocket and walk off with them; and he is not guilty of a crime for which he is liable in a criminal court. This is one of the cases that lie over the border line. The law recognizes that, in order to conduct a partnership, it is necessary that the partners be permitted to use the partnership fund; and that to endeavor to follow them into the use of that fund would do more injury to commerce than to leave them to regulate it for themselves.

So it happens that there are numerous moral wrongs that the law does not deem it advisable to bring into the province of crimes, recognizing the fact that men, in the transaction of business, ought to be permitted as wide latitude as possible; and that to endeavor to get at every wrong in the affairs of life with the rough machinery of the law is apt to do more harm than good. Sir James Stephen illustrates this by saying: "It is like endeavoring to pull out a man's eyelash with a pair of tongs; one is more apt to put out the eye than to get the lash."

There is also a further great sphere of wrongs into which the law never can enter. For instance, perfidy and ingratitude may cause as much injury and suffering as burglary and murder, but it is obvious that no one could be indicted and tried for ingratitude or perfidy. There are, likewise obviously, social wrongs touching the violation of human affections that may cause a greater degree of suffering than any physical assault with intent to kill; but they are plainly injuries that the law cannot punish under a pena statute.

By far the largest number of cases where the citizen suffers injury, and the law is powerless to punish, are commercial transactions that do not come exactly within the law's definition of a crime. It has been shown that the law must specifically, definitely and accurately define every wrong that it endeavors to punish as criminal. In a great number of commercial cases the question is a very close one, often so close that it is extremely difficult to say whether the facts of the transgression do or do not bring it within the law. These cases are usually complicated—one is rarely like another; and the question of whether or not they come within the formula of a crime is one about which the ablest and most painstaking persons may very well disagree.

Take, for instance, overdrafts by officers in national banks. A number of recent notable cases, such as those of Morse, Heinze, Breese, and the like, have arisen on this question. The law must exercise the greatest care to protect the depositors in banks; and yet commerce would be seriously hampered if all overdrafts were held to be criminal transgressions. A certain latitude must be allowed. The courts said, in the case of Breese vs. United States: "An officer of a national bank is not guilty of embezzlement, abstraction or willful misappropriation of its funds because of his obtaining money from the bank for his own use by means of overdrafts or loans by bona-fide arrangement with its authorized officers or committee; but he is only protected by such arrangement where it was made by those representing the bank in good faith and in the supposed interest of the bank."

Now almost all men who do business overdraw their accounts in bank. If, before they could make good such overdraft, they should fail and the bank should fail—if they were officers of the bank they might, under this law, be made to run the gantlet of a criminal prosecution. "Good faith," the "supposed interest of the bank," are indefinite terms. Very few overdrafts are permitted directly for the interest of the bank. Indirectly, of course, it is to the interest of the bank to allow a certain accommodation to its large customers; but one can see how, under such a law, any number of complicated cases might arise; and the question of whether they did or did not come within the law may be so difficult that one court might very well differ from another.

Now the fact is that almost all those cases in which men of wealth and influence have been brought before criminal courts are for transgressions along this border land of the law—transgressions where it is often doubtful whether or not they precisely constitute crimes under a given statute. It will be observed that this is a question constantly arising in rebate cases, unlawful combination in restraint of trade, and the like; one of the usual defenses is that the act in question does not constitute the crime as defined in the statute.

Often the question is so uncertain that, observing it from one point of view, one man may say it is on one side of the line, and, observing it from another point of view, another equally intelligent man may say it lies on the other side. It happens, therefore, that the trial of such cases involves the greatest difficulty; that they become what is called technical; and that one court often reverses another court in consideration of them.

This great truth, those who are moved easily to criticise the courts ought always to bear in mind namely, that many cases that come up for decision are of such an intricate character that it is difficult to say whether they do or do not come within the law.

It is easy enough for any of us to distinguish between red and blue when the two colors are presented side by side. Thus, for instance, if we are shown two articles, one of them red and the other blue, there is no difficulty in distinguishing between them; but when we are presented with an article in which the colors red and blue are intermingled it may be exceedingly difficult to say whether that article, so painted, is to be classed as red or blue.

This precisely illustrates the position of the courts. They must often say whether an act is a crime or not a crime; whether a business transaction violates a certain law or does not violate it. The problem thus presented often becomes the most difficult thing in the world. One may readily see, then, how, in a great class of doubtful cases, reasonable, conscientious judges may differ as to whether or not an act is a crime or not a crime, a business transaction within a certain statute or not within it.

Take a further illustration of the same thing. In an ordinary case an alienist is able to say whether a man is sane or insane; but in by far the largest number of cases the question is so close that the ablest, most painstaking, most competent and most conscientious alienists frequently differ.

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COMRADES ALL—UNKNOWN

By CALVIN JOHNSTON

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

NEVER tell me about a hump-back bein' lucky; it's not a circumstance to a crooked leg. The fellow with one of 'em ought to know. "Laggard" we called it, because such a one couldn't begin to march with its comrade. And yet it brought me such a thoughtfulness from Dinah and my father, which is the most comfortin' thing on earth.

One morning I had the legache for breakfast, and old Dinah's black face peeped in the door two or three times because I didn't eat.

"Dat ole Laggard's tryin' to make out he's been amarchin' all night, while you been asleep; I know him," she said with a scowl. "Never you min'; I'se gwine to hustle him bimeby, Honey."

But I was watchin' father readin' the book he had beside his place.

"I reckon clocks must always have run in the same direction," I said; but he didn't hear me and went on deeper into the book. His eyes shone bright, and there was such an interested, pleasant look on his face that you might know he didn't have to worry whether we had so very much in our old house or not.

It was good to see him so, with his gray beard and kind, wrinkled forehead. Pshaw; anybody would forget about the store when keepin' company with interestin' folks in a book.

I did hate to go on talkin' about clocks; but at last I said: "There's that old pendylum slammin' 'round again," and pushed back my chair so it screeched on the dinin'-room boards.

"I'm comin'," father cried in his anxious way, holdin' on to the book as he got up. "Why, Bobs! Does Laggard march this mornin'? It certainly is too bad; now if I only had some of old Whimsey's money——"

"It's that confound pendylum," I explained.

"Good gracious," he said; "nine!" In almost a minute he had found his hat; then, givin' me a hug and takin' a last peek into the book, he started off, because he was a business man.

Dinah followed him past the door, brushin' off the back of his coat.

"I 'spec' he done make it dis mawnin'," she said, as I set the clock back twenty minutes. "Whuffor you talk about dat clock runnin' one way before his face when you know it run bof ways behin' his back?"

"A business man like him has somethin' to think about besides that pendylum," I told her.

"Your Wheels are Goin' to Bulge Apart; They Wobble in Different Directions"

"Suttinly he do," she answered; and when I had gone I could hear her washin' the dishes rattly-bang.

Pretty soon she was ready to start for a day's washin' somewhere, and came tramplin' around through the garden weeds till she found me.

"Now chile," she said, shakin' her yellow turban; "dere ain't but three of dis fam'ly lef from befo' the wah; and if one lose hisself, den the other two gwine to resign. You better come out here in de sun, Honey."

I'd only been waitin' to see if my tortoise had traveled out of his bush for breakfast; there was a snail sportin' round there, too, who was a good one to play with—somethin' live was what I liked. But after Dinah had tramped away I came out, blinked at the sun, and walked through the hole in the garden wall.

"If father had Whimsey's money he'd get my leg bent back; course he would, 'cause he's a business man. Then I'd go to school where the boys couldn't limp like me any more," I was thinkin', and I didn't care for Whimsey any more than other folks did.

In this other garden I watched Marian plantin' her potatoes—she threw 'em in any way. I was pretty sorry for her, because she was gettin' still more freckled, and had to wait on her mother, and hadn't a ostrich plume, or a rag o' silk to her back. Her mother was the worst, bein' cross of a misery and not gettin' a raise in the pension.

"The Gover'ment must be as stingy as Whimsey," I said when I went over to her. Marian stopped still and let me plant the potatoes.

She was a good deal older than I was, and slim and very straight. Her hair tumbled over her shoulders; her eyes

were black and bright, and she flashed her white teeth when laughin'—but that wasn't this mornin'.

"Plant 'em anyhow, Bobs; I don't care. Throw 'em away—like this"; and pickin' up the pail she pitched 'em all over the wall.

"Now I'd better pick 'em up," I said; "'cause where there's none planted, there'll be nothin' grow. Then where'd you land in winter times?"

I laughed, though, so she wouldn't look so terrible down-hearted.

Her face, which had been rosy red, changed to white, and so very stony it frightened me. "Kick dirt into the pits; pile stones in 'em. We'll starve in winter times, and it will beat this."

Her mother called from the little old house they lived around, and Marian only shrugged her shoulders.

"I'm goin' outside and walk up and down the road," she said, "and let ever'body—the whole blame world—see how horrid I am. Frowsy and dirty"—she kept walkin' as she talked, and I hobbled behind almost afraid to listen I was so sorry. I fell down twice, but she didn't complain o' that.

It's almost the country out to our neighborhood, bein' a mile from town; so when Marian jumped over the back wall and p'raded up and down again there wasn't anybody saw. I was still about it, but very glad; for she didn't look so sw—— Well, people wouldn't love her much with that scowl, which was a different one from Dinah's, 'ceptin' me, of course, and that was a secret, I guess.

Then Whimsey came along in his buggy, so old you could hear it a mile. It seemed to be harvestin' dust, and his horse was very feeble from starvin' every meal. No wonder ever'body said why didn't he buy a fine new landau with silver harness and a pacer. Good gracious, he's got money in bags!

Of course we all spoke to him, as you must to rich-uns. But this mornin' I remembered how father had to throw away his book and almost run to business, not knowin' the pendylum was workin' ahead o' time—all because he couldn't afford money in bags, like Whimsey—and I didn't even bow down to the old miser.

But Marian spread her calico dress a little, and bowed and laughed to him, and then waved her hand.

"There! That's because you've got money, you horrid, lean old reperbate!" she said, after he'd passed with a nod and hardly seein' her at all. "Would anybody bow to me? No!" And her eyes were all blind with tears and she put her head on the hard wall.

Pretty soon I tugged her dress. "What do you pull me to pieces for?" she wanted to know.

"I'll bow," I said, and got such a jolt climbin' over the wall that I had to bow, 'cause I couldn't stand straight up. "You're a well-meanin' old crony," she said, and patted my shoulder. She didn't look, but I got in the way of her hand.

"Will we go over to the soldiers' cemytery?" I asked, for there it was so quiet and green. Nobody could be mad or anything 'cept brave and thinkin' of great things, among those big, still guns, with the balls piled beside 'em and the flag floatin' over the treetops.

She Followed Me Out Into the Garden and Told Me About It Till Noon, While I Planted

She stood perfectly still, with her hair tanglin' over her face, and clouds of dust blowin' about her; so after a while I went over myself, whistlin' and thinkin' maybe she'd follow.

I went through the tall gate and it seemed almost like winter within—as if the marble angels fanned the soldiers with cool wings, where they bivouacked after the hot battle. Deeper and deeper I pushed on into the groves and grassy places, wonderin' that birds would sing on the muzzles of old fire and thunder and powder smoke. Then past all the splendid monyments I came to the Unknown. There one grave was so very long it might have been a trench sodded over, and that soldier I called the Great Unknown, as I'd long ago heard some one say.

How hard that big fellow must have fought and died! You'd suppose every one would have known him, but they didn't. Nobody whoever did, because it was printed on the marble back there: "Unknown Dead." Well, I bet they must have known him alive!

Maybe not, though, and I sat by him, sorry and thinkin': "I'd like to be known, though I haven't done anything for anybody and am little"—even straightened out I was nothin' to this fellow. Yet he'd fought like a tiger for his country, without once givin' away who he was, as though *that* made no difference. I stepped off his grave; he was ten paces long.

Somehow I liked him better than all the rest. Anyway *I'd* remember him, knowin' it was a very cheerin' thing sometimes.

Soon here was Marian comin' to lounge on the grass, so tired and indifferent that it made me ache to look at her.

She struck her fist on the Unknown. "I wish I was down there 'stead of him," she said. "In the ground, I say, with all people who have no show, and nobody knows."

I'd never suspected that soldier minded havin' no show, or even a name. Why, he'd done great things and he knew it if nobody else did, lyin' here among the guns he'd taken.

But I told Marian: "I wish you had one show, anyway; you would outshine 'em all if you did."

"If I could only have gone to my aunt's; she wished to take me and has lots of everything. But she and mother don't get along; and I must stay home to plant and hoe and wait on people."

There she stopped complainin' and looked down into the ground; but I leaned on the mound and looked up—up to where the flag sputtered like a spark in the wind. I seemed dreamin' the same dream as those old dead soldiers, and after a while I said:

"Marian, you know I would rather plant and dig; and your mother likes me 'cause I ask all about the war and the pension. If you went to your aunt's after a show, I'd want to do your part to remember you by ——"

She raised up to stare at me. "Help; over at our house! Your father wouldn't let you," she said, her voice tremblin'.

"It's healthy to dig in a garden and your mother would be just like a school teacher. Father wouldn't care, even if he knew; and Dinah wants me to do as I please and stay in the sun."

"Oh, Bobs!" She spoke in a low, sweet voice. "You like me, don't you? Would other people look at me, in a silk dress, with slippers, and my hair like this?" She twisted it in a great shiny knot. "Do you want to kiss me, Bobs?"

"I'll do it when you come back," I said, lookin' down myself now.

"Yes," she laughed; "that will be time enough. I'll tell aunty you're helpin' in my place; it will be all right."

"Maybe your mother wouldn't like you to go away—so far—Marian."

"Yes; I'll fix it," she said after a minute, with a quick, strange look. "I was to call on my aunt's friend—the lady in town—if I could come. She will send me."

Even so far away as that I could hear her mother callin'. Marian laughed, but I started up and she came along.

When we came to the house I said: "Howdy, Mrs. Beadle. I'll bet the Gover'ment is as stingy as old Whimsey; we saw him in the road."

Pshaw; Anybody Would Forget About the Store When Keepin' Company With Interestin' Folks in a Book

She was stooped and little and ailin', 'rept in her voice.

"It is like him to be in the road," she said, "tryin' to drive over folks."

Next I asked about the battle o' Shiloh, and she told me while we were eatin'. I was interested, but Marian kept touchin' her hair and glancin' out of the window with very bright eyes. In the afternoon she slipped out and away from the garden, and I planted till nearly dusk; then I started home, but went to look over the back wall instead.

Pretty soon Whimsey was comin' back from town half a mile away; that was as far as I could hear him this time, as he was drivin' very slow. When he came opposite he was hummin' a song. O' course he sung it in a hard, cracked voice, bein' stingy with his breath as with ever'thing else. It was a old war song, for I'd seen him marchin' and knew that he was a soldier on Decoration Days. Then he pulled up and sat quiet, lookin' far over the cemytery wall where the shafts sparkled with the last bit of sunset as though a city was sinkin' down into the ground. He made a salute; then he saw me. "How-de-do?" he said, but I didn't answer.

"Your nag is breakin' apart," I said a minute after. He started up a little.

"When I drive him to death I can get another," he said. "G'long, Shenandoah!"

He cracked his whip and away they went rattly-bang, leavin' me watchin' down the lonesome road where nobody was comin' from town to see me. It was lonesome enough to be afraid of, when I went home listenin' to the crickets. That evenin' must have been fearful to the snail and tortoise in our garden weeds, for they couldn't think about Marian for company.

Dinah was dryin' dishes and peerin' outdoors into the dark.

"Some day," she said, shakin' her towel at me, "I'se gwine to overtake dat ole snail, who's keepin' you out so of nights, and crunch him. Why, Honey, you is so tired lookin'! Did you have supper wif Miss Marian? Spry young lady dat Marian; she done steal you some day, then yo' pa and me'll resign from dis fam'ly and go sashayin' along."

I sat down in the kitchen and ate some toast, so as not to interrupt father. "I'll bet that's a good business man's story," I said, and watched Dinah's face.

But it didn't change. "I'll bet you 'tis," she said, "wif a picture of a clock on de cover." Then she told me that Laggard seemed pretty spry to her. "Hush now; listen!" She stood with her hands to her sides and her elbows out, rollin' her eyes till they were white.

"You listen; I dream you jump over de wall and he didn't lag one bit; and dem's fac's. Lookyhere how my hair is done up in little bits, wif strings; dat's fashionable for fetish. Heah me, Laggard, you didn't lag one bit."

Then she went home, and I sat there by the candle, leanin' on my hand. The doorway was the only black space in the wall, and out of that came all kinds of chirpin' and whisperin', as if I was bein' watched from behind a curtain. I put my finger in the dipper hole and took a drink to brace me up; the hole was a bad leak, but not quite big enough to drink through.

The walls waved in and out like a tent in the candle flicker; I felt a draught as though somethin' breathed cool and soft into my face, as pleasant and sweet as the air of the cemytery. There was a soft swish of bushes, crafty footsteps, and under my hair I sweated cold as the toad or the headstones.

In the coal-black space floated a face, and the walls grew dark as the candle poured all its light into her eyes; the two hands were held up to hush me.

"Marian! Marian!" I whispered, and crept outside. She floated whitely down the path, then waited for me.

"I am going," she told me.

I wanted to see her, and whispered: "There's a lantern in the shed." We crept inside and I lighted it. She was dressed in white, as on Sunday.

"I saw the lady. She got the ticket, and I'm goin' on the midnight train."

She held her head high; her lips were scarlet and showed her teeth in quick, strange smiles.

"Did your mother like it?" I asked.

"Oh, I just came away; it will be all right. My aunt will let me stay, with you here to keep mother company. You like me, Bobs; don't you, Bobs?"

"Yes, yes," I told her; and she could cure Laggard, for I didn't feel a wrench as she dragged me to her side and danced almost.

Even in the lantern light I could see where briars had frayed her dress, and she was soft as a flower with dew.

"Sit here," I told her, "on the manger."

Then I crept to the kitchen to get the brush and blackin'.

"Seems just like Saturday night," I told her. "Sure, folks will b'lieve it is Sunday when they see you tomorrow. You ought to have a pink in your hair; girls do—I see 'em goin' by to Sunday-school."

"Pooh!" she answered, while I shined the shoes; "I'll throw all this away when I get there, and wear roses 'stead of pinks."

I was sorry it was so, because, not knowin', I'd brought one back from Dinah's bush under the window. Anybody goin' away is excited enough to forget, and next day I picked up the pink where she dropped it.

"I'll go with you down the road," I said, and I did go, nearly to town.

"Now, goodby. Remember, you like me, Bobs," she was sayin', and was gone away before I knew it. I listened to her steps, faint and fainter; and on my way back home, in an hour or so, heard the train rumble, whistle, and rumble again.

"Now she'll be known and have a show," I said, and put out the lantern in the barn. Then I set up the clock while father was readin'. "Good night," I told him. I was so mad that I stumbled on the stair; you always do when it's a shame to disturb folks.

"Why, Bobs, you still up? My, my! Nearly one o'clock. Did you have supper, little chap?" He was so thoughtful and busy, yet interested for me.

O' course he didn't mention about my stumblin', but he would help me upstairs; and I made believe it was mother long ago—or in the dark that way, I might even believe it was somebody else, herself.

"Now we'll say prayers," he whispered, and knelt beside the bed when I'd undressed myself.

"Is it a good story you're readin'?" I asked then.

"It is good—to forget myself in. But you can't understand; I shouldn't worry you. You see I'm not worried."

He laughed quickly and, seein' the plaster was loose above my bed, gave me a ride to the other corner of the room where it had already fallen down and there was no danger.

"If I only had old Whimsey's money I'd send you to a great surgeon," he said, standin' by me. "Some day we must fix things up here, Bobs," he went on cheerfully.

But I knew it must hurt him to have things so, and pretended to be asleep, so he could go read and forget. When he was gone and I could hear the pages turnin' again, I got up and crawled around in the dark for the liniment bottle. That Laggard would make a man d'sturb the dead to get rubbin' and liniment! Or else he would double up under me.

In the mornin' Mrs. Beadle was sittin' on her door-sill in a black sunbonnet when I came. She wiped her eyes and talked as if she thought I stood on a tower in front of her; this was her way of bein' cross, and it is tellin'.

"He has come to be a daughter to me," she said. "Stand one side, boy—or never mind; you allus stand one-sided. Did you help her run away?"

"I held the lantern," I told her.

"Which lantern? The dingy one in the tumble-down shed? Well, she couldn't run far by that. It must have hindered her; so I won't blame you. Maybe she's broke her neck by it."

After I'd shaken my head Mrs. Beadle went on: "In her note she explained she'd gone on a visit and hadn't wanted to hurt my feelin's by askin'. 'Twouldn't have hurt me; I used to ask my mother could I go away, and it never did hurt her."

"Mr. Beadle asked me if he could go to war," she told me.

"Did you tell him to go?" I asked.

"I did; it was a duty. I said he needn't come back. There is the hoe by the corner—but you can never take the place of my daughter."

"Did he come back?" I asked.

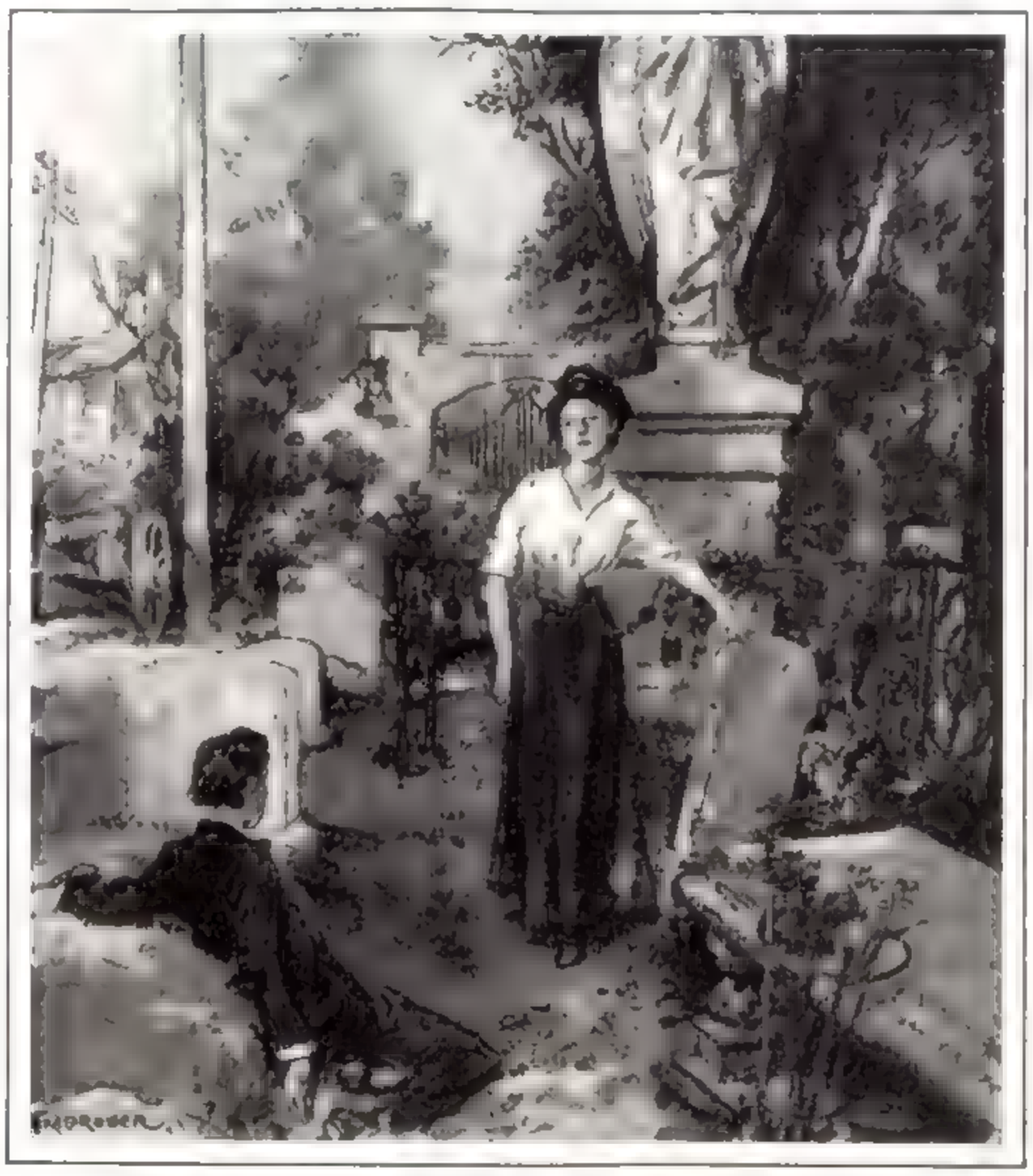
"He did. There was three rebels hot-foot after him. But when he come to the door, his old heart failure come over him, and he fought 'em back. Then he just kept on goin'."

She followed me out into the garden and told me about it till noon, while I planted. Then the potatoes were all in and she showed me where the sweet corn was kept in the cellar. In the afternoon some company called in a wagon.

Near dusk I went to look over the back wall; when old Whimsey came up he nodded, but I didn't speak. "If father had his money, he wouldn't have to read so hard to forget."

"You ought to look out," I said after a minute; "your buggy top'll cave in."

"Then I'll get an umbrella," he answered, takin' his eye from the monyments, which seemed like bayonet points this evenin'. Then he had gone, and I looked down the road where nobody came.



"Maybe Your Mother Wouldn't Like You to Go Away—So Far Marian"

It was like this every day. Sometimes Mrs. Beadle would call Marian in a low wailin' way, and when I'd go to the house she'd explain: "I call her just for company; I can almost hear her answer that she'll come when she gits ready."

Another evenin' I saw Whimsey and didn't speak. "Your wheels are goin' to bulge apart; they wobble in different directions," I told him at last.

"Then I'll have to walk," he answered.

"Father," I said that night—and rememberin" me in spite of the book he almost jumped out of his skin—"how does old Whimsey get so much money?"

"He digs it up everywhere."

Then I wished I was on good terms with Whimsey, 'cause I was diggin' pretty near everywhere and found nothin'.

One Sunday I walked over to see the Unknown, and while I was sittin' there Whimsey came up to look at me. He had a hard, lean face and cold eyes.

"Ain't there any other place to play in besides this cemytery?" he asked.

He had to have it explained that there wasn't any other cemytery so close as this one. I'd been wonderin' if dead boys had a playground, with dogs too; but it wouldn't pay to ask Whimsey, he'd say no.

He never talked to anybody, so I was s'prised when he told me, as though anxious I should know all about it:

"See that row over there with little headstones—the other side of the walk?"

I couldn't see from where I sat, but he was impatient, as though to get his friendliness over with. "Come here and you can see 'em," he said quickly, and I got up. "Right there under the lilac bushes. They're men of the old Ninety-six men of my company. See that twelve-pounder by 'em? We took it; our initials are scratched on it with bayonet points." He stood lookin' steadily, just as I've looked at the flag above.

"What did he do?" I asked, pointin' down to the Unknown; but he shook his head without answerin'. Whimsey didn't care about a man who didn't even own a tombstone.

We seemed to be on good terms a minute, so I asked him: "Do you dig up much treasure; would this be a good place?"

He put his cold eye on me. "Yes, I dig it up; and keep it," he answered.

I reminded him: "Maybe that's the reason you don't have friends." I was wishin' he'd make one of father.

"I'll not buy 'em," he exclaimed in a bitter tone; and walked away toward the Ninety-six, with his head back.

"He'll never let out where he digs," I thought; so father would have to keep on readin' and forgettin'. This was hard, as there are many pleasant things to remember when you can pay for 'em.

"I don't keep on terms with old Whimsey as he drives by," I told father; "I don't even speak to him."

"Nonsense," he said, in the only sharp tone he ever used to me; "you must speak; be polite to him. I need money."

I couldn't see why people should speak to a man they didn't like, 'specially when he wouldn't even give a cent for a friend; but father seemed so downcast by what I'd done that he held his head in his hands. "It is failure," he said, and I supposed he meant me.

"I'll speak to him, sir," I promised; and he answered: "Yes, yes, do!" Then he went on readin'.

I was through plantin' now and things were beginnin' to come up, so I hoed instead. I guess Marian was havin' her show; she must be dressed in silk and slippers, with plumes too. Sometimes I thought I saw her comin' up the road at evenin', or floatin' in the black doorway when I sat with the candle. But she hadn't come back and I was only mistaken.

I spoke to Whimsey now, and one evenin' he asked: "What makes you turn your head away?" I'd rather not have told him, but he asked again and I had to: "'Cause I try to believe it's somebody else."

"Then you don't wish to speak to me? Why do you speak at all?"

"People must," I explained.

He laughed in his bitter way and stared at the monyments, which he always did at sunset.

"Where is the young girl who used to have your garden?"

"She has it yet," I told him; "only she's away makin' a show." He laughed again, and this made me despise him so that I never looked over that wall again, even to see Marian comin' up the road.

On Decoration Day Whimsey was a soldier, and marched first in the parade—on somebody else's good horse. Of course I didn't pretend to march, but there was nothin' to keep me from walkin' close enough to hear the fife and drum. Laggard could keep time, by wrenchin'. And I had a boquet, too, which I picked among the brambles.

That mornin' when Mrs. Beadle called I had answered for once that I'd come when I got ready, which made her homesick for Marian. She came out to the garden and told me so.

I marched behind and through the gate, where I heard Mr. Whimsey speak a little from the stand. People looked at the flag with tears in their eyes; the music of the band was sweeter after that and the cemytery of the dead men seemed a happy place.

"What a pity Whimsey's the man he is, and such a feelin' talker!" some of the crowd told each other.

When people had nearly all gone away to life again I bivouacked with the Unknown, eatin' some cornbread.

(Continued on Page 41)

The Boston Museum and Daly's Theater

By Mary Shaw
ILLUSTRATED BY H. C. WALL

MANY things cause the growth of the idea of going on the stage. A certain schoolteacher had a great deal to do with it in my case. This was Amelia Seymour, of the Winthrop School. She was a great character. She looked like an illustration in some book of bygone fashions, with hoopskirts long after they had gone out of style a quaint, peculiar old lady with no hair of her own, and wearing a brown wig that certainly was very wicked-looking.

What fascinated me was Miss Seymour's unusual voice, and her manner of speaking which was absolutely perfect. When I went into her schoolroom I had no more interest in reading than any ordinary girl of thirteen; but before the end of the season I was an enthusiast. It was this woman and her ways that brought out some hidden taste in me. Certainly I may say that she was the first influence upon me. Georgie Cayvan, of the old Lyceum stock company, was also in Miss Seymour's room—and we both went on the stage.

Miss Seymour developed something in me that made me actually love to hear the words distinct and clear and the thought brought out intelligently.

The moment I was in the training school it was discovered not only that I had the ability to read well and bring out the meaning of the words, but that I could make the girls do this also. This placed me, at the very beginning of my teaching, in an unusual position of authority, and logically led to an interest in private theatricals. My father's methods of dealing with his children were estimable. He always encouraged anything that interested them. When, as young girls, we had the tableau fever, he built a stage for us and went to no end of trouble in fitting it up; and he took the same trouble later on, when I joined a club and became energetic in amateur theatricals. So, before long, I determined to quit school-teaching and go upon the stage.

"Mrs. Triplet, Will You Please Take Care of These Ridiculous Children?"

The Shade of Matilda Heron

MY FATHER obtained for me a letter to Miss Annie Clarke, the leading woman at the Boston Museum. I had never met an actor in my life. I was very sensitive and imaginative, and Miss Clarke had been to me the dream woman. It was a red-letter day when my father drove me out to Needham, where Miss Clarke lived. I became very nervous and excited at the sound of the beautiful voice that I had heard only from over the footlights. It was wonderful to me to meet this dream woman face to face. For a time I was simply "floored." Her beauty was, if anything, greater than when on the stage. She was most kindly and courteous, and I was amazed that she should take so great an interest in me. She afterward explained that my resemblance to Matilda Heron, whom she had known, was so striking that she had felt an extraordinary interest in me.

Miss Clarke seemed to feel in some strange way that I must have talent simply because I looked like that famous actress. It was a very wonderful two hours that I spent there, and before I left she made an appointment for me to meet Mr. Field, the famous manager of the Boston Museum. After that, of course, I counted the hours until I should see this gentleman. Meanwhile my father, who was a state official and knew many people, had had letters sent to the manager. Thus the way was paved for me; and I felt, when Mr. Field received me very cordially, that it was due to these combined efforts. Miss Clarke told me afterward that she had said to Mr. Field that he would be amazed at my likeness to Matilda Heron. And so he was; and, although it was the middle of the season and the company was full, he immediately made a place for me. I have often felt that I owed this good fortune really to that chance circumstance.

Curiously I seemed to give the impression that I was naturally fitted for the work. At least, it was taken for granted that I should play quite long parts after a month or two. I spoke of this to Miss Clarke and she said it was a strange thing; but Mr. Field and Mr. Seymour and Mr. Warren all seemed to accept me somehow as part of Matilda Heron.

I had only been on the stage a few months when I was given a very difficult part, in which I had scenes with Mr. William Warren. Mr. Warren, because of advanced age and a failing memory, was at that time preparing to leave the stage. He was very sensitive about young actors being put in important scenes with him. Although he was very kind and tender to me personally, I understood that he objected to my playing this part. It was a very important one and the veteran actor wanted to feel that it was being played by somebody who could take care of him. After the manner of very young actors, I knew every word of the whole play before the last rehearsal took place. That sort of thing only happens the first year or two on the stage—after that, one never knows more than his own part and his cues.

On the opening night, Mr. Warren was exceedingly nervous. I started my scene with him and he "went up" in his lines, partly through lack of memory, partly over the excitement of the first night—and, I think, largely through feeling no reliance upon me. I manipulated my speeches in a way to suggest to him every word of his speeches; and in one or two instances, when I saw he was not going to be able to take up the line from the suggestion I gave, I even embodied his speech in my own. The scene moved along. Of course there was always Warren's marvelous personality that gripped everything. He was so wonderful an actor that simply his standing on the stage seemed to fill and overflow the whole scene. That, of course, was what held the audience, for I did all the talking that was done. Later, Mr. Warren sent for me to come to his dressing room. I can see him now, with his beautiful, sensitive face, as he looked at me searchingly and said: "My dear, dear child, you have done a very marvelous thing tonight." Then he told me that, with all his experience, he could not have helped me one little bit that night, and that I had literally carried the scene. I mention this to show that when impressions are fresh and the mind not overburdened with memory and knowledge—when the senses are alert—some of the best things one accomplishes are done. This will explain some of the astonishing hits made by young actors. The young actor will sometimes undertake a thing for which he is unfitted; but the opportunity coming will sweep him along and literally push him up to the occasion.

Mr. Warren had been at the Museum for years and had been the leading actor. I do not mean the leading man, but in such a position as that of Gilbert at Wallack's. He was to my mind the greatest all-round actor I ever saw. This seems extravagant when one recalls Salvini, in Moorish costume, as he steals around the corner with Iago; or Miss Davenport as Leah, with her black hair streaming about her, delivering the curse; or Jefferson, or Irving, in certain moments. I am not speaking of wondrous, illuminating moments, but of the entire work of the actor who is called upon to play a round of parts running the gamut of the drama impersonating every quality of the character he is portraying. I have played with most of the greatest actors and actresses that have lived during my time, but few of them had the power as I stood with them upon the stage to affect me personally in the scene, to make me struggle to resist the artistic appeal, which is intended for the audience. But Mr. Warren captured my feelings and imagination on the stage to such an extent that I found it difficult to hold my place in the scene. At that time I was young and impressionable, to be sure; but none of the other fine actors in the company—all of whom had great power—affected me in this way. One of these moments, when I could not keep my relation to the scene, was the occasion of a severe rebuke from Mr. Seymour, our stage manager.

Under the Spell of Warren

I WAS playing Mrs. Triplet in Peg Woffington. Warren was Triplet, the poor, starved playwright who sits down without food or fire, with his consumptive wife and children about him, to write a comedy. I had rehearsed this unmoved by the pathetic tones of Triplet's appeal to Mrs. Triplet as the children crowd around the table crying out that they are hungry: "Mrs. Triplet, will you please take care of these ridiculous children who are bothering me with their absurd lament, when I am sitting here, all life and joy and fire, to write a comedy for Mistress Woffington?"

On the night of the performance, as the scene progressed and as Warren's mobile face responded to every thought and sentiment in the lines, the desperate courage alternating with the awful despair creeping over him, I found myself transported out of the rôle of Mrs. Triplet into a mere auditor. And when at last his head went down over the manuscript, and he began to sob, I sat there enjoying myself to the full, the tears rolling down my cheeks, utterly forgetting my talk and querulousness, which were designed to emphasize the pathos of the situation. When the curtain fell Mr. Seymour summoned me to his room and reminded me that I was there to act my part in the scene and not to enjoy the acting. He also pointed out that Mrs. Triplet's cough and querulousness were a necessary touch in the great picture.

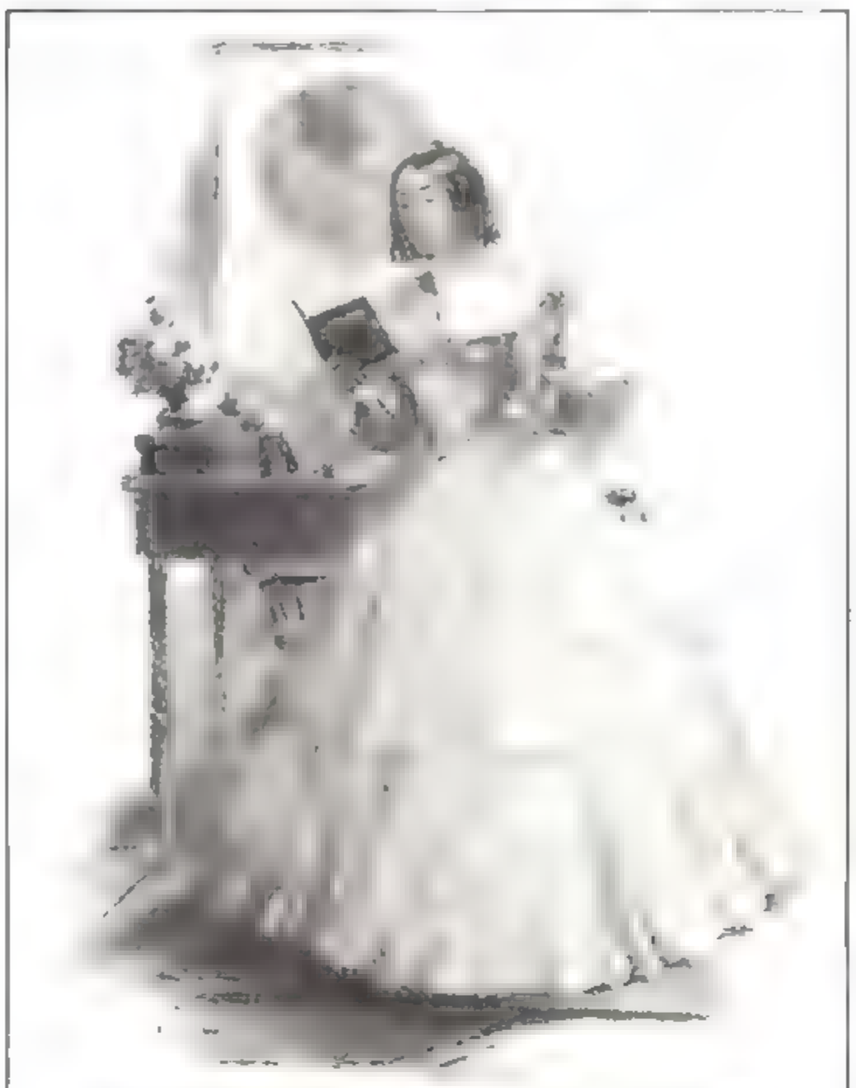
Another time, Mr. Warren was in a play called The Old Guard. I had never seen the piece and had only rehearsed it twice, my part being very insignificant. This time I could abandon myself entirely to the joy of the occasion without interfering with its success. In the play, Mr. Warren had been one of the Old Guard under Napoleon. He was an old man, his eyesight and hearing gone. He had a

granddaughter who was caring for him and there was a little romantic story running through it. In the scene I refer to, the old man is peacefully dying in the arms of his granddaughter's lover. Suddenly he starts up; all the energy of youth returns to him; he is living again the days before Austerlitz. He seizes a carbine from its place and stands erect—on guard. *"Qui va là?"* he challenges. *"Le Petit Caporal!"* Then the wonderful pantomime—the sentinel's body tense and alert, every nerve strained to stop the passage to the emperor's tent; but at this name, *"Le Petit Caporal,"* which he himself utters, everything in his face and attitude changes and there is the absolute adoration of the men for Napoleon pictured by Warren. Then order followed order, given in French, down the line—the old man, young again, reproducing in voice and manner all the skill and courage of Napoleon, all the belief in him by his men. Finally, when the word "Charge!" comes, he staggers forward across the stage and falls on his gun, dead—which, of course, is the signal for the curtain. A moment before, Warren had been the octogenarian, with memory gone; suddenly he was transformed into the very incarnation of the *incroyables*.

The stage was gone, the audience was gone, all the surroundings had vanished from my consciousness, I was there witnessing something absolutely real. I sobbed aloud on the stage.

On the Road With Fanny Davenport

NOW that is not a very common experience on the stage. I have asked many actors about it and they have said that they have not had any such an experience in the same degree. At that time, as I said, I was specially sensitive and impressionable. Later, when playing leads in Fanny Davenport's company, I had the same experience. Miss Davenport was not considered a great actress; she had very few moments that were beyond those of other successful performers; yet, as Nancy Sykes, she could transport me every time in the same way, to just one place even though I was in the midst of the most disillusionizing surroundings. It was not when she was fighting with Bill and being dragged around by the hair, but when I, as Rose Maylie, met her on London Bridge. Everything was sordid and unpicturesque, smelling of the theater from where we stood. On each side in the wings were many stagehands going about their business, getting ready for changes of scenes. Below the raised trap that formed London Bridge was a black hole into the cellar. There was absolutely no illusion of dark water there. When I spoke my line, "Can't I do something for you, Nancy?" she looked down into that black hole and said: "No, there's no help for me; I cross this bridge several times a day and I always stop here and look over into those black waters, for I know that I shall lie there at last." There was no other line in the play that touched me in the least; but when Miss Davenport fixed her gaze down there in that black hole she put something into her voice and manner that transported me absolutely to London Bridge and the Thames, and I realized all that this place must mean to the outcast.



What Fascinated Me Was Miss Seymour's Unusual Voice and Her Manner of Speaking

After a season with Miss Davenport I left her and made application to Augustin Daly for a place in his company. Mr. Daly made an appointment and I had an experience with him similar to that with Mr. Field. The great manager, who had every stagestruck girl in America besieging him, seemed to welcome me as if he had been looking for me. I thought at that interview he was one of the most charming men I had ever seen. I had no previous idea of Mr. Daly's personality, although he was so prominent in the theatrical world at that time as to be absolutely unique; but I had heard of his sugar-loaf hat and his legs that were so long and always, as he sat, twisted into a monogram. My first observation of him confirmed this description. He was supposed to be exceedingly peculiar—brusk, difficult of access, a man of few words. As I did not know this, however, I was not astonished to find a genial, long, slender, studentlike man, whose head seemed to loll about on his spine, first on one shoulder and then on the other. He settled the matter of taking me into his company in ten minutes; then, for thirty more, he talked of his obsession by Peg Woffington. To him she was the most fascinating woman in stage annals. He had collected all the prints and books relating to her that he could get and had a special part of his library devoted to her alone.

He ended by saying that I had a look of Peg Woffington and he had taken a liking to me. He made no contract with me for any special part, but promised to give me as good work as he found me able to do. And I was so anxious to be under him that I was willing to take chances for any rôles, though I had been playing leading parts with Miss Davenport.

Expanding in the Daly Atmosphere

THERE never was another playhouse like the Daly Theater. The atmosphere of it was *sui generis*. As you first passed in at the stage door you were conscious that you were in a very individual place, where a great genius ruled. The back-door man, though he had the outward semblance of the back-door man, had something distinctive about him. He knew by instinct your status in the theater, and his manner was graduated to that. He had the people in the company all ticketed. If you wanted to know where you stood you just had to talk to him. Every attaché of the theater before and behind the footlights moved and lived and had his being in the atmosphere of that house. Even the paying of salaries was done in an impressive way. We used to go into a waiting room in front, where we sat hushed, as if we were gathering for a funeral. A factotum, who in an ordinary theater would simply bellow out your name and run in and out and slam doors, was there in a uniform. He would call your name clearly, solemnly, as if he were ushering you into a reception. Then you approached with trepidation and were conducted into a most beautiful room adorned with engravings and other objects collected by Mr. Daly in his professional life. Though I never got the courage really to look around this room much, I used to steal glances about, and felt that each time I had added a little to my knowledge of the rare and artistic.

Mr. Daly was seated there, as a rule—not, of course, paying out salaries—and his treasurer was enthroned at the middle of a desk. Your salary was handed you in a manner in keeping with the whole procedure. Somehow you felt it was a great and significant performance. And if you had a lively imagination, and had been sufficiently immersed in the Daly atmosphere, you went out thankful that your lines had been cast in that theater. Mr. Daly himself was a born actor in the best sense of the word. He had temperament, sensibility and a great knowledge of men and women. *(Continued on Page 34)*

Willie Collier's Imitation of Daly Was Perfect

A LINK IN THE CHAIN

By R. W. HOFFLUND

ILLUSTRATED BY GAYLE P. HOSKINS

"If You Want to be the Merchant Prince of Portola You Must Not Stir Up a Conflict With a Powerful Rival"

BILL KELLAR came home to supper with a look in his eyes that his wife recognized at once. Something had gone wrong. Bill had been the owner of the general store at Portola for a year, realizing the ambition of his rather exciting life when he secured it. Bringing to an undeveloped country business all the acumen, quick decision and knowledge of up-to-date selling methods acquired during his career as a broker dealing in small grocery stocks in a neighboring city, Bill had worked up his trade to a very satisfactory condition. Nevertheless, the necessity of pleasing the public at all times brought occasional troubles. With her never-failing instinct his wife knew that something of the sort had occurred during the day.

When Bill had taken the edge off his appetite she essayed to find out what the trouble was.

"What's the matter, Bill?" she asked lightly. "Has the cat been getting at the cheese again?"

Bill glanced up and smiled.

"Worse than that," he said.

His wife puckered her brow.

"I know," she guessed; "Mr. Perkins says he can get flour cheaper at Orangewood."

"Not even close," said Bill. "Perkins hasn't bothered me for a week."

"Then somebody must have skipped and left a bad bill," she decided. "Hard luck, Bill; but it's all in the business. Tell me how much it is, and then forget it."

Bill leaned back in his chair, his eyes fixed on his cup of coffee.

"Honest, Bessie," he said at length, "I didn't mean to let you in for this at all. You ought not to be worried just now. Your idea that it's up to you to shoulder all the troubles of this firm is wrong—dead wrong. Let me keep it to myself a while; probably there's nothing in it, anyhow."

Bessie planted her elbows firmly on the table.

"If you want me to lie awake all night guessing about it," she insisted, "just keep it to yourself. I'm not hunting for worry, Bill, but I want to know; it will bother me less if I know. Go ahead, like a good boy, and tell me all about it."

"Oh, all right," said Bill; "but I wish you'd stop reading my thoughts. It's a pity if I can't get a grouch once in a while without sharing it with the family. Here's the whole thing: the United General Stores Company has bought out J. F. Stiger at Orangewood."

"Well," said Bessie, evidently surprised at the nature of the disclosure, "what of it? Why so much gloom about J. F.? Orangewood is ten miles away."

"To be sure it is," Bill agreed; "and ten miles makes about as much difference to the U. G. S. as ten feet. Listen, dear; their chain of stores starts somewhere up near San Francisco and runs down the whole state. Their capital is away up in the millions. I don't want to make it sound worse than it is, but we're up against the real original octopus—the one the newspapers jump on so hard until the advertising manager makes them quit."

"But, Bill," she persisted, "why does it bother you? Of course, if the other merchants down there are going to be forced out of business, I'm sorry for them. But surely the people up here won't go all the way to Orangewood, even if they do cut prices a little."

"Oh, it's not that," Bill explained. "They're not price cutters—at least not after they get established. The competition would be bad enough—they have their own brands, you know, own their own canneries, and that sort of thing—but that's not important. The point is that when they once start in a territory they spread out all over the map, and it's hard to keep them out. Now I happen to know that Stiger didn't care to sell. This deal has been brewing for a month, and I understood that he had turned them down. I can imagine the proposition they put up to him. Don't you see? He had to get out; they were strong enough to make him!"

"And you're afraid they'll come up here?"

"That's it. That's their policy, and Portola is the next natural move." Bill got up and came around and kissed her. "I've got to go back. Now that it's off my mind it doesn't seem so terrible. Probably we're too small to interest them. Anyhow, dear, remember that there are thousands of ways of making a living, and a good many honest ones. We'll pull through, whatever happens."

Within the month Bill's foreboding proved to be justified. He was at work on the books one day when a visitor arrived, asked for Mr. Kellar, and was conducted to the office.

"Take a chair, please," said Bill rather shortly; "I'll be through in a minute." He added a long column of figures and added them correctly, in spite of the fact that the card handed to him bore the name, "Jerome H. Turner, United General Stores Company."

"Now, Mr. Turner," he said at length, "what can I do for you?"

"Just give me a few minutes," said the visitor. "I want to explain some things and put a business proposition before you."

Mr. Turner was a man of middle age—well dressed, portly, prosperous-looking. He had a confident, pleasant smile and a pleasant way of talking; if he had been a drummer, Bill thought, his battle would have been half won before he showed a sample.

"Go ahead," he said, swinging on his high stool so as to lean against the desk.

"Of course," Mr. Turner began, "you know something of the company I represent. One feature of our business that is decidedly unpleasant, Mr. Kellar, is the fact that we make many enemies. All successful men do. Less prosperous—perhaps less enterprising—competitors attribute some of our good fortune to high-handed methods, which are widely advertised, whether true or not. Therefore, I assume that you know who we are and what we are doing."

"Perfectly," Bill admitted.

"Recently the company decided to enter this county and last month we opened up at Orangewood. It is our intention to operate at least a dozen stores here—probably more later. You know, of course, the advantage we have in buying merchandise in large quantities and marketing it under a system that eliminates waste and needless expense."

"And also," Bill suggested, "that eliminates anything or anybody else that gets in your way."

"That is the popular notion," Mr. Turner went on calmly. "In general, it is not based on fact. We do not intentionally injure any competitor; we simply use our enormous advantage to attract all the business we can get. Now you are a young man who can see through a knothole when some one holds up a light on the other side. Just between you and me, do you find anything underhand or unscrupulous in that, considering the way business is run?"

"Not a bit," Bill admitted it frankly. "Your business plan, Mr. Turner, is the modern one; there is a lot of waste in indiscriminate competition. In fact, there's just one difference between you and the Socialists."

"What is that?" asked his visitor with a smile.

"You save a lot of money by organization—that's Socialism. You eliminate wasteful methods of getting goods to the consumer—that's Socialism. Two families live next door to each other. I send out a team and driver to deliver a loaf of bread to one family, and my competitor sends a team and driver to carry a dozen eggs to the other. You believe that one wagon and one driver—your own, of course—can handle both jobs. Expense, one-half. That's Socialism."

"Perhaps," Mr. Turner admitted.

"But here's the difference: Every cent you save, once you've knocked out this waste, you put in your own pocket—just one difference, but a fairly big one. And that's what keeps us little fellows alive. We have a few advantages of our own, and the big one is this: The consumer hates to see his pennies going to make somebody a millionaire. He knows all about it, believe me. He knows that your organization is not for his benefit."

Mr. Turner smiled again.

"Very true," he agreed. "I won't attempt to dispute it. Whatever happens, I can see that you and I are going to be on good terms; you understand things clearly. Now, as to the business proposition, I will put it to you frankly. Do you want to sell out, at invoice price of the stock, for cash?"

"No," said Bill.

"I was afraid you wouldn't," Mr. Turner went on easily; "but I'm sorry. Well, think it over. There ought not to be two stores in a place like this, and we simply have to come. The directors have already decided the matter; I have no choice but to follow the trail they blaze. Portola is scheduled to be the next link in our chain."

"Possibly," said Bill. "I don't mind telling you, however, that I am going to make a noble effort to force your directors to speak of it as the missing link. I've had quite a fight here, Mr. Turner. A year or so ago the business at this corner was mostly in tobacco and politics. When a clerk and a customer faced each other it was to guess about the weather. I've worked it up too well to lie down and quit. Don't forget that in a country store personal acquaintance is a big factor. I have a lot of friends around here."

Mr. Turner got up and placed a kindly hand on Bill's shoulder.

"Think it over," he said again. "I hate to hear you talk like that. You don't understand this thing at all. Are you married?"

"Yes."

"Talk it over with your wife. Take plenty of time. I'll be up to see you again."

Now that the dreaded event actually had come upon him Bill felt better. He was like a soldier who lies awake the night before a battle and feels genuinely relieved when the bullets begin to fly.

"It shows the folly of worrying," he told Bessie. "You imagine a lot of terrible things that never really happen. As a matter of fact, however, what I said to him was mostly bluff. I can't think of a thing to do except sit tight and see what happens. If we find that it's foolish to struggle I can at least get out even. I can sell the whole business in six months over the counter, and get a profit out of it at that."

"I'd hate to back down," said Bessie musingly. "It seems to me we ought to do something. I've been thinking about it."

"Any results?"

"Well, why can't we start the fireworks? They say the first blow counts for a lot. Why can't we raise some money, go down to Orangewood and open up a cut-price cash store?"

Bill laid down his knife and fork and gazed at her in amazement.

"For pure nerve," he said slowly, "you've got 'em all beat. Great Cæsar's ghost! We might lose everything we own"

"Well," said Bessie calmly, "so we might. If you weren't married you would never stop to think about it. Go ahead, Bill—don't hunt up ways to save things for me. You can always make a living for us. And, at the worst, I can pound the typewriter for a while until we get on our feet again. I don't want to be on your nerves, Bill. You can't fight without taking a chance. Go ahead and take it."

Bill, leaning back, continued to gaze at her as if half stupefied. Suddenly he brought the front legs of his chair down with a bang.

"Turner gave me the best advice I ever got," he said; "he told me to talk it over with my wife. He thought you'd scare me out! Right here we take the plunge. My dear, your idea about the first blow is good. The one about the cut-price store is bad; we couldn't gain anything that way—but it gives me a glimmering notion of my own. I'll sleep on it. If it looks as bright over the boiled eggs as it does with the Irish stew we'll work out the details and put 'em in motion."

II

THREE days later Mr. Turner again came to Portola. He was passing through in his automobile, he explained, on a tour of the country. He had no desire to hurry matters, but thought that Bill might have reached a decision.

"I reached one thirty seconds after you made the offer," said Bill. "It's no use, Mr. Turner; I don't want to sell out."

"Did you talk it over with your wife?"

Bill grinned. "I started to," he answered, "but she did most of the talking. She woke me up; a fellow is inclined to get lazy in a place like this. Then I was a little frightened about it, and she knocked that out of me. Altogether I'm glad you suggested it."

"It occurred to me," said Mr. Turner, changing the subject easily, "that I might be able to offer a more attractive arrangement. Briefly, it is this: We will pay for your business in U. G. S. stock—a stock that is hard to get these days, Mr. Kellar—and employ you as local manager. Then you can continue to live here among your friends. Mr. Stiger took several thousand in stock instead of cash. Perhaps ——"

"No use at all," Bill interrupted. "Honestly, Mr. Turner, I don't want to be a link in anybody's chain if I can help it. I wouldn't be happy if I couldn't buy and sell on my own hook with my own money. I like to fuss around with the drummers and play the whole game."

"Naturally," said Mr. Turner. "But—do you think that you can afford to consider your inclinations at all times?"

"I can in this case," said Bill, his eyes narrowing at the implied threat. "If not at Portola, then somewhere else. So that matter is settled."

Mr. Turner laughed good-naturedly.

"All right," he said; "but I wish I could make you see the wisdom of going in with us. If you change your mind drop me a line."

When he had gone Bill called his clerk back to the desk.

"Morgan," he said, "the man who just left is Turner, traveling manager of the United General Stores Company. He's been trying to buy me out; he wants to make this store one of his branches. Now I'm not going to sell."

"Good for you," said Morgan laconically. He was a man of middle age, unmarried and a hard worker. He had struck his gait early in life and had never altered it. Years of clerking had left him with apparently not a thought in the world outside of his duties, though occasionally he would surprise his employer by a bit of grim humor, showing that he had not been unobservant of the many thousands for whom he had wrapped up parcels.

"It means a fight," Bill went on. "They'll probably put up another store here. Now that works both ways. A two-store town attracts more business than a crossroads. However, in this case I don't want to see 'em come, because they'd undoubtedly try to drive me out. I'm going to start the ball rolling myself, by selling goods at pretty near cost to their Orangewood customers."

"Try their own medicine on 'em, eh?" said Morgan, his eyes brightening.

(Continued on Page 46)

THE GIRL IN THE SANTEE

XVI

By Gouverneur Morris

ILLUSTRATED BY STANLEY M. ARTHURS

TO HAVE my plans for escape brought to nothing by the weather was almost intolerable. Prayers and rage were alike futile to split the fog. If only we had stayed at the cabin, where there was shelter and firewood! If only we could find our way back to it!

We were damp and chilled to the bone. Mammy Mannee refused to bear her lot with fortitude and added to the general dejection by her moanlike complaints and ghoulish imaginations. Death was inevitable. To that she was resigned; but there would be no one to perform the last rites—to close our eyes in peace with pennies, to howl over us and to dig our graves.

When night came she began to talk of haints and devils. Familiar spirits, invisible to Céleste and me, came up out of the swamps and gathered thick about the old woman. She talked to them, calling them by name. Her familiars were white and black—dignitaries of Charleston and slaves who had long since hung up their shovels and their hoes. She asked and received news of the dead. She talked in twenty different voices—an unholy, astonishing performance. She surrounded our enforced hiding place with the voices of the dead. They gossiped with her of old acquaintances gone before—how one had gone to torment, another to glory. How others had had the coins stolen from their eyes and could not sleep in their narrow beds.

The old woman, for her part, gossiped of those who had remained living after a given one's death. She told of burned wills, broken legacies, false widows, widowers who had been cruel to the babes left in their care. And finally, piling one grotesque horror upon another, she evolved from her crazy brain the spirits of my father and mother. And these asked her if she had been true to her trust. They asked what had become of their little Stephen. Whereat she, calling upon God to witness, told how faithful she had been and how true; how she had watched over my babyhood and boyhood—and how she had chosen for my wife a pearl of great price.

Then she went on to give the other side of the medal: my uncle's villainy, his private morals—and here was a stinging tirade; his thwarted hope—thanks to her!—that I should die early by natural causes; finally the approach of my twenty-first birthday, when, feeling my fortune slipping from his fingers, he had instigated and abetted an actual attempt upon my life. She told how we had fled in the canoe and had failed in an escape owing to the fog—smoke, she described it, from hell's caldron—and how we were waiting for death in this place to which she had summoned them!

He Had Our Four Guns on the Seat Beside Him, and Mammy Loaded for Him

Gradually she worked herself into a kind of fanatic frenzy. The voices, which were all of her own making, became real to her and dreadful. She sprang to her feet and stood swaying and gesticulating. Voice answered voice. Her frail body shook from head to foot with incipient convulsions—and last of all: "We's comin' soon, old master!" she cried. "We's comin' soon, old missus! The young folks is a-gettin' ready fo' to sta't; en ole Mammy, she ain't gwine ter stay behime. Go where Jo'dan rolls en set down in de shade; we ain't agwine ter keep yo' waitin' long ——"

Here I caught her by the shoulders and shook the sense back into her.

"You'll bring them down on us," I said, "with your fool shouting! Who's going to die? I'm not and Miss Céleste's not. Are you going to pack up and go alone? Not you! You're a sensible old nigger when you've got your wits about you. Call them back now. And you take Miss Céleste's hands in yours and see if you can't rub some warmth into them. You take care of anybody, you old baby? All you're good for is to frighten guilty children!"

Flattered, mollified and once more cheerful and hopeful, Mammy Mannee plumped down on her heels, savage fashion, and began to chafe Céleste's cold little hands.

It was late afternoon. A wind had risen and it looked as if the fog might be lifted. And presently, so sure was I of this, I embarked my passengers once more in the canoe—more, I must confess, with the idea of warming their hopes and courage than of getting anywhere in particular.

Well, that fog was playing with us as a cat plays with a mouse. It grew thinner and thinner until you could see for long distances. Then it broke apart—and for a few glad moments we saw the setting sun blazing in the rift and had a little warmth

from it; then the curtains of mist drew together, thickened and became heavier and more inscrutable than before.

It was necessary to find another lodging for the night; but now the Santee itself began to play tricks with us and we could not find a parcel of land more solid than hominy.

XVII

ALL that night we were out in the canoe. Now her nose rested on oozy bottom; now she floated clear; and now I drove her hither and thither with studious strokes. Tough and used to the Santee climate, I was nearing the limit of my endurance; the constant dampness had softened the palms of my hands so that the paddle had torn them to ribbons. My legs, bent upon themselves, were numb to the hip. And, perhaps because of the heart-breaking solicitude I had gone through for Céleste, my mind was no longer clear and alert, but wandering and visionary. That Céleste could still bear up, still speak cheerfully and lovingly, was a miracle. As for mammy, the many fools that she had made of herself were forgotten; and of us three she showed the results of exposure and general misery the least.

About midnight I fell asleep at my post in the stern of the canoe; her bow at the time was resting on a soft bank. While I slept two things of importance happened: the tide rose and set the canoe adrift; and a west wind came up freshly, loosened the hold of the fog upon the region and blew it out to sea.

When I awoke the sun had not yet risen, but the sky was clear and there was enough light to see by. Before my eyes, beginning near the water's edge, extended the great double avenue of magnolias that led to my uncle's house. For a moment I was dumfounded with surprise and consternation. Then, with an exclamation of dismay, I caught up the paddle and began a swift retreat. In this I was arrested by the calm voice of Mammy Mannee.

"Where yo' gwine, honeybug?" she said. "Missy Céleste, she cain't stay out no mo'."

I stopped paddling, gave one agonized look at Céleste where she rested, very white, her eyes closed; and then, with a sound like a sob, I turned back toward the house, landed and dragged the canoe into a thicket of reeds, where she might escape discovery for a time.

An arm round her waist, I helped Céleste toward my uncle's house at a pace a little faster than a walk; but my old nurse darted on ahead of us with extraordinary alacrity. If we seemed to have been rushing into the lion's den it was an act of no very immediate danger. The house was never locked. My uncle and Mr. Blunt were late risers and, owing to their usual potations, heavy sleepers; and the house servants would not come in from the quarters to do the chores until seven o'clock. We had, then, a couple of hours in which to warm ourselves and to dry our things.

Still, we did not enter the house without precaution. Mammy and I took off our shoes, and I picked Céleste up in my arms and carried her to those remote rooms which mammy and I had occupied for so many years. Having made a fire of fat pine and told mammy to undress Céleste and wrap her in warm blankets I tiptoed off to the pantries in search of food. I found a side of cold 'possum, very rich and smoky; a corn pudding; a bowl of raw eggs, and fortunately a few drinks of Madeira in a bottle.

Returning, I found Céleste flushed and wild-eyed. The chill of exposure had developed, with the suddenness frequent in those regions, into fever. I looked and I trembled. It would be madness to move her in less than days; it was madness to stay where we were! But Mammy Mannee spoke sharply.

"Don' stan' gapin', honeybug," she said. "Jes' set en hol' Miss Céleste's han's en make 'er comfo'ble while ol' mammy steps out en looks aroun'."

She returned in twenty minutes with a fowling piece, which I recognized for my uncle's, a horn of powder and a pouch of buckshot.

"Now yo' got two guns," she said, "en dry powder."

"Where did you get them, mammy?"

"I stole 'um," she said, "plumb outen his room, close ter his baid."

"Mammy," I said, "that's bad; he'll miss them and search high and low. Is he sleeping sound?"

She nodded.

"Then," said I, "we'll put my wet powder in his horn and his dry powder in mine; but we'll return everything else. No—I'll do it. Tell me exactly where they were."

She told me and asked me what I should do if he awoke.

"I suppose I'll have to wring his neck," I said.

The old beldam chuckled, but she shook her head vehemently and said:

"No, suh; yo' prison him."

And this set me furiously thinking.

I Picked Celeste Up in My Arms and Carried Her to Those Rooms Which Mammy and I Had Occupied for So Many Years

"If yo' can hol' him," she said, "ol' mammy can sho tie him."

"If we do that," I said, "we must have Blunt too."

"En fotch 'um up here," said she, "en take 'um wid us w'en we lights out."

When we entered my uncle's room so helpless was he, with sleep and liquor not yet slept off, that a child might have bound him.

XVIII

MAMMY had brought with her from my room a reel of strong linen line, such as men use for drum fishing, and a pair of shears with which to cut it into suitable lengths. And while my uncle still slept heavily she stood by his bed like one of the three Fates, unreeling a few feet of line, snipping and laying the pieces in available order across the bolster beside his head. When she was ready I seated myself on my uncle's stomach and seized his hands. At the same moment, to guard against a chance cry for help, Mammy Mannee stuffed a bundle of bedlinen into his open mouth.

"It's I, uncle," I said—"Stephen. You will have to be quiet as a mouse if you don't want to be hurt."

His eyes rolled in an agony of rage.

"Mammy," I said, "will take the sheet out of your mouth if you will promise not to make a noise."

But the instant she had done so he began to swear and struggle at a great rate. Mammy nearly smothered him; and at the second trial he maintained a kind of suffocated silence. I turned him over and mammy bound his wrists together behind his back—and, for extra security, his thumbs. Then we bound his feet and, rolling him once more upon his back, gagged him with the brass key of his own door and a loop of the line.

Mr. Blunt's door, somewhat to our consternation, was locked; and it was necessary, if he was to be taken by surprise, to burst this open at the first effort. The door was a heavy composition of Domingo mahogany; and, doubting my own weight and strength, I sought the length of the corridor for a ram of some sort. In an arched alcove, upon a pedestal, was a marble bust of Washington. It seemed a desecration to use the Father of his Country as a battering-ram; but I submit in my defense that he was a true lover of liberty and justice. Anyhow, I tore him, gray with dust, from his pedestal and drove him, with all the violence of which I was capable, head-first at the lock of Mr. Blunt's door.

The stubborn wood and the hand-wrought lock yielded, as became them, to history's best gentleman. And not only the lock broke and the door opened, but these things befell with such impetus that, with a tearing and snapping sound, the door leaped clear from its frame, hinges and all. It tottered and staggered like a drunken thing and I caught it and flung it across Mr. Blunt, who was struggling to kick off his bedclothes and get up. He beat me about the head with his fists before I could master him, and came very near reaching a pistol lying across a chair, near the head of his bed; but he succeeded only in knocking it to the floor. He put up a strong, furious fight for a man of his years and stomach; and it was not until mammy, looking like a female devil, threatened his face with the points of the shears that he gave in.

Then we bound him and gagged him and carried him up to mammy's old room—next to that in which Céleste lay; and while mammy guarded him—and, I think, taunted him the minute my back was turned—I was off to fetch my uncle. And when I saw the two side by side, utterly helpless and ridiculous, and thought in what desperate fear I had been of them, I could have laughed.

"I should like," I said, "to talk with you and to hear what you have to say; but there is a lady in the next room, sick with fever, and I must insist that you do not raise your voices above a conversational pitch."

With which pompous speech I removed first Mr. Blunt's gag and then my uncle's.

"The plan," I said, "is to settle down as we are for a few days, until the lady is recovered from her indisposition. Mr. Greeg, uncle, will come to you for his orders as usual, but he will receive them in my presence—and Mr. Blunt's; and I assure you that any efforts to escape from your present situation will be met must be met as would be the efforts of a pair of mad dogs to bite."

"So far, so good," said Mr. Blunt, his little eyes gleaming. "May I ask by what right you have made us your prisoners?"

It was vainglorious and silly, and I was ashamed afterward; but I was in my shirt-sleeves and the temptation to double up my right arm, show them a formidable biceps and say, "By this right!" was irresistible.

"I can prove nothing," I said, "against either of you. Not even that you tried to shoot me down in the corridor just outside of this room. I could show a scar, but I have no witnesses. But I know and you know. You, uncle, have been a law to this part of the world all your life. Now the reins of governance are in my hands. I shall drive lightly, but firmly. When the lady, who has promised to be my wife"—Mr. Blunt laughed—and I kicked him on the ankle-bone—"promised to be my wife, is recovered from her illness we shall all go to Charleston in uncle's sloop. Once there, uncle, after confronting you with Doctor Chestleton and telling him my story, I shall, of course, turn you loose; but you will not be the death of me and you will not fall heir to any of my property which you have not already spent. Meanwhile Mammy Mannee will watch over you with a loaded gun while I apprise Mr. Greeg of what has happened."

"One word," said my uncle.

"And what is that?" said I.

"If the niggers," said he, "should learn that Blunt and myself are tied up and helpless they may take it into their heads to—to ——"

His face turned ashen at the thought and Mr. Blunt finished for him.

"As you may be aware, Stephen," said he, "they, like you, have their—er—er—fancied wrongs."

"I should say they had," said I.

"And if they should go mad," said Mr. Blunt sweetly, "any white face would seem to them the face of an oppressor—even though it were the face of a young and innocent girl."

"Mr. Blunt," I said, "you are trying to frighten me."

"Stephen," he said, "I have frightened you."

And he closed his eyes and pretended to go to sleep.

XIX

"MR. GREEG!" He turned from a casting up of accounts and got to his feet. Astonishment and bewilderment were written in every line of his face.

"What the devil are you doing here?" he said after a time.

"Mr. Greeg," I said, "you've always shown yourself friendly in a negative sort of a way, and I'm here to explain a rather extraordinary state of affairs."

Then I told him about Céleste, the cabin on the knoll, our attempt to escape, the fog that had so bewildered us, Céleste's illness and finally the highhanded capture of my uncle and Mr. Blunt. When I came to this part of the narrative he sat down heavily, as if his knees had turned to water.

"I know," said I, "that you are a great stickler for duty; and I should feel greatly obliged for some idea as to what you feel your duty to be under the circumstances."

"My plain, bounden duty," said he, "is to effect my employer's release."

"I'm hanged if I see why you should feel so faithful to him and his disorderly interests," said I.

He only smiled at this.

"I must tell you," I went on, "that any attempt to release my uncle will be met with the extreme of desperation."

"You'd murder him!"

"Or, if I were absent, Mammy Mannee would not hesitate. No surprise can take us; and my uncle's life and Mr. Blunt's would go out like two candles, before anything could be effected for their relief."

"That's well enough," said Mr. Greeg, "so far as it goes and I believe you are in earnest; but have you given a thought to the negroes?"

"I wish you'd explain," said I. "My uncle has already threatened me with them."

"They have the minds of children," said Mr. Greeg. "They are lambs by habit, though tigerish at heart. Just now there is discontent among them, though their lot is precisely what it has always been. They have just learned that they are slaves. How, I have no more idea than yourself, except that they sleep with their ears to the ground and often hear of events at a great distance before we ourselves, who have the advantage of the mails and the ability to read and write. They have learned that the states are fighting among themselves and that slavery is a cause of the fighting; that one party even wishes to liberate the slaves and loose them against their masters. If your uncle's slaves should learn that your uncle was no longer able to hold them with his strong hand; that Mr. Blunt, whom they fear like the devil, was as helpless as a child, why ——"

Mr. Greeg looked me very gravely in the face and shrugged his shoulders.

"This morning," he said, "the hands went very sullenly to the fields. In the quarters the old men and women are buzzing like bees."

"They wouldn't hurt me," I said. "I've grown up among them and we've been very friendly always."

"They might remember that," said Mr. Greeg—"after."

"After what?"

"Why, after they had torn you to pieces."

"Well, then," said I, "they mustn't learn that my uncle is a prisoner."

"Of course they mustn't. But they will. If not today, tomorrow or the next day. It's very awkward."

"If you were in my place, Mr. Greeg, what would you do?"

He considered this for some moments.

"I should come to a solemn agreement with your uncle and Mr. Blunt," he said. "You to release them; they to guarantee you a safe passage to Charleston as soon as the young lady is recovered from her indisposition. . . . You say the slaves are friendly to you? How about the other night, when you fled from them in fear of your life? Let their manhunting blood get up—and the God whom they worship could not go among them."

"You know as well as I, Mr. Greeg, that whatever agreement my uncle made he would break."

Mr. Greeg said nothing.

"No," I said; "I will chance the slaves and keep my uncle where I have him."

"Then," said Mr. Greeg, "though I will do my best to keep the matter a secret, I can't answer for the consequences. And I think we are all in a devilish bad scrape. Am I to be allowed to communicate with your uncle?"

"Of course," said I, "for the conduct of business and in my presence—and unarmed. You may visit him now if you wish."

"I think it is very necessary," said Mr. Greeg.

XX

WHEN we entered the prisoners had but just finished breakfast. Bound hand and foot, in nightgowns, their hair rumpled, occupying a couple of straight-back chairs, they looked the very soul of discomfort.

"Greeg," said my uncle, "you see me in a most humiliating plight."

I think there was a momentary twinkle of amusement in Mr. Greeg's eyes; but his voice was very quiet.

"I have suggested to your nephew," said he, "that he come to some sort of an agreement with you. He expressed a fear that you would not keep your side of it."

"What does he want of me?" asked my uncle.

"A safe passage to Charleston."

"If I get him to Charleston I shall have the law of him. He is detaining me illegally. He accuses me of this and that. He can prove nothing. Let him keep me tied up as long as he pleases—and take the consequences."

"Just how I feel," said Mr. Blunt. "My dear Stephen," he went on, "you have put yourself in a very bad position before the law. Your defense will be that for fifteen years your uncle has tried to be rid of you. The law would laugh at any such statement, arguing that it has been in his power to put you out of the way at any time, and that his not doing so is sure proof that no attempt has ever been made. On the whole, I feel sorry for you."

"How about the time you shot at me in the corridor?"

"I shot at you!" said Mr. Blunt, his face the picture of innocent wonder. "Do you hear what he says?"

My uncle nodded.

"But I don't know what he means."

"Who saw me shoot?" asked Mr. Blunt

"My uncle brought me a note," said I; "and when I stepped into the corridor you fired and the bullet grazed my scalp. See here!"

"Was your uncle in the corridor at the time?"

"You know he was. He was the decoy."

Mr. Blunt turned to my uncle.

"You hear that?" said he. "You and I were in a corridor with Stephen. I fired at him. Of course you saw me do it!"

"I never saw you fire a shot at a man in my life."

"But you heard the shot?"

"I did not."

"But you smelled the smoke?"

My uncle shook his head curtly.

"I know nothing about the alleged occurrence," said he.

"Then, Stephen," said Mr. Blunt, "you have had a little sample of how things might go with you in a court of law. Don't you know you can't destroy character right and left with unsupported statements?"

"Uncle," I said—as haughtily as I could—"if you have any directions for Mr. Greeg, give them. You and Mr. Blunt seem to have decided what parts to play. As for me, I shall tell the story of my life in this place—cruelty in health, neglect in sickness—and somehow or other I shall get myself believed. An honest mind and an honest face are better than a thousand witnesses. The moment that it is possible to start we shall be off for Charleston. Once there, I shall untie you and you may do as you please. But I don't think you will drag me into court. On the contrary, I think you will pack yourselves back here, the pair of you, like a couple of whipped dogs."

While my uncle talked with Mr. Greeg, I set the door into the next room ajar and saw that Céleste was in a deep and tranquil sleep. It seemed to me as if my heart had been emptied of a load of stones. I closed the door gently and turned to hear what my uncle should say.

It had little enough to do with the conduct of the ricefields. He was in genuine alarm lest his captive and helpless state reach the ears and understanding of his slaves. It was impossible to doubt his anxiety in the matter—or Mr. Greeg's, or Mr. Blunt's; so that presently I took alarm myself and entered into their discussion with the liveliest interest.

"The question," said Mr. Blunt, "is not, Will they find out about us?—but, When will they?"

"So I think," said Mr. Greeg.

"Tomorrow, or next day at the latest," said my uncle—and he shuddered.

"From time to time, uncle," I said, "I am willing to untie you and let you show yourself at a window. Mr. Greeg can arrange for you to be seen. A determined man can do a lot of bullying from a window. I've seen you do it before now."

My uncle laughed grimly.

"I've a better way," he said. "Have you a knife with you, Greeg?"

"My penknife, sir."

"Very well; cut me loose."

"Your nephew says he will shoot to kill if anything like that is attempted."

"I know what he says," said my uncle; "but I don't believe him. Anyway, I'd rather be shot than torn to pieces. Do as I tell you!"

Mr. Greeg took out a penknife and opened the big blade. I cocked my gun.

"Do as I tell you," said my uncle. "Stephen won't shoot. I can see it in his eye."

Mr. Greeg hesitated.

"Do as I tell you!"

"Mr. Greeg," said I in a voice choking with excitement, "one more step and my uncle is a dead man."

"Take one more step and see," said my uncle.

Whether I would have shot my uncle thus in cold blood or not, I cannot for the life of me say; for at that moment Mr. Greeg straightened up and went white as a sheet, and said:

"Listen!"

It was a woman's scream—half human—half savage—once, twice repeated. And then silence.

"Sounds to me," said Mr. Blunt in a small, colorless voice, "as if they'd begun to raise hell already."

Mr. Greeg hurried off to see what had happened and returned in about a quarter of an hour, his face white as death.

"Your uncle and Mr. Blunt," said he, "must show themselves at once, armed and free! The hands have returned from the fields. They are beginning to plunder and destroy. When I ordered them back to work they laughed in my face."

He finished with a shudder.

"Stephen," said my uncle, "you hear what he says. If you will let bygones be bygones ——"

"There is just the chance," said Mr. Blunt, "that we four white men, with weapons and determination, can handle the savages. It is not a good chance."

"The alternative," said my uncle, "is to remain as we are until they murder us, with or without torture."

"Have you any plan of defense?"

"We must abandon the house," said my uncle, "seize the sloop, defend her and, if necessary, escape in her."

"It's out of the frying-pan into the fire," said I; "and I think the lady is too ill to be moved."

But Mammy Mannee, who had crept into the room to listen, shook her head vehemently. And she said:

"I guess yo' got to trus' yo' uncle, honey bug."

"At least," said Mr. Greeg, "you've got to make up your mind quickly."

"Very well," said I. "Cut them loose."

XXI

AS THE event proved, any further delay must have cost us dear. My uncle and Mr. Blunt dressed and armed themselves. Mr. Greeg and I collected

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He Beat Me About the Head With His Fists Before I Could Master Him

WHY LONDON IS THE CENTER

John Bull's Love for Statistics—By James H. Collins

DECORATION BY JOHN L. NEILL

ONE of Napoleon's most capable ministers was Mollien, his financial man, founder of the Bank of France, to whom he clung despite all criticisms.

"The good Mollien has many competitors," admitted the emperor; "but they bring in nothing except schemes, while he brings in the money."

An eminent English economist, Walter Bagehot, found an amusing little joker in the good Mollien's management. For, though Napoleon hated the English and much of the money raised by his treasurer was employed against them, directly or otherwise, practically the whole secret of Mollien's success lay largely in the fact that he had picked up some sound political economy from a Briton, Adam Smith, whose Wealth of Nations shaped Mollien's thinking early in life.

Not everybody loves Adam Smith. His political economy has long been dubbed "the dismal science." To the average high-school student he is a thorn in the flesh. Yet, before Adam, the economic world was without form and void. The authorities had strange beliefs. They held, among other things, that all goods and money that went to another country were so much clean loss.

"They seemed to have persuaded themselves," as Mollien himself put it, "that the most important thing for our nation was that not one sou should ever leave France; that, so long as this was so, the kind and amount of taxation, the rate of wages, the greater or less perfection of industry, were things of complete indifference, provided always one Frenchman gained what another Frenchman lost."

John Bull has a curious love of statistics.

Put anything in the form of a table, or a column of figures, or a curve, and he takes it seriously at once. The knottier you make them, the greater his respect.

The English themselves enjoy their own ponderousness in that line better than anybody else, and it has been pointed out in the following excellent comparison.

Discoveries in the World of Chance

LET a member of Parliament rise and insist that two and two make four. Immediately all the members turn their backs upon him and ignore him as a mere preacher; but by putting the same proposition in a more complicated form he can get Parliament's respectful attention.

"On no account, gentlemen," he may say, "shall I ever be persuaded to pin faith upon or consent to such a radical and dangerous proposition as that two and two might, by any conceivable means, be made to produce the wholly illogical result—nay, I may say the monstrous result!—of five. Against that proposition we can safely pledge our widespread empire."

"Ah, a profound reasoner!" agree the members. "This is the sort of man for us!"

John Bull loves statistics because statistics have done a very great deal for him. And he respects magnitude and complexity, even ponderosity, because his problems for a century or more have dealt with enormous values of world trade.

In the year 1666, pretty much all London burned down in what was considered to be the biggest fire since Nero burned Rome. Many of its once prosperous citizens started life all over again, with only the clothes on their backs. The loss was so severe that John Bull sat down to figure out a way of guarding against such disasters. He figured out fire insurance.

At first, operations were local—in London—and a large fire there might have bankrupted some of the insurance companies. Statistics of fire losses came in. The companies learned to distribute their risks over wider territory. Probable losses were reduced to averages. Means of preventing and fighting fire were found.

Over the door of many a house in the United States today may still be seen a little metal plate, bearing the name of some fire insurance company in gilt letters. That plate is a relic of the days when the insurance companies in London maintained their own fire brigades; and the plates distinguished one risk from another. It is said that in those times several fire brigades might stand idle before a burning house if it was not insured in their companies.

By-and-by, with more statistics to guide them, the companies found it profitable to maintain a common fire brigade to put out all fires, even though property was not insured at all. This, in turn, led to the municipal fire brigade. Today, the fire insurance companies pay a large percentage of the cost of London's fire department.

As statistics accumulated, the wisdom of spreading risks still further was seen, and John Bull made the business still more solid by going to foreign countries. Today, profits of fire insurance coming from abroad are an important item in those "invisible exports" wherewith he pays the great trade balance against him, and the security of his fire policies makes them desirable everywhere.

Some time after the great fire of London, the insurance idea began to be applied to ships and their cargoes. Fire, wreck, capture by an enemy, or other loss of property at sea, often ruined a London merchant; but the losses to the city as a whole were moderate. To equalize that loss in some way would make it possible to trade abroad with greater freedom. So John Bull began compiling statistics of shipping.

The story of the man who started the whole business has often been told. His name was Edward Lloyd. He kept a coffee house in the city toward the end of the seventeenth century and, as his place was frequented by captains and shipowners, made it a center for shipping news. Intelligence was gathered from captains and owners in London, and later by correspondence throughout the world. Thus a knowledge of ships was obtained which made it possible to classify them according to speed, strength, age, skill of officers and so forth, and to estimate their respective chances of weathering storms or running away from an enemy. Upon that knowledge presently the frequenters of Lloyd's coffee house founded the system of marine insurance, still in practice, whereby individual underwriters combine to insure a ship or cargo, each taking a share in the risk and sharing in the premium.

After a time, John Bull did not scruple to apply statistics to death itself. People had long insured life by the old tontine plan, under which a large capital was pooled and the members drew income as long as they lived. With the death of each member, however, this income was divided among the survivors; and the last survivor took the capital. The tontine came far short of being life insurance, for it was within the means of none but the well-to-do, and its benefits ceased at precisely the time when they were most needed. John Bull demonstrated that death was just a matter of statistics and laid the foundations of actuarial practice. Nowadays, life insurance is commonplace everywhere. The workman, with only a shilling a week to spare, can buy a good shilling's worth of insurance; but it is none the less a marvel, and John Bull fully merits all the invisible exports of his vast life insurance and marine insurance business throughout the earth.

Insurance is thoroughly ingrained in every Briton. Wherever his property or his prospects are subject to reasonable hazards, he turns confidently to see what statistics can do for him and how it will be possible to protect himself. So it follows that there are in London not only many classes of insurance unknown to us, but countless policies are written which fall in no class at all, being unique to themselves.

Providing Against the Proverbial Slip

THERE is horse endowment, for example—a recent development. An Englishman of little means buys a horse for two hundred and fifty dollars and sets up as a drayman. If anything happened to the animal he would be ruined. So he takes out a horse endowment policy at an annual premium of thirty dollars. If the animal dies during the life of the policy the insurance company pays him two hundred and fifty dollars; and if it is alive at the end of ten years he gets two hundred and fifty dollars and still has his old horse. The same principle is now being applied to automobiles.

London insurance companies are organized on lines that favor the development of such special classes. For, on the principle that all sorts of risks can be insured, most of the companies deal in all sorts of insurance. The corporation that writes a fire policy on your house will also insure your life, or your goods at sea, or your bad debts, boilers, plate glass, your liability as an employer or your hazards of burglary.

Lloyd's, again, does a large business in what the English call specialties, falling outside the scope of the regular companies. For Lloyd's is not a company. It is a chartered association of underwriters, each member of which, after demonstrating that he has a working knowledge of underwriting and depositing securities to the value of twenty-five thousand dollars or more with the secretary, and submitting to annual investigations of his books, conducts what is practically his own individual business in insurance.

The method at Lloyd's is best shown by describing the procedure followed in insuring a shipload of goods:

The shipper of the cargo makes out a form called a slip, giving particulars of the goods, their value, the amount he wishes to insure them for, the ship they are going in, with destination, the premium offered, and like details. This is sent to Lloyd's rooms in the Royal Exchange either by a clerk or through an insurance broker. Where the applicant for insurance is not known to the members of Lloyd's the broker is often needed to assure the character of the risk, and gets a commission for his

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GLOOMY FANNY

By Morley Roberts

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

II

THE following afternoon Tommy Burke, seated in the bow window of his Pall Mall Club, heard a newsvender breaking the police ordinances by shouting in the street. What the itinerant vender of halfpenny journalism cried was:

"Exteriornary Ock-currences in the Heast Hend! Piper!" But Tommy Burke paid no attention to it, as he was engaged in reading the market odds and the latest "official scratchings" for Ascot. Thereby he missed for a time a tremendous sensation; and so far as Burke was concerned the journal missed its aim and its halfpenny. For about nine o'clock in the morning of Gloomy Fanny's fateful Saturday in Paradise Row, Whitechapel, a wandering journalist, who had been doing a night fire in Poplar, came past the end of the Row and found it full of excited people. Those who came away mostly bore large and lumpy torn paper bags full of potatoes.

"What's the matter, constable?" asked the journalist.

"I don't rightly know, sir," said the constable; "but the 'ole of W'itechapel seems fair mad to buy taters at one shop down this 'ere street. They do say that a gent is sellin' taters at a barrer in evenin' togs."

The journalist did not pause to correct the constable's style and to point out to him that his collocation of words suggested that the barrow was in evening dress. He hastened to the scene of action, or did his best to hasten. The farther he got the thicker the crowd was and the more policemen he found, one of them a sergeant. They instructed people to "Pass along, please"; but the crowd was in a very good temper, considering the time of the morning, and took away potatoes joyfully. The reporter, who had keen eyes, as all good reporters have, noticed that most of the shops in the Row were doing nothing in the way of trade. Their owners stood in their doorways, looking thunderstruck and sad. He noticed that Mr. Isaacs' vegetable emporium had a gramophone going in full blast. Mr. and Mrs. Isaacs presided over a fine selection of fruit and vegetables in vain. No one so much as looked at them or thought of the gramophone. The world was full of a mad desire to spend its coppers on some special potatoes.

"A new brand, perhaps," said the representative of the newspaper. No man can know everything, and if he called a variety a brand it really didn't matter. He began to listen to the crowd.

"Ullo!" said one man, "'oo do they s'y 'e is?"

"A toff, thatth wot they thay," said a little Jew.

"Sellin' off of a barrer!"

"In hevenin' dreth," continued the little Jew. "Toffth ith mad! But 'e'th doin' bithneth! My word!"

A haggard, draggled person, in a shiny dress and a hat with a feather, made inquiries:

"Is it teriu that the toff's a lord? I want to see a lord."

The journalist edged forward.

"Now, young feller my lad, 'oo are you a-scrowdgin' of?" asked the feathered female.

And the reporter caught sight of the man at the barrow.

"Pass along, please," said a constable, as if he were rehearsing a procession. "You as 'as 'ad your pertaters, pass along."

The salesman was about six feet two in height and very thin for it, but apparently hard and wiry. The rapidity with which he weighed out potatoes was alarming, but his politeness was wonderful.

"Here you are, madam. Liz, take the money," said the salesman. By his side stood Lisbeth Ann Potter, in her best dress and feather. Close by her was a half-bushel measure, into which she dropped the cash.

"Pass along, you as 'as 'ad your pertaters," chanted the policeman.

"Wotto, a lord," said the boys at the back, against the dead wall that faced the shops in the Row. From the first-floor window hung a large bill. It had been printed hastily to the order of the genius with the feather. It was very exciting. It proclaimed to the inhabitants of Whitechapel that for this week only "Lord Lackston" would sell his own potatoes at John Potter's, with whom he had entered into partnership. When Gloomy Fanny urged that this wasn't true Lisbeth Ann said that it was trade. The spelling of his title disturbed him not at all. It seemed all of a piece with everything else. Everything in Whitechapel was spelled wrong in a very deep sense. And he had no time to think. The genius whirled him along; she drew him and Potter and the slow Mrs. Potter and Bill in her cometary train. More potatoes were sold in ten minutes than the retail trade had known to be disposed of in an hour.

"You're a splendid silesman," said Liz. "Oh, my! Yus, tuppence, ma'am. 'Ere y'are."

"Pass along, please," said the constable.

"Give me some potatoes," said the journalist.

"'Ow many pahnds, young man?" asked Liz.

"Here's sixpence," said the reporter. "Are you a lord really?"

"Fact," said Fanny, dumping a large bag of potatoes into his arms.

"Pass along, please," said the constable.

"Pop off," said Liz.

And the journalist, having given his bag to a boy, popped off and interviewed the sergeant of police, who was hardly equal to the situation.

"Wuss than a bally strike," said the sergeant, wiping his heated brow.

"Or annachests," said a large, flat-faced woman, carrying potatoes. "'E's a forring nowbleman as does a song and dance. 'E's livin' in my 'ouse."

"You're the lady I want, then," said the reporter.

"I'm respecterbul, young man," said the large lady, "and I'm that pertic'lar."

But for a fee of five shillings she told her tale, and the reporter took a taxi to Fleet Street. Gloomy Fanny was on the road to become famous. But it would much annoy the Earl of Shap. The earl was peculiarly conservative. But when his father was not at hand Fanny did not care. After the night he had spent he felt he deserved something. The cleanness of the bed was, as he discovered, relative rather than actual. There were sheets less clean in Whitechapel. To prove this Bill offered to show him his own. This offer Fanny declined with thanks, though he accepted Bill's razor and reaped his painful chin laboriously. He faced the early meal without a bath, and groaned to do so.

"D'ye miss it like that?" asked Bill.

"Yus," said Fanny.

"It's a nabbit," said Bill. "Some low-down fellers don't wash their fices often. I'm that miserbul if I don't wash my fice every other day. Some fowks is dirty dirty I call them! The lower classes 'as 'orrible 'abbits."

Hour by hour Fanny learned something of the amazing classification of the world in which he now lived. Poor Potter, having risen to the dizzy heights of a shop, feared to fall to the depths of the mere barrow. Mrs. Smith looked down from her cliffs of impeccable widowhood on the swamps of sordid sin, where marriage certificates were thought nothing of. Bill despised the awful ways of the lower classes beneath him. And all of them alike looked up to the snowy peaks of pure success, where the publican and his wife dwelt apart among the stars. Perhaps the stars themselves were the aristocracy, but it was hard to distinguish between a near glow and a far-off glory.

"But these people work," said Fanny, not knowing that he was working harder than any of them. It was wonderful how well he felt; every moment he grew more equal to the situation. It was a strange, mad world of potatoes—of cabbage and carrots. Some of the smell of the earth got into him. He chaffed such ladies as chaffed him, if they were not those that Liz withered with icy glances.

"There's a lot o' bad gals abaht this nab'rood," said Liz dryly. "Wiv 'em you can't be too perlite, but I don't encourage 'em. Certingly not. But, my, ain't you quick too! I never tho't it."

The whole world of Paradise Row said that they had never seen a man so quick with potatoes. Before noon his fingers were sore with them. He believed he had handled tons. Liz's foresight had ordered more early in the morning, but by ten o'clock Potter was telephoning for unnumbered sacks. They were brought in the back way. Cabbages were in great demand, but the chief run was on the potato-stall where the lord was.

"Fair amazin'," said the passing crowd. More policemen came. An inspector interviewed Potter and was referred to Lord Laxton.

"It's your business to keep the street in order, inspector," said his lordship. "I've every right in the world to earn my living in what way I like. Pass along, please, if you don't want potatoes."

In the afternoon it took ten policemen to manage the buyers. They blocked the street and waited in the main road, like a huge queue at a theater. Mr. Isaacs stopped his gramophone. Mrs. Isaacs wept. Potter saw his next door rival and hired his shop from him for a week. By four o'clock Gloomy Fanny gave up serving for a while and superintended on the pavement in all the glory of the hugest success that had ever come to him. This was a game almost equal to polo! He began to understand the commercial instinct, the heart of the trader, the spirit of the merchant. The rich sound of coppers in a bushel measure enchanted him, for the money came in like a flood.

"I wonder what Tommy Burke and the others would think if they saw me now," he said. "But I owe it all to luck and Liz."

By the time that the naphtha flared he served again. Dressed as he was, he felt more at home in the artificial light. But by now his spotless shirt-front was spotted; the dust of far potato-fields lay on his dress coat. Yet still above the throng his high hat shone conspicuous, still immaculate, still mystic and wonderful.

It Was a Strange, Mad World of Potatoes—of Cabbage and Carrots

"Gawd send night and Sunday," said Liz, without any notion that Wellington was supposed to have anticipated her on the field of Waterloo. But this was an Austerlitz: the allies of the street were crushed; the Emperor of the Emporium sat deserted, the crowd scorned his reduced prices and his despair. His Empress having been in the second-hand clothes trade—had a notion at nine o'clock and sent out for a hired dress suit. When their stallkeeper had been bribed by drink and the offer of higher wages to endue them the discerning crowd jeered at him. At ten all the others shut up shop. The Emperor and Empress fell victims to the attraction, and, wishing to analyze it on the field of battle, came to buy potatoes themselves. Liz overheard Isaacs offer Fanny five pounds a week to come and sell for him.

"Pop off, 'ook it, you and yer grammerfone," said Liz.

"Not for fifty," said Fanny. "If you don't want any more potatoes pass along, please."

One disgusted trader came and offered to fight Fanny for his hat. Fanny recollected what Liz had told him to say if Bill, now his humble slave, became recalcitrant. He bent over the barrow and spoke:

"Look 'ere, young feller my lad," said Fanny diligently, "I don't want to fight wiv you; but if ye're 'untin' trouble I can't oblige you too quick."

He felt that he was learning the language wonderfully. So did his opponent, who sneaked away thunderstruck amid the jeers of many of his late customers.

"Good for you," said Liz to Fanny. "You're the right sort."

"And you're a screamer," said Fanny.

"Wot's a screamer?" asked Liz.

"It's bein' a pretty gal and top hole and all that sort of thing," said Fanny.

Without a doubt she was all that, and Fanny knew it.

"Ow," said Lisbeth Ann.

At eleven o'clock business suddenly came to an end.

"There ain't another tater in the place," said Potter, coming out of the shop. Nor was there a cabbage or a carrot. And still the crowd swayed into the Row, in spite of the police telling them that potatoes were off for the night. At last, at the urgent request of the inspector, Gloomy Fanny got on the barrow and addressed the assembly.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said Fanny.

"'Ip! 'ip, 'ooroar," said the boys.

"Ladies and gentlemen," repeated Fanny, "I very much regret to say that our stock of potatoes has given out."

"Ow," said the crowd, "look at 'im! 'E's a lord!"

"Are you a lord reely?" screamed a woman in the background.

"Yes, but I can't help it," said Fanny, amid huge applause. "And what's more, I don't think it's half the game that selling potatoes is. In fact, I think that this is a great game. I've never enjoyed anything better."

"Tell 'em there'll be more on Monday," urged Potter and Liz from below.

"On Monday we shall open with more and even better potatoes," said Gloomy Fanny. "So come in your thousands and walk up and buy. Good night, ladies and gentlemen."

Amid loud cheers he descended from the barrow and assisted the police to stop a fight between Bill and Mr. Isaacs' salesman, who had resumed his ordinary attire.

"Lemme finish 'im, gents," said Bill eagerly; "the bally blighter said he'd polish the fice off of me. Leggo of me 'arf a mo' and I'll knock 'im slantin'-bally-dicular."

Liz intervened. So did the large-faced Mrs. Smith, who turned up again.

"'E's my lodger, Mr. Inspector, and 'ighly respecterbul," said Mrs. Smith. "You know me: I'm Mrs. Smiff, and from my 'ouse it was you took that annachest. 'Is lordship is halso my lodger and 'ighly respecterbul, though wiv a song and dance."

Under her eye Bill became mild. For, drunk or sober, Mrs. Smith exercised a remarkable influence over him and every one she came in contact with. Even Gloomy Fanny quailed as she followed him to the door of the shop as if she were coming in. But Liz did not want her, and no woman on earth could make Liz quail.

"You go 'ome, Mrs. Smith, and put real clean sheets on 'is lordship's bed, or I'll come rahnd in the mornin' and burn the 'ole shoot," said Liz.

"My Gawd, the cleanness of that bed!" said Mrs. Smith. "The annachest was that pertic'lar ——"

"'Ere, you go 'ome," said Liz peremptorily—"see!"

And without another word Mrs. Smith saw and went home.

"Drunk," said Lisbeth Ann; "it's 'er weakness."

"She can't stand temptation," said Bill sorrowfully; "never could! Some can't."

And they went in to count the cash takings. Potter couldn't eat supper on account of their magnitude.

"Never 'eard tell of the like," he said. Mrs. Potter wept and called Gloomy Fanny their preserver.

"It's bin a great day and no fatal error," said Liz, with melting eyes fixed on Fanny. Bill marked them and fell into a sudden profound melancholy, as he drank his own and Potter's beer. Fanny did not mark it. He was wonderfully cheerful and said the greengrocery was a topping business "top hole and all that sort of thing, don't you know."

"I sha'n't know what to do after the week's over," he said, smiling.

Bill snuffled strangely.

"Wot's wrong wiv you, Bill?" asked Mrs. Potter.

"Nuffin'," said Bill; "wot should be? And 'oo cares? 'Oo am I, I'd like to know?"

"Wodyer mean?" asked Potter. "Never did I 'ear of the like. I say, Bill, you've drunk my beer!"

"'Ave I? There, now, look at that," said Bill sadly, "'oo'd 'ave thought it? Wot do I care?"

Liz eyed him severely.

"Be'ive," she said briefly.

"I won't," said Bill. "W'y should I?"

"Ain't You in a Hurry, an Awful Hurry, to Chuck It?" Asked Fanny

"Then gow 'ome," said Liz to him quite sternly.

"You don't love me no more," said Bill plaintively.

"I'm 'earin' you s'y so," said Liz coldly.

"'Oo am I?" asked Bill, "that I should be loved? No one! I'm not a lordship and I can't sell potatoes!"

"See yer termorrer," said Liz furiously.

Bill rose and spoke direct to Fanny.

"'Tain't your fault," he said tearfully. "I likes yer. You're a man as can sell taters, you can. I don't owe you no malice. It's fite."

"It's what?" asked Fanny.

"Fite!" said Bill, reaching for his cap blindly.

"I'll 'ave a talk wiv yer termorrer, young feller my lad," said the blushing Lisbeth Ann, "so be'ive."

"Goo' night," said Bill, and he blundered out of the house.

"Jallus," said Mrs. Potter, shaking her head.

"Dry up, muvver," said Liz.

"I useter know wot jallusy was," said Mrs. Potter; "yer farver ——"

"Dry up, muvver," said Potter.

"It's natchral," said Mrs. Potter, "'im bein', so to speak, our preservior and sich a silesman."

"It's about time I went home," said Fanny bashfully, feeling for the key that Mrs. Smith had presented to him in the mornir.g before he came out.

"Yus," said Liz; "and I'll send you in a clean shirt in the morning. I've arranged it. And if Mrs. Smiff don't put a barf in yer room lemme know. Also 'ot water."

"Wot a thoughtful love she is," said Mrs. Potter pleasantly.

"Never did I 'ear the likes of this d'y," said Potter. "Wot'll yer pals think of it? Sech a triump!"

"I shouldn't be surprised if they were down here on Monday," said Fanny. "Only I hope my father won't come."

"Would he sell taters too?" asked Potter greedily.

"Dry up, farver," said Liz, going to let Fanny out when he had shaken hands with his employers.

"I don't want to make—trouble," said Fanny bashfully, as he stood on the doorstep.

"'E was drunk and you a lord," said Liz almost tearfully.

"I don't think much of that," replied Fanny.

"And the likes of me!" said Liz, sniffing. "'Oo am I? No one!"

It seemed to Fanny that after the "triump" of the day every one was merged in a wave of self-depreciation. Bill began it and now Liz followed suit.

"You're a screamer," said Fanny—"a nailer!"

"Am I?" sniffed Liz.

"Top hole and all that sort of thing," said Fanny; "a real pretty gal and as clever as they're made too."

"I oughtn't to listen," said Liz. "Now pop off, my lord."

"If you weren't going to marry Bill ——" said Fanny.

"Wot?" asked Liz eagerly.

"I'd I'd kiss you," said Fanny.

"Better 'adn't," said Liz. "Naow, I'm not tikin' any. Pop off."

He went away a step.

"I s'y," said Liz, "you ain't angry?"

"What for, my dear girl?" asked Fanny.

"Becos ——" said Lisbeth.

"No," said Fanny.

"If it 'adn't bin for Bill," said Liz.

"I understand," said Fanny with a sigh. "Good night, my dear."

And if he didn't know that Lisbeth Ann cried herself to sleep how could he be expected to know? He went back to his murderous street—a grim etching on the border of the horrible—wondering to think how mixed life was. A little while ago—a few hours—he had felt that this life was a dream, a fantastic vision, a nightmare, urgent yet unreal. And now his own life, left behind him on this voyage to the East, was the unreality, was blank, a nullity, an extinguished torch, a fabulous thought. Here, here in this midnight street in the fumes of naphtha, was a strange reality, and suddenly Lisbeth Ann set her eyes on him and dreamed of romance. He had dropped out of the sky on her, a Jupiter from the Olympus of Pall Mall.

"I'll have to go, bets or none," said Fanny. "Poor old Bill!"

He climbed quietly to his room and found that Lisbeth's fierce advice to Mrs. Smith had borne fruit. His sheets were really clean. As he undressed a knock came at the door and Bill entered.

"Wotto," said Bill; "you warn't long be'ind me!"

"No," said Fanny.

"Wot yer goin' to do?" asked Bill.

"About what, Bill?" replied Fanny.

"'Bout 'er," said Bill, with a jerk of his elbow toward Paradise Row. "Don't you see she's stuck on you?"

"Rot," said Fanny in considerable agitation.

"'Tain't," said Bill; "and I'm off tomorrer."

"Where?" asked his rival.

"Noo Cut or theerabahts," said Bill; "there's them as wants me there. Oh, I ain't blamin' yer. You couldn't help it. These things 'appen—gals is mide that way. I doan't stay where I ain't wanted. There's them as wants me in the Noo Cut. I'm off to-termorrer."

"Ain't you in a hurry, an awful hurry, to chuck it?" asked Fanny. "Now when I'm playin' a game I stick it till I'm black in the face."

Bill shook a gloomy head.

"I can't fight yer and lick yer, my lordship," he said; "but if I did it'd be wuss than ever. An' if I stay abaht I shall get drunk. I owes yer no malish; these things 'appen. I've seen 'em 'appen scores of times. Wod yer goin' to do?"

"About her?" asked Fanny.

"Yus," said Bill.

"I shan't be here more than a week, if I'm that," said Fanny.

"An 'ole barrer-load of things can 'appen in a week," said Bill. "Ain't yer stuck on her?"

Fanny hardly knew what to say.

"Not to say stuck," he replied at last; "but I think her splendid, you know."

"You ain't thinkin' of merryin' 'er?" asked Bill. "She's a good gal."

"I'd rather see her marry you, Bill," replied Fanny.

"Str'ight?" said Bill.

"Straight," said Fanny.

"But she wouldn't," said Bill. "'Oo am I, I'd like to know? I'm nobody - can't heven sell taters."

He moved to the door.

"Don't do anything rash," said Fanny.

"Oh, me, not 'arf," said Bill; "no rash acts for me. So long, if I don't see you agin."

"I'll see you in the morning," said Fanny.

"Yus! Will yer?" said Bill. "'Oo am I, I'd like to know?" As he shut the door he paused and said: "Can't heven sell taters."

"There's always trouble somewhere," said Fanny sadly, as he lay down, determined to think out a proper course of action. But polo wasn't in it with selling tons of potatoes, and he fell asleep before he could link one thought to another. It was broad daylight when he heard some one knocking at his door.

"Come in!" said Fanny.

"Not me, I'm that respecterbul," said Mrs. Smith from the outside.

"Well, what is it?" asked Fanny.

"'Ot water," said Mrs. Smith. "For ——"

"Please leave it, then," said Fanny abruptly.

"Wod yer done with Bill?" asked Mrs. Smith.

"If you want to speak to me open the door," replied Fanny loudly. She set the door open an inch.

"For I'm that ——"

"What is it?" interrupted Fanny, who was getting seriously tired of her accursed respectability.

"My lodger Bill is horf," she said sternly. "Wod yer done wiv 'im?"

"By Jove, you don't say so!" cried Fanny, sitting up. Mrs. Smith instantly closed the door. But she gradually opened it again.

"'E's left the rent and a piper s'yin' 'e's gone to Lambef," said Mrs. Smith. "Wod yer do wiv 'im to mike 'im gow?"

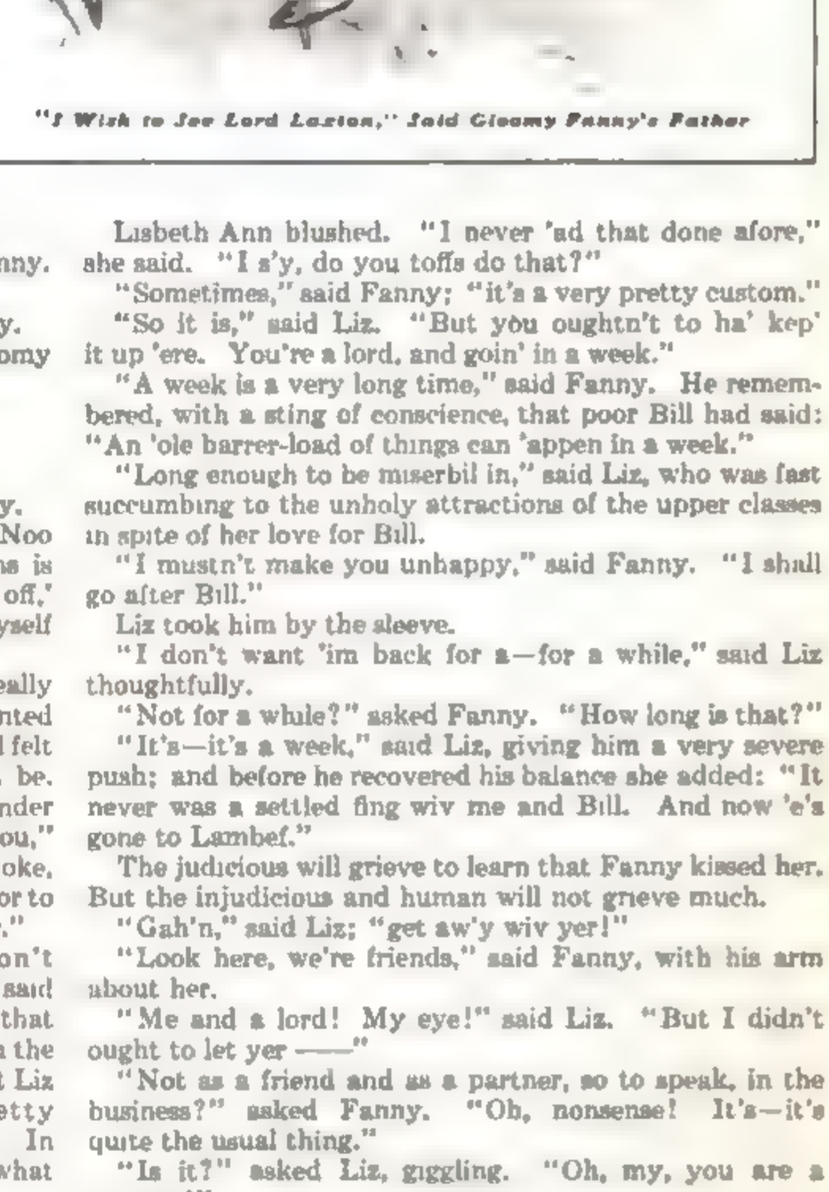
"I didn't do anything," said Fanny weakly.

"Down't yer tell me," said Mrs. Smith. "Selling pertiters, indeed! You've took 'is job. And 'im sech a good boy. I'd be ashimed, 'avin' no luggitch either. The annachest 'ad 'is luggitch—two bags wiv brass fittin's. Don't talk to me of a song and dance."

"Go away, I'm not talking of a song and dance," said Fanny, once more feeling that the world had lost all reality. He jumped out of bed, and as he did so Mrs. Smith slammed the door. As he went toward it she retreated downstairs. When he opened the door to take in the hot water he heard her state once more that she was "that respecterbul."

"Tut, tut," said Fanny, "that poor silly chap, Bill! Now what shall I do?"

At nine o'clock he went round to the Row to get his breakfast and to break the news. As he walked he was followed by several small boys. Some ran on ahead and cried round the corner, "'Ere he comes," so that when he reached Potter's he had quite a respectable following, so far as numbers were concerned. Even when he entered the store they remained in the street, as if waiting for the next act. Perhaps their dramatic instincts were sound.



"I Wish to See Lord Loxton," Said Gloomy Fanny's Father

Lisbeth Ann met him with a bright smile that he was loath to dash. Mrs. Potter said he was their "preservior." Mr. Potter, having elected to remain in bed till dinnertime, sent his "dooty."

"And 'comps,' muvver," said Liz.

"And 'comps,'" said Mrs. Potter. "Where's Bill?"

"I'm sorry to say he's gone."

"Gone! Bill! Wheer?"

"To Lambeth, or is it Lambef?" said Fanny. Liz sat down in the nearest chair. Her brow darkened.

"To Lambef, ha!" she said slowly. "Tell us abaht it, my lord."

Gloomy Fanny related all that had happened the night before and added his brief conversation with Mrs. Smith.

"Gone where some one wants him, eh?" said Liz.

"Jallusy," said Mrs. Potter.

"He seemed, I thought, rather miserable about his failure to sell potatoes, and so on," said Fanny. "He kept on saying, 'Who am I? Can't even sell potatoes.' It made me feel pretty rotten."

"Gone where some one wants 'im," repeated Liz bitterly. "Then let 'im gow."

"That'll be Miss 'Iggins," said her mother—"a dark gal with black 'air."

"Let 'im gow, not that I wouldn't like to 'ave 'old of 'er 'air," said Liz.

"I shall go after him," said Fanny, as he sat down to breakfast.

"Naow?" said Liz.

"Not now, but after breakfast," said Fanny. "I'm afraid Mrs. Smith hates me, though."

They thought not. Indeed, they threw out dark hints that Mrs. Smith was not so respectable as she said.

"She'll be mikin' up to yer before the week's out," said Mrs. Potter with a giggle, "and callin' of you lovey!"

"Horrible!" said Fanny.

After breakfast he and Liz talked in the front shop.

"Look here, I'm very unhappy about Bill," said Fanny. "I must bring him back."

"I dunno," said Liz, examining her hands carefully.

"My dear girl, you know I ought to," said Gloomy Fanny.

"I dunno," said Liz.

"Who'll help when I'm gone?" asked Fanny.

"Ah, 'oo?" said Liz. It sounded like a wail.

"Besides, you're fond of him, you know," said Fanny.

"Wot? Me? Fond of a bloke that runs off to the Noo Cut after a bad gal?" said Liz. "That Miss 'Iggins is nothin' but it. She came dahn 'ere oncet, and 'Pop off,' says I; and she popped off to rights or I'd ha' forgot myself and 'ad 'er back 'air dahn."

"You are fond of him, of course," said Fanny, who really wanted to console her and felt that he mustn't. Liz wanted to be consoled and felt that she mustn't be.

"I ain't no fonder of 'im than of you," said Liz, with a choke, "and you next door to a perfec' stranger."

"Then you don't like me after all," said Fanny, knowing that he was skating on the thinnest ice. But Liz was awfully pretty and in distress. In some positions what is a man to do?

"Not to s'y like," said Liz ambiguously. She gave him an encouraging push that nearly spilt him into a potato-bin. It surprised him for a moment, but his instincts came to his help. He took her hand. For a working hand it was quite pretty.

"W'en you've done wiv that 'and it's mine," said Liz coquettishly.

"I suppose I oughtn't to kiss it," said Fanny boldly. And yet he did.

Lisbeth Ann blushed. "I never 'ad that done afore," she said. "I s'y, do you toffs do that?"

"Sometimes," said Fanny; "it's a very pretty custom."

"So it is," said Liz. "But you oughtn't to ha' kep' it up 'ere. You're a lord, and goin' in a week."

"A week is a very long time," said Fanny. He remembered, with a sting of conscience, that poor Bill had said: "An 'ole barrer-load of things can 'appen in a week."

"Long enough to be miserbil in," said Liz, who was fast succumbing to the unholy attractions of the upper classes in spite of her love for Bill.

"I mustn't make you unhappy," said Fanny. "I shall go after Bill."

Liz took him by the sleeve.

"I don't want 'im back for a—for a while," said Liz thoughtfully.

"Not for a while?" asked Fanny. "How long is that?"

"It's—it's a week," said Liz, giving him a very severe push; and before he recovered his balance she added: "It never was a settled fing wiv me and Bill. And now 'e's gone to Lambef."

The judicious will grieve to learn that Fanny kissed her. But the injudicious and human will not grieve much.

"Gah'n," said Liz; "get aw'y wiv yer!"

"Look here, we're friends," said Fanny, with his arm about her.

"Me and a lord! My eye!" said Liz. "But I didn't ought to let yer ——"

"Not as a friend and as a partner, so to speak, in the business?" asked Fanny. "Oh, nonsense! It's—it's quite the usual thing."

"Is it?" asked Liz, giggling. "Oh, my, you are a wunner!"

"All the same I'm going after Bill," said Fanny. "And to do that I must have some money."

"Tike wot yer want out o' that quart pot," said Liz. "And if Bill comes back next week I'll see abaht finga. Life is awful mixed, ain't it, my lord?"

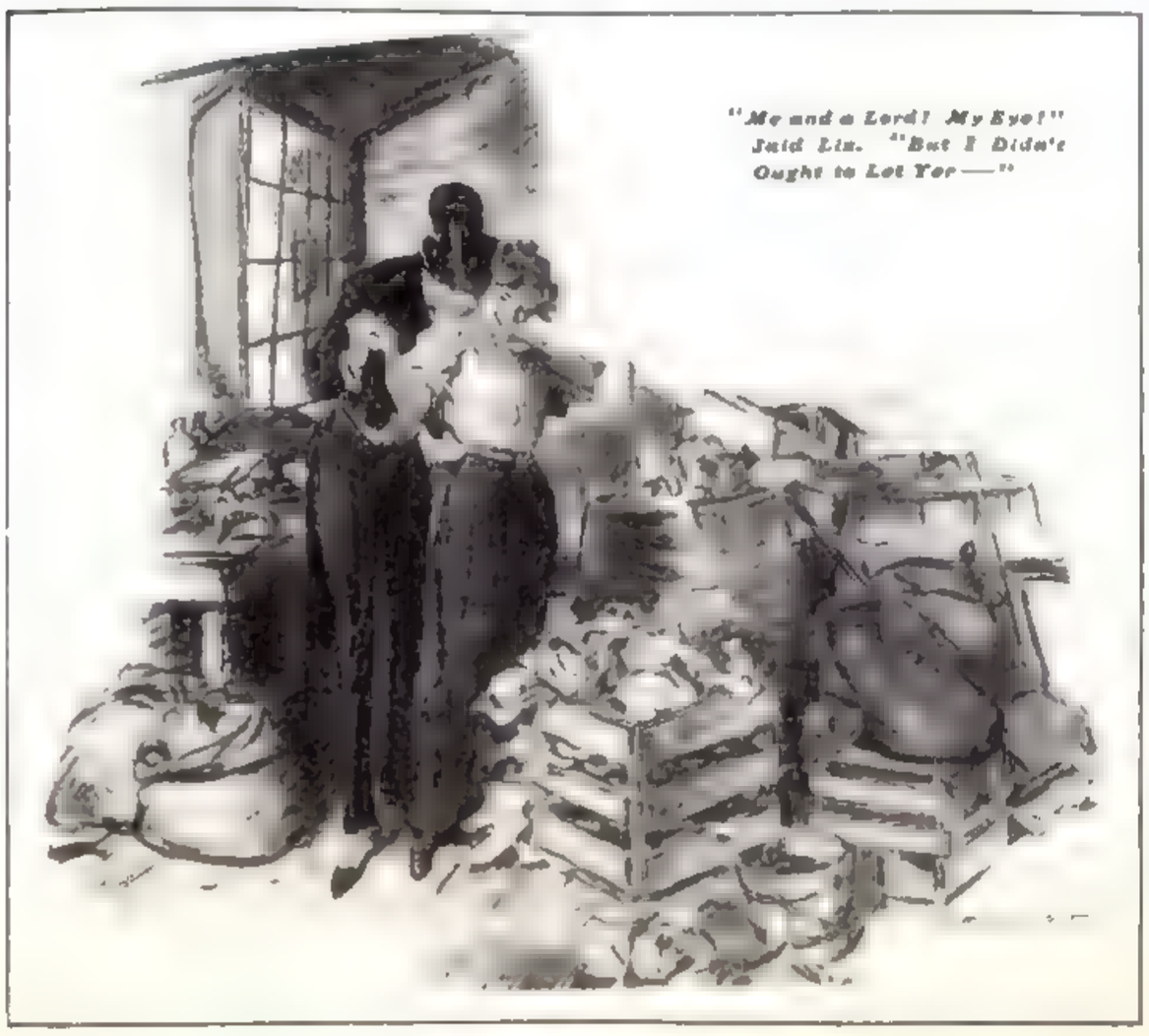
"Call me Ned," said Fanny softly.

"Oh, I daan't!" said Liz. "Wot'd muvver say?"

"She needn't hear," said the seductive Ned.

In the middle of a little friendly scuffle she called him Ned. And then with an air of turning resolutely to business Fanny demanded where he was to find Bill. After considerable pressure—physical and otherwise—Liz of the uncertain affections gave him two likely addresses, and also that of Miss 'Iggins. Then Fanny took a sovereign in silver from the quart pot and went out to look for a taxicab. He found one near the London Hospital and went west. Though he did not know it, Tommy Burke and the Earl of Shap were just starting to go east from Pall Mall. They were also in a taxicab.

(Continued on Page 56)



"Me and a Lord! My Eye!" Said Liz. "But I Didn't Ought to Let Yer ——"

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PHILADELPHIA, MAY 20, 1911

The Next Republican Nomination

CHAUNCEY DEPEW informs the country that the nomination of Mr. Taft for a second term is already inevitable. In a speech to the Senate on February 27 last, Jonathan Bourne, of Oregon, explained how little the Republican voters of the country will have to do with this inevitableness.

The last Republican National Convention, Senator Bourne pointed out, comprised nine hundred and eighty delegates, so that four hundred and ninety-one votes were necessary for a nomination; but Southern states and territories that gave no electoral votes to the Republican nominee, with the exception of two from Maryland, furnished three hundred and thirty-eight of these delegates. The Republican party in these Southern Democratic states and territories consists mostly of Federal officeholders and aspirants to Federal office. Louisiana and Mississippi, for example, with a white population upward of a million and a quarter, showed only thirteen thousand Republican voters at the last Presidential election—less than one per cent of the white population. Louisiana and Mississippi, however, had as many delegates in the Republican Convention as Michigan and Washington, with four hundred and forty thousand Republican voters.

Four hundred and ninety-one votes were necessary for a nomination. Southern delegates had three hundred and thirty-eight votes. Consequently anybody who corralled this officeholding vote and secured in addition one hundred and fifty-three delegates from Republican states could capture the nomination, although three hundred and thirty-six delegates from Republican states, representing an overwhelming majority of the country's Republican voters, were opposed.

At last November's election the people of Oregon adopted a law whereby voters at primaries directly express their choice for President, by which choice delegates whom they elect to nominating conventions are bound. This tends to discourage mere machine domination of the convention; but conservatism will point with horror to this law as another step toward overthrowing that precious "representative" system of government that gives the machine such ample opportunities to rule.

Laymen and Law

THE New Jersey Bar Association was warned not long ago by its president that laymen's criticisms of law were worthless because they "view the administration of law from a place too far removed for accurate observation." The president also described the English common-law rule of judicial procedure—mostly abandoned long ago by England herself—as "complete, wise and excellent," containing "not a single requirement that has not been the direct result of the experience of ages."

One citizen of Ohio murdered another. The fact of the murder and the fact that the prisoner committed it were proved conclusively. Unfortunately the prosecution neglected to prove what was the true name of the victim, who used an alias. So the Supreme Court discharged the murderer. An Alabama lawyer, in a speech to the state bar association, said: "I have examined about seventy-five murder cases that found their way to the Supreme Court. More than half of these cases were reversed, and not a single one of them on any matter that went to the merits of the case—and very few of them on a matter that could have influenced the jury in reaching a verdict."

If a physician's record showed that more than half the children whom he treated for measles died under his ministrations, he might contend that mere lay criticisms were worthless because they "view the practice of medicine from a place too far removed for accurate observation." Nevertheless, most laymen, after accurately counting up the corpses, would form an opinion that there was something the matter with that doctor.

The Statesmanly Argument

NO SYMPATHETIC inhabitant of Mars could read the Congressional Record without having a fit. It would be like watching a passenger train run a mile a minute over a track that consisted almost wholly of open switches, broken rails and washed-out culverts. The Martian would imagine that every bill of any importance that came up for debate in Congress rolled the United States right down to the sheer brink of utter destruction and left it trembling on the outermost verge. No nervous system could stand it. This is because our elder statesmen, for purposes of debate, resemble so many wooden signposts with two stiff arms—one of which points with horror, the other of which points with pride. If the bill is their bill the pride arm swings automatically to a horizontal position. If the bill is not their bill the horror arm begins to beat the atmosphere. In either case, the country is about to be saved or destroyed.

If you cherish the sentiments of a decent human being toward children, for example, what would you think of a policy "that takes from us our boys and girls—the good red blood of American manhood and womanhood; that depletes the valley of the Mississippi and the plains of the West"; and "robs us of our dearest and most valuable possession"? Or, if you have some reasonable attachment to the Constitution, what would you think of this situation: "In all its history, the House of Representatives never knew so humiliating a day as this, called upon, as it is, to renounce its constitutional prerogative and register an executive decree"?

Do not reach for the shotgun. Be assured we shall have some children left and some inhabitants in the Mississippi Valley—and laws will still be made in a constitutional manner. These alarming statements mean only that Mr. Dalzell is pointing with horror to a trade arrangement with Canada, which he does not approve.

Uncle Joe Comes Back

WE NEVER believed there was much harm in Uncle Joe personally; but we always believed there was much ginger in him. For some five or six years he divided the honors with Senator Aldrich and Mr. Morgan as national bogy man. The amiable old gentleman from Danville was pictured as a deadly upas tree whose sinister coils strangled liberty, while his bloody talons impoverished the many for the enrichment of the few. This seems to have rankled in Uncle Joe's mind.

Resuming his place upon the floor of the House, he recently took his innings. One part of his elaborate speech upon Canadian reciprocity describes how that measure will "result in prosperity for our Canadian neighbors and bankruptcy for those engaged in agriculture in the United States," while another part explains that the demand for reciprocity arises from the greed of newspaper publishers, who are determined to get their print paper a little cheaper although they are now rolling in wealth and although the accomplishment of their fiendish purpose means universal ruin for farmers. "We are asked," he said, "to open the doors and jeopardize the farmers' market for nearly nine billion dollars' worth of produce to enable the publishers to get less than six million dollars' worth of paper and pulp at less than they have had to pay, when they are already making twenty-seven per cent on their invested capital."

In comparison with this publishers' scheme to ruin American farmers in order to add a quarter or a half of one per cent to already inordinate profits, Genghis Khan looks like a philanthropist and the Duke of Alva seems the very image of charity. The reciprocity speech was Uncle Joe's first extended effort since his separation from the Speakership. It proves conclusively that, when it comes to painting a rawhead-and-bloody-bones, no publisher in the world has got anything on him.

The King's Coronation

TAKING a fall out of the bourgeoisie has been one of the standard occupations of mankind in all ages. Kings and nobles used to do it; Socialists do it now. The coming grand state ceremonial in London is chiefly interesting as an illustration of how amazingly the bourgeoisie has thriven on abuse. Time was when the monarch's only use for the tradesman was to tax, fine, insult and bilk him. Time is when trade indulgently countenances the monarch and makes a first-class business asset out of him. He is an advertisement of unrivaled efficacy. It has been calculated that at the coming coronation Americans alone will disburse the price of ten thousand farmers' automobiles, and that the ceremony's total tractive power upon the popular purse will be equal to that of five million agate lines of first-class newspaper advertising. Another calculation has it that the money spent in London during the coronation month would reach back to King Alfred and buy him the only suit of underclothes extant in his time.

Adam Smith described kings as, "without exception, the greatest spendthrifts in society." Much has happened since then, however, and a sensitive king, viewing his own pindling disbursements, might well weep over the prodigal expenditures that he causes others to make. In mere pounds and shillings he would be better off if he operated on a strictly business basis and got a commission of five per cent. A king is crowned, but trade conducts the show and pockets the gate receipts. The mottoes for the august occasion ought to read: "Long Live the Bourgeoisie!"

That You-Can't-Do-It Club

VARIOUS persons have demonstrated that life is possible upon hardly any other world than this because the other worlds are too hot or too cold, or have some other fatal defect. Henri Bergson, of whose philosophy the late William James thought so highly, asserts on the contrary that probably life is possible "in all the worlds suspended from all the stars." Life exists here by fixing the carbon in carbonic acid. Plants do this through absorbing the solar energy; we take it from plants or from animals that have taken it from plants; but elsewhere the same energy may be utilized for purposes of life in forms different from any we know, by different means. In short, we are machines run by carbonic acid—and that is by no means the only way in which living machines may be run. A scientist of sufficiently conservative tendencies, who had never seen any but a steam engine, might assert that you couldn't possibly run an engine by gasoline or electricity, because there would be no steam. We do not often attempt to settle important scientific questions; but we know Monsieur Bergson is right in this case, because the man who says you can't possibly do it is always wrong.

The Business Situation

IN THE first quarter of this year the unfortunate Steel Corporation earned not much above twenty million dollars, or only a few millions more than in the after-panic first quarter of 1908. The fact has provoked some lugubrious comment. In the after-panic year 1908, however, the corporation deducted seventeen million dollars from earnings for extraordinary replacements and sinking funds, distributed ten millions in dividends on the common stock, besides the usual seven per cent on the preferred stock, and had over ten millions of surplus left. It might, in short, have done much worse.

Railroad earnings and bank clearings are now larger than two years ago; so the country must be doing more business. And the crop outlook at this season was never better. A year ago we were importing more goods than we exported, thereby piling up a current debt to Europe; and money was rather tight. Now we are exporting much more than we import; financial news mentions New York's lendings abroad, and money is decidedly easy. We might, in short, be doing far worse; but current figures of the most significance, as compared with one year ago, show no increase—are only about on the same level. No big promotions or speculations are going on. Wall Street yawns—so audibly that quite a lot of people hear it and wonder if something important isn't the matter.

Railroad Building

FOR six years past the railroad system of the United States has been enlarged pretty uniformly at the rate of about four thousand miles of track a year; but nearly all of this construction represents extensions of the big roads or big groups of roads. Formerly railroad building was one of the most attractive of enterprises. Nowadays a man can almost as easily enlist capital for perpetual motion as for the building of an independent railroad. The risk of loss is too great.

A Chicagoan of unusual ability and high financial prestige, with some twenty million dollars in hand, undertook to build a railroad of his own. He is now ruined and it seems likely that a large part of the money he put into the undertaking will be lost. Building a comparatively small railroad in Virginia nearly proved the undoing of so rich, able and influential a man as the late H. H. Rogers. Senator Clark, in spite of his immense resources, had to hand over his railroad to Mr. Harriman pretty much on Mr. Harriman's terms; in fact, an independent railroad stands about as much show as a one-legged man in a football game. Generally it must be tied up to a big system in order to prosper.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

An Outspoken Virginian

THIS a grand thing to be the Democratic leader of the United States Senate—a grand thing! And the more so because any man attaining the place can rest serenely in the knowledge that he will be bothered rarely by any Democratic Senators following him. Thus, though the honor is securely his, the responsibility vanishes as soon as he gets the job; and he can go his way calmly and happily, neither beholden to any policy nor target for any criticism should minority adventures in the field of statesmanship arrive at sixes and sevens.

He is a leader; in fact, the leader—so denominated by the friendly votes of a majority of his party colleagues. However, having placed the laurel on his marble brow—in the Marble Room—his compatriots let it go at that, straightway refusing to trail after him through the parliamentary mazes—if they should have different ideas—each embroidering any current issue, measure or project that suits his fervent fancy and voting strictly according to the dictates of his own sensitive and mandatory conscience. Hurrah!—huzza!—hooray!—whoop-ee!

To be sure, they do not go so far as to vote him leader specifically. They do not say: "Here, dear friend, we select you for our leader and pledge ourselves to follow you, come weal or woe." They do not do that; nor would they, for some day they might select a rude, forceful person who would take them at their sugary words and compel them to follow. What they do do is to elect the statesman, on whom they think this great preferment should fall, chairman of the minority caucus; and that selection, by common consent and the usage of years, carries with it the minority leadership. Everybody admits that the chairman of the minority caucus is the leader. It is perfectly well understood. What the others reserve as their prerogative is to follow or not as they dad-burned please—and few of them please or are pleased.

But it is a solemn function, fraught with great consequences, which occurs every so often, sometimes with and sometimes without friction or fiction; and recently we have had a weighty gathering for such selection. It seems that the Democrats in the Senate, having attained the considerable number of forty-one—with another one coming if the Colorado legislature ever untangles itself—have taken note of prevailing political styles and have decided that to be strictly up to the minute—harem-skirted and ding-dong-hatted, so to speak—they must maintain reactionary and progressive factions. So they found a convenient medium for splitting in the selection of their leader on the floor. That well-known young crusader, William Joel Stone, of Missouri—always with his face toward the morning—sought to marshal the progressives; and that equally well-known conservative, Joseph Weldon Bailey, of Texas—who wears a plug hat in New York and a wool hat when Lone-Starring—looked after the garnering of the reactionaries.

After due discussion, it was decided that Senator Shively, of Indiana, should lead the progressives and Senator Martin, of Virginia, the reactionaries. Lines were drawn, noses counted, polls taken and the fight was on. Almost simultaneously Mr. William Jennings Bryan appeared on the scene, wearing an astrakhan overcoat, a new and natty triple chin and an unctuous smile, holding aloft the well-thumbed enchiridion of his political faith. It was gathered that Mr. Bryan was opposed to the selection of any reactionary whatsoever for this important post and especially and firmly of the opinion that Senator Martin should not be selected. Whereupon, by a vote of twenty-one to sixteen, Senator Martin was selected and is at this moment, by virtue of such selection, the Democratic leader, the chairman of the caucus, and entitled to such honors as he may be able to grab off and to such followers as he can jar loose from their infatuations for being their own leaders.

No Chance for Misunderstandings

ONE might say the Honorable Thomas Staples Martin is a poddy—indeed, a pursy—leader. Also, one might say he is a reactionary—or, mayhap, a backactionary—leader. One could never say, however, he is not an agreeable, a polite and a suave leader; nor could one deny he is a solid, a substantial, a sane and a sapient leader; for, during his sixteen years in the Senate, he has established just those qualities and made for himself a secure position among the effective members of his party in that body.

When the Senator Desires to Talk He Seems to Know How to Clothe His Thoughts

Broadly speaking, there are two kinds of Senators: languageiferous Senators and laborious Senators—Senators who let talk do for work and Senators who let work stand for talk. There are Senators who wander interminably in the everglades of their own verbosity and Senators who merely speak when they have something to say. There are Senators who count that day lost when they do not increase the size of the Congressional Record and Senators who are as economical with their comment as Doctor Gallinger is with his hair. It is quite true that this latter class can be divided into two species: the Senators who do not talk because they have nothing to say and the Senators who, when they have something to say, say it and subside.

Martin comes under this final head. He is no budding, full-blown or wilting Demosthenes. He does not charge around on the Senate's nice, green carpet and exude opinion, oratory and omniscience at every pore. Whenever Martin gets up and says "Mr. President!" he has a few well-matured thoughts to be expressed concisely; and when he has put forth all those thoughts he sits down. Moreover, when he does get up there is not an immediate exodus for the cloakroom, but close attention; for, in the many years I have been watching him, I never heard him speak when he did not speak directly to the point—nor has anybody else.

He is a short, round man, who moves about silently. When he came into the Senate the late Senator John W. Daniel was there from Virginia. Until Senator Daniel died, not long ago, Daniel took the oratorical end of the Virginia representation and Martin the political. Martin is essentially a politician. He was powerful in Virginia affairs for years—long before he came to the Senate, in fact—and he still maintains his supremacy which, although often contested, has not yet been taken from him. He is quiet, adroit, industrious, capable; and he generally gets what he goes after. He is set in his views, old-fashioned in his Democracy, plays the game as he sees fit, makes no secret of whatever affiliations he may have, and goes about his business methodically and intelligently. He has been charged with being a railroad Senator; charged with being a Thomas F. Ryan Senator Ryan comes from Virginia; charged with representing the interests, with being hand-in-glove with Aldrich—and with various other things. He may be all this or he may not. The point is that he does not resort to the hypocrisy, the cant, the humbuggery and the demagogism that a lot of his associates in the Senate resort to, either to cover up what they really are or to force themselves in where they do not belong. He is exactly the kind of a Senator he is.

He was born in Virginia, was a cadet at the Virginia Military Institute in 1864, and served in the Confederate army with the battalion of cadets from that school. He was licensed to practice law in 1869 and, although he was very active in politics, never held an office or sought one until he was first elected to the United States Senate in 1895. He was reëlected to the Senate in 1899 and again in 1905; and, if he cares to come back, he will undoubtedly be reëlected when his present term expires.

His long service in the Senate has placed him on various important committees. He is chairman of the Committee on Public Health and a member of the Committees on Appropriations, Commerce, District of Columbia, Claims, and Naval Affairs, being the ranking Democrat on Commerce, District of Columbia, and Claims.

He voted with the Republicans on several items in the Payne-Aldrich tariff bill, which fact was made to stand out when they were trying to beat him for leader. When asked about these votes he told all inquirers his responsibility lay with the state of Virginia, not with these inquisitors—and that was about all there was of that. Indeed, he has a direct way of talking. Once they framed up an investigation in Virginia to try to show his election as Senator was improperly secured. They had a committee sitting at Richmond, but apparently did not intend to call Martin to testify. He walked into the room, demanded to be sworn, said he was ready to be questioned and remarked: "I want first to say that any statement made by any man that I either directly or indirectly used, sanctioned or had knowledge of any corrupt, illegal or improper methods or means in my election, or in the campaign preceding, is an unmitigated, unqualified and malicious falsehood." He was not sworn, the investigation collapsed, and the affair is mentioned merely to show that when the Senator desires to talk he seems to know how to clothe his thoughts.

Matrimonial Lemons

A VAUDEVILLE woman in New York, who had had several matrimonial experiences, married for the fifth or sixth time. This time she took a man in her own profession. Not long after the wedding, when the happy pair settled in a theatrical boarding-house, the wife did not get home one Sunday night until after her husband had arrived.

The husband was sitting in the room, poring over the comic supplement of a Sunday newspaper. His wife gave him a loving greeting. He did not respond, but continued his investigations of the comic pictures.

She spoke again—and he remained silent, absorbed in his comic supplement. She looked at him disgustedly.

"Don't I play in the worst luck with my husbands!" she exclaimed. "This time I've married a bookworm."

The Hall of Fame

℄ Vice-President Sherman is a good pool player.

℄ When James Gordon Bennett goes yachting he takes a couple of cows along so he may be sure of the milk he gets.

℄ Former Representative James W. Wadsworth, of New York, is a cattle expert. He raises export beef and goes to the stockyards and buys his stock himself.

℄ Secretary Dickinson, of the War Department, has a fine collection of Andrew Jackson letters and papers, many of which have never been published.

℄ Representative J. J. Fitzgerald, of Brooklyn, chairman of the Appropriations Committee, numbers among his constituents the macaroni king of Greater New York.

A WOMAN PIONEER

In the Irrigated Country—By Maude Radford Warren

ILLUSTRATED BY P. V. E. IVORY

WHEN I lived in the East I always felt as if I were working toward some end that I had to reach by dreary means only. The ultimate end was enough money to keep me out of the poorhouse in my old age; the means was daily teaching. I found it impossible to correlate perfectly means and end—that is, to like what I was doing day by day. For the matter of that, the end itself did not strike me as particularly alluring.

In the West, however, I liked what I did so much that every day was in itself a desirable end. At the same time my conscience—or, perhaps, my feminine desire for permanence and safety—was warning me that my work in the cookhouse on Hetty Martin's Ranch and my experience with the sheep in Wyoming had been impermanent, and that I ought to find something lasting to do. In short, I must make a home and weave a set of associations and habits about it. I wanted a house and neighbors; I wanted my sister Lucy to come from the East, freed from the shackles of school-teaching and ready to welcome the chance to work with her hands as well as with her head.

A Lesson in Land Laws

BEFORE I left the cookhouse I had been making my plans, largely inspired by my former pupil, Johnny Clayton. I had meant, in the beginning, to look him up in Buhl and ask his advice, but a rapid rush of circumstances had carried me beyond him. He had come to see me, however, and had driven out of my mind for all time the picture of the blue-eyed, gangling boy of eighteen who had gone West to make his fortune. At once he became not Johnny but John.

He was big and brown and very self-reliant, despite the fact that he had not made his fortune. Like many unsuccessful Westerners, he had a very plausible explanation for his failures and a warming enthusiasm for his success that was to come. In John's case, bad judgment and typhoid fever had kept him from being his own man; but now, at the age of twenty-six, he possessed two or three years' experience as a cowpuncher, practice in several kinds of manual ability, restored health and hope in a boundless future.

He proposed to make his fortune through irrigated land. The proof of the possibility lay all about us in southern Idaho, which offers to the woman and man not afraid of hard work the certainty of a good living, good health and therefore happiness. At that time I had not come to a full realization of the fact that in dealing with land, especially in the beginning, some capital is a very important necessity. Men and women have got on without it; yet, under exceptional circumstances, I felt that any one with a thousand dollars could feel superior to forty acres of land—but I am humbler now. Cultivating the land is a good deal like teaching a child: if you don't bring a good deal to it you can't get anything from it.

John explained to me that, under the Carey Act, certain states were granted land, not to exceed a million acres, provided they would reclaim it by private enterprise. State land boards had been organized in various states and private individuals had been granted certain sections of the land in which to construct the dams and canals whereby the country could to be put under irrigation. John told me, with pride, that Idaho was the only state that had used up its entire million acres. Not only that, but it had petitioned Congress for a second million, which had been granted—and was asking for a third. The average Westerner likes to view prosperity, partly because he either does share it or expects to, and partly from sheer pleasure in seeing issues, big or little, carried to a fortunate end. John used to lean his elbows on the oilcloth-covered table in Hetty Martin's cookhouse and lecture me on my future, much as I had lectured him years before on the multiplication table. And every little while he would jump from a prophecy of our fortunes to an account of the money other people had already made.

"Big folks and little have just raked in the dough," he would say, his blue eyes widening. "Take the big fellows, the private companies that have built the dams and reservoirs. They have sold the land for fifty cents an acre, same as the Government asks; and then they've charged the settlers so much an acre for the water—anything from twenty-five dollars to sixty-five—basing their charge on their estimate of the cost of getting the water on the land. Why, some of those men won't look at an irrigation project unless they get from a hundred to a hundred and fifty per cent profit. They say the fellows who handled the Twin Falls South Side irrigation scheme count it a loss that they made only forty per cent. Ultimately, you understand, when the projects are quite completed, the company sells out to the settlers; and then, if you're suspicious by nature, you should know that there's no chance for graft and that it rests with yourselves to keep low the cost of maintenance of water."

"Nobody ever fails, of course?" I put in. People in the West can't seem to help boasting and seeing only the bright side—forgetting the disadvantages. So, out of respect to my New England upbringing, I tried to make a feeble struggle against the tendency.

John's face sobered; and I learned the reason later when we considered seriously what part I should take in Idaho prosperity.

"Of course," he said, "there have been all kinds of wildcat irrigation schemes, because the companies failed to recognize the normal flow of the water and didn't make the proper estimates, or get more rock than the preliminary survey promised. The lava rock around here is filled with crevices and the water leaks out underground. Besides, this Snake River, that is so important to us, gets low about every fifth year, and then comes the lean season. If we don't get water we're lost. But think of the wonder of having any water, when a few years ago this was all desert!"

John made me see the land as it had been. He told me of Ira B. Perrine, an old settler, who had spent much of his money and most of his time trying to build up the country, the first to get capitalists interested in irrigation. My imagination warmed to that rugged man and his wife, who had lived alone for years on their ranch and who now saw whole counties peopled by their efforts. John told me of the magic city, Twin Falls, begun some five or six years before, at that time thirty-five miles away from the nearest railroad. Now four trains a day passed through it; it had a population of seven thousand, a courthouse that cost a hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and miles of cement sidewalks.

How I Stared at Her When John and I Met Her at Buhl!

Nor was all the prosperity preëmpted by the first-comers. Idaho is generous to her children—own and adopted—particularly in regard to the "prove-up" right of a hundred and sixty acres. John explained the ordinary process of filing for such land. The settler goes before the agent of the company that is constructing the irrigation system, indicates on the map the location of his prospective land and, after various declarations, receives a contract that is signed in duplicate before a notary and two witnesses. The settler then makes his first payment, usually of three dollars an acre for the water, twenty-five cents an acre for half payment on the land, and recording and notarial fees. He is required to build a house not less than twelve by fourteen feet in size, containing one door, a window, a floor, a stovepipe outlet, and a shingle roof or its equivalent. He must live on his land for thirty days and clear, plow, sow and irrigate—once—some crop other than native grasses on one-eighth of his total acreage.

There Was Something Primitive and Zestful in the Straining Muscles and the Triumphant Shout as Each Man Mounted

In Partnership With John Clayton

MEANTIME, he must insert five times in a local paper a notice of his intention to make final proof, naming four witnesses who will swear that he has complied with the law. Final proof calls for several payments: to the Government, twenty-five cents an acre—last payment on the land—and recording and land-board agent fees. The second payment to the land company generally comes eighteen months after the first payment—or twelve months after water is turned on. The amount varies; subtracting the first payment of three dollars, it is now anything from thirty-two to sixty-two dollars an acre. It may be divided into annual payments extending over ten or fifteen years, with interest at six per cent on deferred payments, or it may be paid at once; with a five per cent reduction.

By entering into partnership with John I was spared all of this process and had an immediate introduction to the Twin Falls North Side project. Some half dozen years ago a million-dollar dam was built at Milner, and with it the largest and the most intricate system of irrigating canals in the world. The headwaters of the Snake River are far back in the Teton Mountains, in the vicinity of Yellowstone Park, where the snows are late in melting. Luckily for the agriculturist, this brings the flood water down in May, June and July, the height of the irrigating season, thus proving an ideal water-right. The dam is owned jointly by the Twin Falls South Side Land and Water Company and the North Side Land and Water Company—two separate concerns.

The North Side canal, so called because it is on the north side of the Milner dam, is about forty-five miles long and the whole project covers over a hundred and eighty thousand acres. The South Side project, opened in 1906, had been so successful that by the end of 1908 four hundred settlers—among them John—had taken up all the desirable land in the North Side project. The company made the mistake of putting settlers on the land before they were ready to deliver the water. On April first of the following year the water was to be turned on. There was a celebrated opening day; speakers came, but not the water. As John said, it proved an April Fool's Day. No water appeared in poor John's lateral until the end of May. It ran for five days and then stopped. The construction of the canal was faulty, and again and again the water was turned off in order to make repairs. There were some settlers who got water enough to raise a prove-up crop, but not poor John—and not many others.

The inconvenience and the suffering were great. They had to drag their drinking water eight miles; it was hard work to take off the rocks and clear the sage, and discouraging to go day after day down to the ditches and yet see no signs of water. Some of the settlers had enough money to carry them through the year; others—John among them—went to work for more fortunate people. A few had to give up and go back East. One of these men, who had filed on one hundred and sixty acres next to John's eighty, was trying to get some one else to take over his land. A good many new settlers filed on more land than they were able to handle. They would spend, perhaps, two years on a tract—and then, finding that they could not make their payments, would have to sell out and go into some more prudent venture. The bonus asked for the hundred and sixty acres was sixteen hundred dollars—not too much, considering the future of the land.

I did not hesitate and my decision was hastened by a circumstance that at first looked like a piece of bad luck for Lucy. An unparalleled epidemic of measles broke out in our New England town and her school was closed for a few weeks. To stop my urgent telegrams as much as anything else, I believe, she consented to come and visit me. How I stared at her when John and I met her at Buhl!—that slim, pretty, professional-looking young woman in conventional clothes, while I was in brown corduroy and a tam-o'-shanter. And how she stared at John's jumper and chaps and soft hat! But Lucy was born for the West too; she ignored differences and began to wax enthusiastic over my red cheeks and healthful walk.

The Third Partner

I THINK John had more influence than I in converting Lucy to the West, though I did not immediately think of matchmaking; but when he began to look at her as if she were too good to be true, and when she began to turn from my opinions to see if he confirmed them, why, then I knew that one of my problems was going to be happily settled. Perhaps it was this dawning of love that helped to make us all so enthusiastic. Certainly, in spite of the bad luck that had so far attended the North Side project, we never doubted that next year it would make us as prosperous as the South Side people. The shining proof was that gem of the South Side—the little city of Buhl, three years old.

It would be hard to imagine in New England a settlement just three years old; but if one could make the effort one would see a little white building—a combination of general store and post-office—and, some distance away, three or four small houses. In New York, a settlement of the size of Buhl—fifteen hundred inhabitants—would be little more than a large village. Buhl taught me that it is not the number of people in a place that makes it a city, but the quality of the people. With its brick stores and banks, its churches and centralized school and newspapers, waterworks, electric lights, telephones and plans for a sewer, Buhl was a city. Moreover, it was a city of young and middle-aged people. A few old people there were, who had come with their children that were beginning over in the West. Doubtless these old ones meant to sit in a corner and watch, but even they were somewhat rejuvenated by the spirit of the West, though they left the burden and heat of the day to the young. The young men managed the politics and the farms; and the young women helped them with hands and with votes.

Men and women were really too busy getting their homes in order to discuss politics much—or, at the worst, to make of it a game. Most of them did, however, spend enough time on it to put in the men whom they thought would do the most for the town. The men, as a rule, took it as a matter of course that the women would vote: both had come out West to do the work of settlers and citizens. It was due to the initiative of the women that Buhl was changed from "wet" to "dry"; though, if the men had all opposed them, naturally they could not have carried the day and fought down the "bad-for-business" cry. Even when I first knew Buhl, some of the shouters of the "bad-for-business" slogan were reenforcing their arguments with what they called moral reasons, asserting that the many itinerant laboring men—especially the "grade stiffs," who worked on ditches and sewers—since they could not get liquor, would buy from the druggists pure alcohol, which they would dilute with water and drink to their exceeding detriment. There was also talk of flavoring extracts and cocaine.

With all this, however, most of the men and women had no concern. Irrigation had made their little South Side city; they meant to further the cause of all irrigation, of the city and of their own fortunes. Men and women both worked to this end—and together, as they rarely can in cities. Sometimes the women took care of the land while the men carried on other vocations. More than one stage-driver had a forty which his wife managed entirely, from the plowing to the harvesting. Many of the business and professional people in Buhl had a double income from their work as doctors or lawyers, dentists or shopkeepers, and from their prove-up land. Business flourished; the poorest carpenter could make four dollars a day. A laborer got forty-five dollars a month and board. Any one with horses could rent them and himself with advantage. Grocers and marketmen quickly piled up dollars. Many of the citizens lived over their shops and offices in a few rooms and nobody raised a social eyebrow at them. The women did their own housework, no matter what they had been accustomed to in the East; and even washerwomen were as scarce as the proverbial hen's teeth. Nor were sophisticated amusements lacking. The women gave afternoon teas and church suppers; they got up musical plays and readings in which the men took part. Every one seemed to call on every one else; the city was a little democracy of honesty and friendship—"nobody sick; nobody poor." The chief reason why I loved it all was that it was typical of dozens of such cities yet to be made by pioneers who come from the East to form new economic, social and political ideals.

Surrounding Buhl lay the source of its prosperity—rich irrigated land set about with tiny cottages and prove-up shacks, where the owners were too busy improving to put on porches and set out trees. I had seen the magic of this improving in the tough sagebrush of autumn transformed in the spring to a green skin of alfalfa. I had heard of fifty-two apples on a three-year-old tree—Oregon orchards would soon be surpassed by those of Idaho. There were stories of wonderful melon and cantaloup crops. It was not hard to dream with John.

"Homesteading," John explained, "never brings any business, for the people who take up homesteads usually have no money; they must stick and they can't sell. But with prove-up land it is different. There were people who came into Twin Falls in 1904, and filed on land that cost them twenty-five dollars and a quarter an acre, who would not part with it today for less than four hundred dollars an acre. Plenty of men have acquired fortunes of from twenty to thirty thousand dollars in three or four years—in land or in some business that the land makes."

I reflected that that was the size of fortune that a New England school-teacher could bring herself to believe in—while John continued:

"The men who make that much are the ones who stick. The ones who pass on make two or three thousand dollars—they just get their stake and go; but the others stay, for they see a future in the country. Some fellows who go in for sharp practice have had other people file for them, to whom they paid, say, a hundred dollars for every forty acres they proved up. Then they had these catspaw people transfer their deeds to them. More than one of these catspaws were sharp enough to hang on to the deed."

"They carry their business heads with them from the East," I remarked.

"They do," John said. "Why, I've seen prove-up shacks with cracks in them so wide that you could sling a cat through, a roof covered with tar paper and a couple of shingles nailed on anyhow. Then the owners would go into court and swear that they had properly shingled roofs. I've seen a man get the sage off five acres, scatter a handful of oats on it, cut a hole in his lateral ditch and let the water flow in any old way, and then go and swear that he had reclaimed the land."

"But the law ——" I protested.

"If they were punished," pointed out John, "it would discourage people from coming in. A lot of this land is held for speculation; yet, if your neighbor is doing these tricks, you can't be sure but that by some fluke he'll always be your neighbor—and you can't afford to win his enmity by keeping your eyes too wide open. It's probably the fault, indirectly, of the state land board. Its agent is supposed to inspect each piece of property and see that it is properly reclaimed. Maybe there is graft being done somewhere! Anyhow, let's make our fortunes off the land—and make them square."

If the Sagebrush is Tough It is Grubbed; Otherwise It is Railed

In Harness

OF COURSE we secretly believed that our own North Side farms surpassed the South Side land. How proud we felt—Lucy and I—when we gazed over what she persisted in calling our rolling acres. They did not roll; they were just a flat sea of sagebrush, with more stones interspersed than I cared to look at. Lucy at once saw these stones gathered into the shape of a commanding henhouse and I believe she was really glad they were there. She was already so far a hopeful Westerner that to see the stones was to do away with the fact that they would have to be picked up and mortised together and the hens bought.

John had very little money; our arrangement was that I should buy the horses and tools and he should clear our land as well as his own—he to board the horses. It was quite as good an arrangement for us as for him. If the sagebrush is tough it is grubbed; otherwise it is railed—that is, a railroad iron with spikes driven through it is drawn back and forth by horses that are fastened to it by a long tongue. As the brush is usually very brittle, it is soon broken and ready to be burned by a long torch. The tough roots that may be left are taken up by the grubber. There is one Mormon woman whose occupation it is to clear sage, though her easeloving husband always takes the contract for her.

We spent some time discussing what crops we should put in. Everybody raises some alfalfa, lured by the fact that one can get three crops a season. The promoter promises that each acre of irrigated land will yield from

"Her little dinners are delightful!"

HOW often you hear that said about a really clever hostess.

You forget many elaborate spreads. But you remember these "little" dinners. And they make her reputation; because quality and dainty service are *everything* in social entertainment.

That is the beauty of

Campbell's TOMATO SOUP

It exactly fits the "little dinners;" starts them off with an appetizing zest that makes the most unpretentious function a success from the first.

Try it at your next little dinner or luncheon; and see what a satisfying effect it has.

Notice particularly the expression of your most critical guests. Be as critical as possible on your own account.

You will realize then how this incomparable soup has earned its reputation.

21 kinds 10c a can

Asparagus	Julienne
Beef	Mock Turtle
Bouillon	Mulligatawny
Celery	Mutton Broth
Chicken	Ox Tail
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Pea
Clam Bouillon	Pepper Pot
Clam Chowder	Printanier
Consommé	Tomato
Vegetable	Tomato-Okra
Vermicelli Tomato	

Just add hot water, bring to a boil, and serve.

Look for the red-and-white label

JOSEPH CAMPBELL COMPANY
Camden N J

"My second plate
And yet I cannot
stop.
O, how I'd hate
To miss a single
drop!"

six to ten tons a year, but wise people discount half of what the prospectuses say. We reckoned on four tons an acre, which would sell at five dollars a ton, unpressed. Cynically, we said we had better make what we could out of alfalfa, as the day would surely come when there would be an oversupply. Nobody tries corn, as it rarely succeeds. Various varieties of grain we felt would be safe, and vegetables—except tomatoes—particularly the potato. We were hypnotized by the Buhl prize potato, which weighed eight pounds ten ounces. Above all, we were going to set out an orchard, for we saw evidences that four-year-old orchards were paying for themselves. We met a man who had made five hundred dollars on seven acres of watermelons planted around his young orchard trees. We knew it to be true that, because the growing season is longer in this region, trees make a growth here in three years equal to a five-year growth some other State. We had, also, in mind small fruits. We believed in diversity of crops, so that we should not have to wait until the end of the season to get our money. And some day we were going to raise livestock, since in our locality animals need little shelter and grow rapidly.

We had a good deal of fun in revamping and adding to our prove-up shacks and in arranging our simple furnishings. Prove-up shacks may be had from forty-five dollars up and a carpenter can put one together in two days. Our idea was that, later on, we should make them into bungalows, with wide porches and trees in front. Each of us had a board bunk built on the north side, a rough table and a chair. My cookstove and dishes were still with Hetty Martin. Lucy bought a campstove, which she got for two dollars and a half. John's shack was more crudely built than ours, but he exhibited a sixty-five-dollar stove, almost new, which he had got at an auction for twenty-seven dollars and a half. This is a great country for auctions; people become discouraged by a few hardships and go back East or else, unable to settle down, they go on to a new country.

The Knack of Irrigating

We studied irrigation on the South Side tract, learning the distinction between canals and laterals, ditches and corrugations. We learned to read the water allowance on the head gates in the main ditches and saw how the water could be shut off or turned into other ditches. We knew women who irrigated their own forties, turning on the water in the morning and turning it off before going to bed. They told us how in the irrigating season, from spring to fall, they tramped all over the land to see that the water was running properly along the little corrugations and was not stopped by dirt or by an obstructing rock. Sometimes, if a team drives over a corrugation, the dirt crumbles and stops the water. Sometimes the corrugations break down, and then if the water is not stopped it runs over in floods. We saw the coulées, where the waste water gathers before it passes along natural runs back to the river. We found out that it takes a knack to know how to irrigate properly. One man or woman could handle adequately a hundred and sixty acres; another would spoil five. The water must run all across the land and not waste. It reminds me of the old man in Jane Austen's novel who wanted his gruel thin—but not too thin. The main skill is to know when to get enough—and not too much—and to utilize the water with the minimum amount of labor. You must simply feel when it is enough. It is like the ironmoulder's work: he has to have his sand moist to make his mould—and only practical experience will teach him when it is moist enough. Most farmers run their water down two corrugations that are generally from eighteen inches to two feet apart, and when the land between is moist to the touch they consider it wet enough.

Different farmers have different theories; but it would seem that the more irrigating one can do in the late afternoon and at night, the better the water sinks into the land. There are still a few traveling irrigators, who come up from the South and stay with farmers a month or two, showing them how to use the water. Temperamental people they are said to be; they may make a verbal contract with a farmer and then go into a field, take a dislike to the look of it and, grabbing up shovel and coat, depart without explanation. Most of the farmers on the South Side tracts were long past needing a professional irrigator—any point one did not understand, his neighbor did.

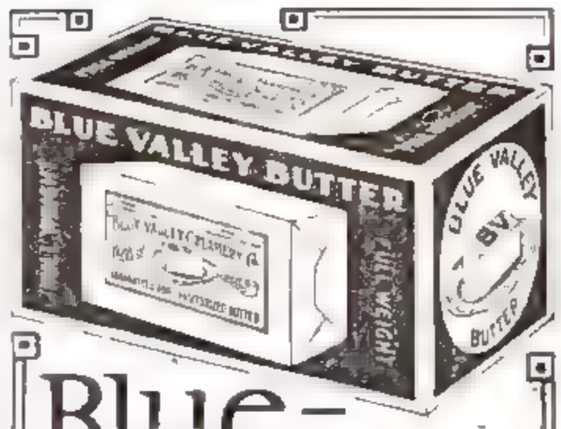
What visions we had; produced by that South Side tract! There was a young couple who had proved up in the first rush and who had a splendid forty. I lost sight of the emphasis to be placed on the fact that when the young man came to his land he had capital, which enabled him to buy a binder, a mower, a hayrick, a sixteen-disk pulverizer, a walking plow, a four-shovel cultivator, a lister, a two-section harrow and two horses. I was impressed by the fact that he had cleared his forty by the second year; and in four years he had made enough money in wheat, oats, hay and barley to pay for his living and tools and horses, had added two more horses, three cows and a dozen pigs to his possessions—and was renting another forty. And I was impressed, too, by the fact that his wife helped him: she had not helped clear the sagebrush, because at that time her baby was only three months old; but she drove the binder and the mower, and supplemented his work just as a capable hired man would have done.

A Misfortune Unforeseen

Indeed, if we had spent less energy in admiring Buhl and its surroundings, and in forming the conviction that our own good fortune would be as certain as that of the settlers on the South Side, our disappointment, temporary as it was, might have been less bitter. I was the blinder because it was so satisfying to see Lucy getting back her lost girlhood through the life and color of the place. She enjoyed even the rabbit drive, when the men formed in a huge semicircle of many miles, between Filer and Buhl, and slowly drove the great jack-rabbits to the cañon, shooting as they drove; while the rabbits that were not shot at last committed suicide by leaping into the cañon. She liked the days when the cowboys came from Three Creek, bringing in relays of cattle and flaunting their gay shirts and ties. If she did not enjoy she at least endured the bucking contest. The outlaw horses that were difficult to manage were brought into town and various strong, picturesquely dressed young men prepared to ride them. I liked their struggle with the animals as they put on blinders and saddles. There was something primitive and zestful in the straining muscles, frowning brows, bitten lips and the triumphant laugh or shout as each man mounted. At once the horses bowed their backs and leaped or bucked in an incredibly fierce fashion, while the heads of the men were jerked back and forth and their bodies fought to maintain a seat. It was not a pretty sight when one noticed the deep spurs on the heels of the men and the half-crazy excitement of their eyes.

I am going to tell briefly of our disappointment. On April first all the settlers cheerfully looked for water. They knew that the canals had been put in fair though not perfect repair. They did not dream that ill fortune could come to them twice. The North Side contract stipulated that the company should build reservoirs on the tract. Now the Government had reserved the waters of the Snake River at Jackson Dam, Wyoming, for its Minidoka project. Our company made an arrangement with the Government to use the water from the Jackson Dam whenever they needed it and then petitioned the state land board to relieve them from making reservoirs. This petition was granted on the ground that there was plenty of water in the Jackson Dam. The agreement was that later on the North Side Company would build its own reservoirs. The settlers were content; none of us foresaw, first, that the waters of the Snake River would be low—a fact that would affect us, since the people of the South Side tract had the first right to it; and second, that the Jackson Dam would break.

This accident happened July first; and, though we got our prove-up crops of alfalfa we had to go without water for several weeks just when we needed it most. Some people gave up perforce and went away, having no money and no hope left. Many young married couples who had made their prove-up crops and could not bear to leave, even though they had no money, went to work for other people—the men as laborers, the women as waitresses and washerwomen. Many sold part of their land to speculators, using the money for the second payment on the land and for living expenses.



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THE cream is sent direct to our factories by over 45,000 dairymen. Each has a centrifugal hand separator, which takes the cream from the new milk and **cleanses** and **purifies** it. Thus we receive only **pure, wholesome cream.**

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Furthermore, that no harmful germs or bacteria may exist, the cream is put through the **Blue Valley Process of Pasteurization,** the most thorough process known to the scientific world; then ripened by our own method which develops that **clean, uniform, high flavor** so pronounced in **Blue Valley Butter.**

All the equipment in our factories is modern. Much of it is specially made for us—and all for the purpose of making **Blue Valley Butter** the best and **most uniform in the world.**

* * *

THAT we have succeeded is proved by over **12 million packages** of **Blue Valley Butter** sold last year—over 15 million will be sold in all parts of the country this year.

It truly is the **NATIONAL BUTTER.**

It has won its way purely and solely on **Merit** and **Uniformity** of **Quality**

Have you ever heard of any other butter being called for so generally over the whole country, in such a **National way?**

Could we have accomplished what we have with **Blue Valley Butter** if it were not far better than the ordinary good butter you are buying? Certainly not.

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BLUE VALLEY BUTTER is always sold in dainty, air-tight, germ-proof packages, every package full weight.

The cow milked yesterday gives us the cream to churn today. And you may have **Blue Valley Butter tomorrow.** In these days of rapid transit between all principal cities, why should anyone, anywhere, eat old or storage butter?

Ask your dealer for a package of **Blue Valley.** Judge it for yourself. It costs no more. If he doesn't keep it, tell him to order for **YOU.**

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Carson Produce Co.—Louisville, Ky.
Carlin & Wiestner—Scranton, Pa.
Crater & Sons, Joseph—Tucson, Ariz.
Dodges, A. P.—Johnstown, Pa.
Ft. Wayne Produce Co.—Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Gengler Co., Peter—Galveston, Tex.
George & Robinson Co.—Atlanta, Ga.
Graff Produce Co.—McAlester, Okla.
[illegible] Bros.—Kansas City, Mo.
Holmes & Barnes, Ruth Range, La.
Houser, Geo. W.—Trenton, N. J.
Hunt, Nave, Jones & Co.—Chattanooga, Tenn.
Mantauk Co., The—Norfolk, Va.
Michael & Wolf—Buffalo, N. Y.
Morris & Kline—Roswell, N. M.
Muskogee Produce Co.—Muskogee, Okla.
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National M. & S. Co.—[illegible], Tex.
Old Creamery Association—Cleveland, O.
Plunkett Jarrell Grocery—[illegible], Ark.
Price & Sons, S. O.—La Salle, [illegible]
Schaffer & Son, J. J.—Detroit, Mich.
Schneckenburger, S. W.—Three Forks, Mont.
Southern Grocer Co.—Houston, Tex.
Speer Bros.—Leavenworth, Kan.
Stevens & Co., W. T. S.—Lexington, Ky.
Sykes, [illegible] & Co.—Auburn, N. Y.
Swift Produce Co.—St. Louis, Mo.
Swift, W. R.—Joplin, Mo.
Start, J. J.—Utica, N. Y.
Stoddart & Co., Wm.—Wilkesbarre, Pa.
Sykes, W.—Kansas City, Mo.
Thompson & Co., J. W.—Chihuahua, Mex.
Torreon Mercantile Co.—Torreon, Mex.
Turk, Horner—Allegheny, Pa.
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The maximum *in watches* is a *South Bend* Watch. You can get a South Bend Watch at a moderate price or pay as high as $75

It takes sometimes *twelve months* to make *one* South Bend Watch—such is the standard of our watch-requirements. Six months are spent just in the *making* of the parts and in *assembling*. Then a month or six months *more* are necessary for the "*South Bend Regulation*." When a South Bend Watch can pass a test of seven hundred hours, constant running, keeping *to-a-second, accurate time throughout*, it is *then*—and not *until* then—ready for the jeweler to sell.

There are 411 close inspections in the making and the regulation of a South Bend Watch. That's why South Bend Watches *cost* a little more than common watches. It is this *deliberation* in construction that makes South Bend Watches tell the time *aright*.

See one at your jeweler's. See the "Handibox," too—a little leather box in which to stand your watch on your desk or table—$1 extra. We'll give you names of jewelers near you who sell South Bend Watches. Ask them about personal regulation and what it means to all good watches.

The "Handibox"

The "South Bend" Watch

Write us today for our free book, "How Good Watches Are Made." It tells [illegible] the South Bend in particular.

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Sold by 15,083 Expert Retail Jewelers (65)

I heard very little complaint and I saw much bravery. I saw young men living on beans and sour-dough bread that they made themselves—men who in the East had been expert judges of the quality of a seven-course dinner. Those who stayed, stayed with smiles. All three of us, thanks to my capital, would easily have survived; but we tried to act as if we did not have the capital to depend on. Temporarily, I took up an occupation somewhere else; but Lucy stayed—because John needed her; otherwise she might have fled to that trying but assured haven of teaching school. John cleared our land, cut sagebrush for firewood, built fences, set out orchards and helped make our ditches. Then he used our horses to clear up land for other people who were making proof.

Nor was lack of water our only trouble. Another difficulty was that our seed would not always stay in the ground. The strong winds, with no trees to break their charging, sometimes whipped it out. The North Side soil is really richer than that of the South Side; and if only the seeds grow up a couple of inches, which they do in ten days, the crop will "stay put." To look at the matter optimistically, it merely means replanting if the wind is unkind; but the general belief among the settlers is that if the ground is moist enough before the seeds are put in the wind cannot get them out.

When I saw the general prosperity of southern Idaho and the bravery of the people who had suffered ill fortune; and when I saw that the ill fortune was only temporary, though bitter enough -I could not, for all my New England caution, be anything but optimistic about the future of the land. There are difficulties yet before the North Side people. They were ill-advised enough this past season to take over the irrigating system from the company instead of waiting ten years. The result is that the canals and laterals still need much repair work, the cost of which is problematical.

From observing the misfortunes of others, John, Lucy and I came to the conclusion that people who move to southern Idaho to make a living as mechanics or unskilled laborers may come with their bare hands; but people who come to make small fortunes through land must come with capital. Those with small capital should not have to begin paying for their water-right almost at once, as they do now; they should be obliged to make interest payments only for the first three years and should have the principal divided and extended over ten years. That would give them an early chance to make something besides their mere living. A settler who expects unqualified success should have at least fifteen hundred dollars if he is going to try out even a forty. When one considers that horses cost about a hundred and fifty dollars each, and that stock and tools and living expenses for one year are in proportion, fifteen hundred is little enough. The second year the farmer should raise enough to pay living expenses; the third year he should put something aside. Those settlers are wisest who do not try to take up all the land the law allows them, but spend their energy in developing a smaller area.

For ourselves I had no regrets—the country gave me health and content, and it gave to Lucy and John the highest happiness human beings can know. It is a brave life, in brave and lovely surroundings. The rain, which comes in the spring and fall, is never too heavy. The winters are not painfully cold, and after people live here a little while they come to prefer the kind of day that is cool in the morning and hot at noon. In this country it is not a question of making yourself accept what you get, but of liking it spontaneously. I never grew tired of admiring the abundant crops and the pretty little orchards. I did not mind the winds and the dust that clings in low clouds like mist on English fields. I liked the wide distances, limited only by the Sawtooth Mountains and Old Soldier Peak, with their high lights that deepen in the evening to purple. From our roadways is borne to us the delicately acrid odor of the sagebrush. We walk past the saga lilies—golden and blue and lavender—and the yellow and red cactuses. Even after nightfall there are sounds and sights of home—a light in a window, a call across the wind, the lowing of a cow; and far away on the slopes we can see the blue smoke from the little fires of the sheepherders and the long, red light from the burning sagebrush, clearing a way for the coming pioneers.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Maude Radford Warren. The fourth will appear in an early issue.

The Senator's Secretary

THE Government of the United States is supposed to be a government by parties, but will some person kindly step forward and state what party is governing at this particular time?

The President is Republican, the House of Representatives is Democratic, and the Senate is Republican, but with a majority that is mythical—for there are thirteen Republicans who will not always act with the thirty-seven other Republicans who comprise the Administration men or regulars; but, although that gives the Republicans nominally the best of it by a ratio of two to one, that best of it is merely apparent, not real.

The Republican President called an extraordinary session of Congress for the explicit purpose of passing his pet measure, Canadian reciprocity—the measure that he has said and his supporters have said is the one great achievement of this Administration thus far—or will be when it is passed; and certainly it must be held in high regard by the President or he would have let it go over until the regular session of Congress in the fall. Then what happened? This: The Republican party in the House of Representatives refused to support the pet measure, the—to be—great achievement of the Taft Administration, as a body, as a party or in any other way. The Republican party in the House split over this measure, seventy-eight Republicans voting against it to only sixty-nine for it; and this great Republican measure of a Republican President was carried by Democratic votes. Indeed, the Republican President was forced to go to the Democrats, both in the preliminaries and in the vote, to get his reciprocity through Congress.

Wherefore, is reciprocity, so far as the House is concerned, a Republican or a Democratic or a combination or a hybrid measure? What party can claim it as a policy? Moreover, continuing investigations, it is discovered that the same situation exists in the Senate; and if that body, with its nominal Republican majority of eight, passes this great Republican measure at all, it will pass it only by the aid of Democratic votes, as in the House. Further, it is found that a considerable amount of the opposition to the reciprocity measure in the Senate comes from the Insurgent members of the Republican party, who are joined enthusiastically by certain of the Administration Senators; and that certain of the Democratic Senators are upholding the hands of this coalition of Insurgents and regulars, while various conservative Democratic Senators are joined with the remnant of the Republican majority that can remain regular and remain for reciprocity at the same time—which is quite a task.

Now then, if a Republican policy, held by the President of the United States, the titular leader of the Republican party, to be a great and important Republican policy, and great and important governmental policies can only be enacted into law by the aid of the great bulk of the votes of the Democrats who have a majority of the House of Representatives and the Democrats who are within eight votes of a majority in the Senate, by appeal of the leader of the Republican party to the representatives of the Democratic party who enact that Republican policy and that great governmental policy into law—is that policy a Republican policy because a Republican President is for it? Or is it a Democratic policy because it was made into law in the House and will be—if it is made into law at all—in the Senate by Democratic votes?

This Government of ours may be a government by parties, but at the present time it looks very much as if two parties are doing the governing instead of one, as is usually the case. The fact is, Mr. Taft, in his eagerness to get reciprocity through, didn't figure on how he would have to get it through; and though he may personally get whatever credit there may be for passing

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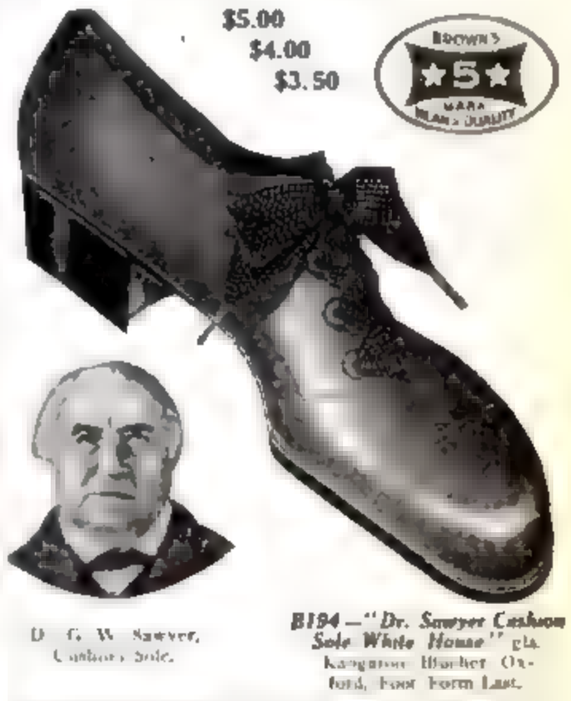

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the reciprocity measure, which will not be much credit from the Republicans, the Democrats are in a position to get all the Democratic credit there is, for their votes were and will be—except the votes of the White House Democrats in the Senate that are to come—in accord with Democratic principles, and also to grab whatever credit may come to anybody from that section of the Republican party that believes in this sort of thing.

There will arise plenty of Taft supporters who will insist the President never even thought where the credit would lie—which will be the truth in a backhanded sort of a way—but did this only for the public weal and on the exalted grounds of the greatest good for the greatest number—and that is a good yarn to tell to the marines. Granting the President didn't know where he was coming out, he had a clear idea of why he went in. Any time anything not political is done at the White House will mark the precise moment when we shall be several jumps nearer the millennium. And we should have been several jumps nearer the millennium any time in the past, from the first President to now, in similar circumstances; the fact being that we haven't progressed an inch millennium-ward in that manner since George Washington first took the job.

Though the Government will remain a Government by party, the parties that have had to do with the governing in the past fifty years are now in a most frayed and frazzled state. The Democrats have a good deal the better of it, for a good part of their trials and tribulations are over. They have been through the fire; in fact, remained in the fire for many years. Still, all is not harmony among the Democrats. There are discontented ones in those ranks. So far as the Republicans are concerned, the regulars appear to be in the majority. The discontented, lacking the machinery that the regulars control, will undoubtedly have a voice and say at the next Republican national convention, but the regulars will have the votes. Thus, Mr. Taft will be renominated. Still, there will be enough opposition at that convention to show the country just how badly the Republican party is split; and the opposition that will come in the convention will be typified by the position of the Republican Insurgents in the Senate during this extraordinary session and the following session of Congress.

The Forces Behind Mr. La Follette

Most of the people who read this, if they have any luck at all, will live to see the formation of a new party. It will be a bigger party than the Republican Progressive League, which has for its avowed object the nomination of a Republican, preferably Mr. La Follette, for President in 1912, and a broader party; but it is quite likely the league will be made the basis for it. No well-informed Democrat is smug enough to think there will not be a good deal of recruiting from the Democratic party, even now or in the near future, when Democratic prospects seem so bright, from Democrats who are thinking a bit in advance of those who are running the party. So far as the Republican party is concerned, it is split wide open now and from it will come a big outpouring of men who now call themselves Republicans.

The politically wise standpat Republicans in the Senate, on the Committee on Committees, who originally refused to allow the Insurgent Republican Senators in the Senate to name the Insurgents for committees, although it had been agreed that the Insurgents should have exact pro-rata representation on the committees—one-fourth of the Republicans, the Insurgent strength being thirteen out of fifty—saw what that would mean. It would mean the recognition of a new party. It is very simple. The committees in the Senate are made up of Republicans and Democrats, the greater number politically on the committees being in accord with the political complexion of the Senate. When the Senate is Republican the Republicans control the committees, and when the Senate is Democratic the Democrats control the committees. The committees are made up by a Committee on Committees selected by the caucuses of the two parties that is, the Republicans delegate to a certain number of Republicans the work of selecting the Republican committee members, and the Democrats do the same to a certain number of Democrats. Inasmuch as these delegations are made by caucuses, which are Republican caucuses and Democratic caucuses, and which are held to express and put into force party obligations, to be the will of the parties that caucused, as expressed by the whole Senate, and of the people through the Senators, it is but natural that the standpat Republicans on the Committee on Committees, having been selected by the caucus for the work, should claim the right to appoint all Republicans to all committees, and not delegate any of their powers to any Republican faction whatsoever.

That is what happened. Mr. La Follette, representing the thirteen Insurgent Republican Senators, claimed that the Insurgents, having been promised one-fourth of the Republican committee places, should have the right to select the Insurgents to serve on the various committees. The standpat Republicans on the Committee on Committees held otherwise. They said it was all a Republican proposition; and that the committee must act as such and not let two or three members dictate to six or seven members. Furthermore, the distinction Mr. La Follette sought to make, they said, was incendiary and would be, in effect, the recognition of a new party.

A Job-Killer to the Fore

The standpat members of the Committee on Committees and the Insurgent members were still at it when this was written, and there is no predicting how it all will come out; but whether the Standpatters remain firm or the Insurgents win their contention makes no difference in the final outcome, which inevitably must be the organization of a new party or a split in the Republican party, which will come to that eventually.

It may start with a bolt after the Republican national convention, in 1912, has finished its work and named its candidate. It may start before that. It is not likely it will be such a defection as the Democratic party saw in free-silver times, or such a protest as was raised against Blaine in the Republican party. It will be more than either. It will be a new political party, pledged to new political principles, having for its basic idea the extension of popular government; and it will gain strength from both sides. It is coming as surely as anything can be said to be sure politically. Yes—even surer than that. There is bound to be a new party, and before long.

John Sharp Williams, new to the Senate but very old and wise as to Congress in general, has picked out his first crusade. He intends to go after the lame-duck commissions. He declares most of these commissions are jokes; and he intends to look after them and look into them—and abolish them.

It is undoubtedly true that John Sharp has the right of his contention, but he should pause and reflect. Nothing could and should give a Democrat higher and holier joy than abolishing jobs held by Republicans. Thus far, John Sharp is correct. But John Sharp should remember the horrible fate of those job-killers over in the Democratic House who sought to get a cheer from the populace by abolishing one hundred and eighty thousand dollars' worth of positions around the House, and who did not get the cheer—the people not being excited over the saving of one hundred and eighty thousand dollars—and did get into a frightful pickle themselves.

John Sharp should also remember that, though the present commissions are thickly populated with Republicans, the signs of the times are that it will not be long before the Democrats will have a hack at saying who shall serve on them—and thus patriotic Democrats will get a chance at the salaries.

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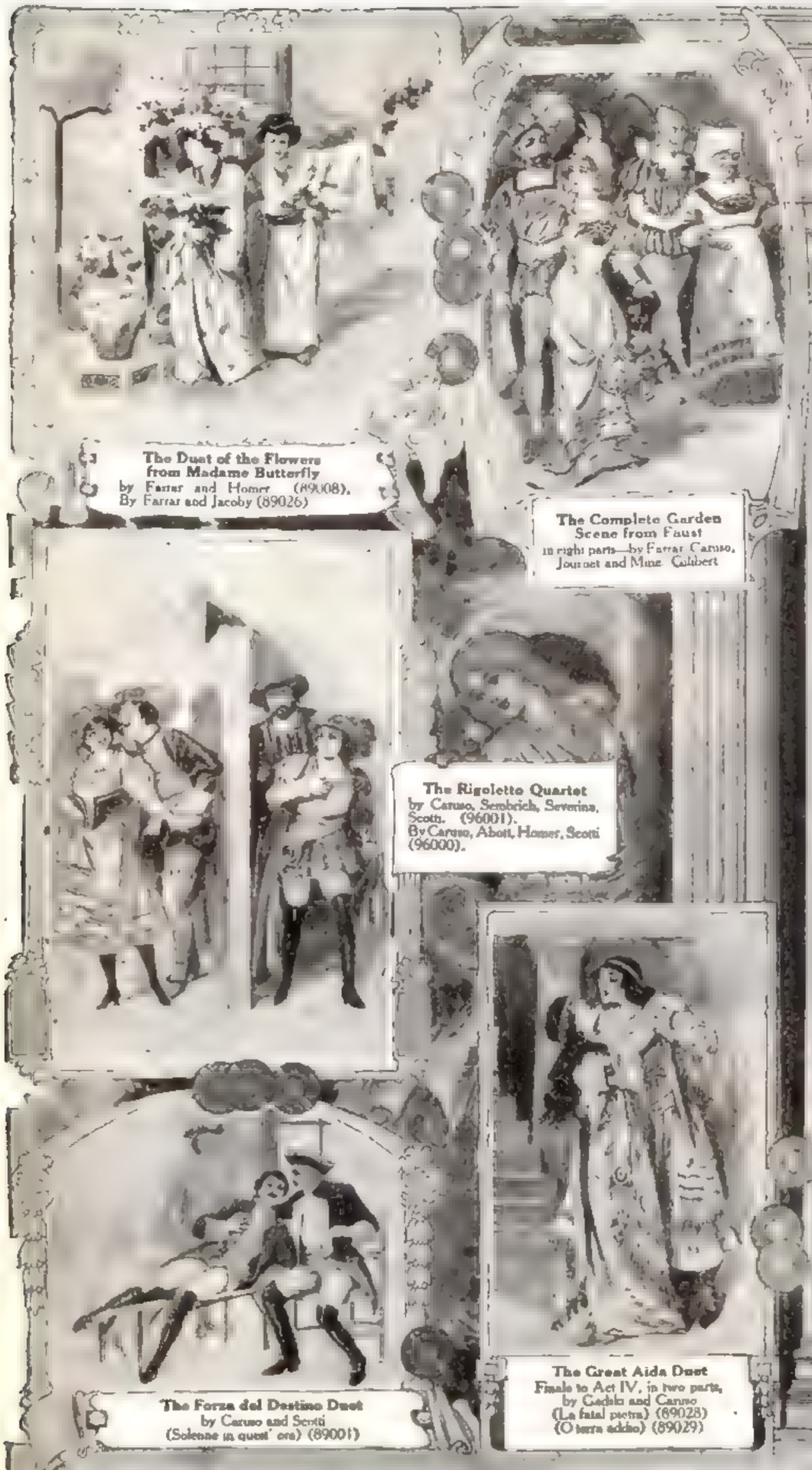
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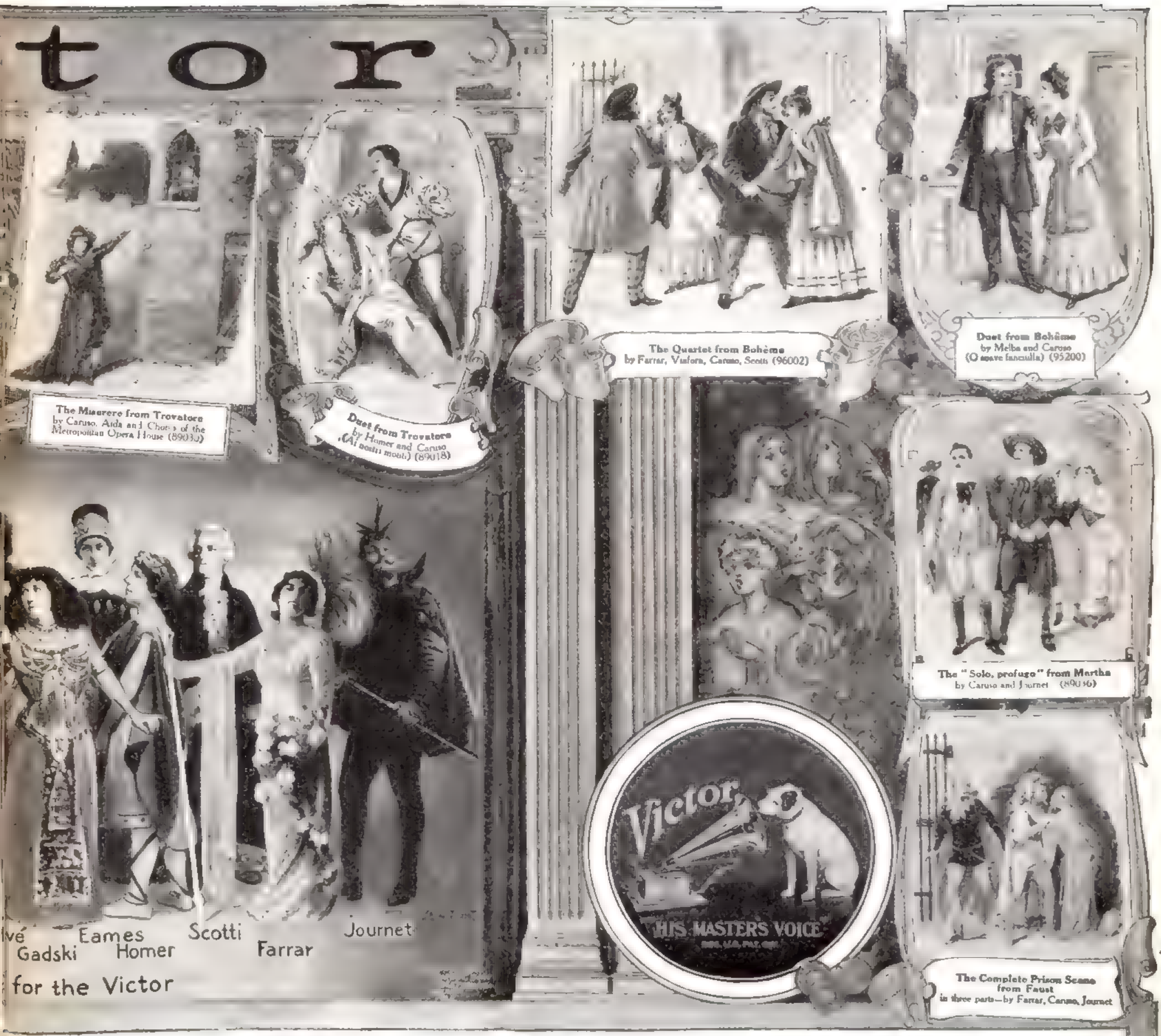
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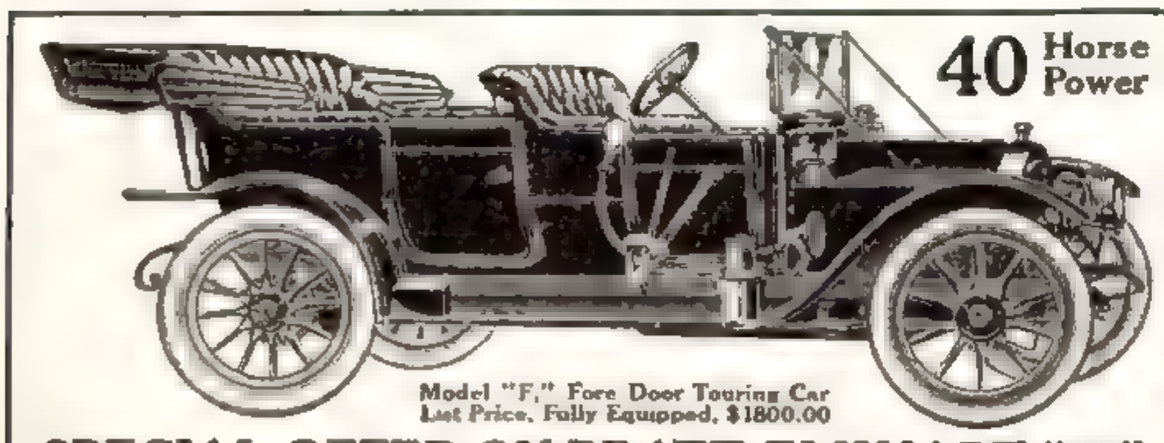

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The Boston Museum and Daly's Theater

(Continued from Page 15)

He was one of the most interesting figures in the American drama. Though, of course, he was conscious of the atmosphere of his theater and deliberately worked to cultivate and maintain it, I think there was a greater object behind it all than mere theatrical effect. Probably he considered this part and parcel of the game—an inspiration to the actors and a sort of uplift to the audiences; and it unquestionably was.

The public felt the Daly atmosphere from the outset. Another quality of Daly's was his loyalty to the people who had worked for him—grown up under him. He gave them every opportunity, both in regard to work and recognition.

Personally, Mr. Daly was most interesting. He had a long, gliding walk—half run—with which he used to proceed through the theater. He would suddenly appear and disappear. Nobody ever knew where he was. All stood in very wholesome awe of him, for he was a martinet. He almost never came into the actors' dressing rooms—at least, I never saw him do so. He was one of the managers that kept very much to the dignity and form of management. The old dressing rooms at the theater were constructed so that actors occupying the second room had to pass through the outside one, there being but one entrance to both rooms. John Drew's was one of the inner rooms, and George Parks and Jimmy Lewis dressed in the outer one. One night Mr. Daly did chance to go into Mr. Drew's room and was sitting there, out of sight of the persons in the other room, when George Parks, entering from his scene on the stage, remarked to Jimmy Lewis: "I thought I saw the lank form of Disgustin' Daly prowling about here."

There was a horrible silence; and George, looking around to see why he got no response, was suddenly confronted with Mr. Daly, coming out of Drew's room. "Good evening, Mr. Parks," said the manager coldly as he passed out. There was another pause. Mr. Parks sank into a chair and delivered himself of Robert Emmet's last words: "Let no man write my epitaph!"

Collier's Powers of Mimicry

Willie Collier was call-boy at Daly's. As a youngster he had great skill in mimicry. He could give imitations of almost everybody's voice and inflections of tone. We were playing a melodrama called Mankind, and as Willie would come to rap on the door and make the call—for at that theater we were called for scenes, not for acts only—he would give you an imitation of yourself in some one line of the play. "Oh, if I could only find my chee-ild!" was the line he gave me in my own tone as the mourning lady of the melodrama.

There was an old prompter at the theater who had been there for years and was quite deaf. A curious thing at many of the old theaters was that the prompters were slightly deaf. Mr. Moore was a devoted old servant and, notwithstanding his deafness, he had an instinct about prompting that was very correct. He used to bend over his prompt-book and give directions to Collier: "Call 8—Call 15," and so on—we had numbers there—giving just time enough for the actor to get on the scene.

Willie used to stand at his back and in a low voice hand back all kinds of impudence in a comedy way to the old man, to whom he would not have dared to speak aloud, sending the actors into fits of laughter. Then Moore would become half-conscious, glance back quickly—and in an instant Willie was the obsequious call-boy.

Willie Collier's imitation of Daly was perfect. The actors used to be sent into convulsions when Mr. Daly would pass through the green room with Willie walking behind, exactly like him, holding a mimic conversation. As a matter of fact, the young man made his reputation on his imitation of Daly. One night we were all in the green room. There was that hush that always followed Mr. Daly's appearance. Willie was standing meekly at the door, when Mr. Daly suddenly said to him: "I understand, young man, that you give a very good imitation of me." Willie's face may be

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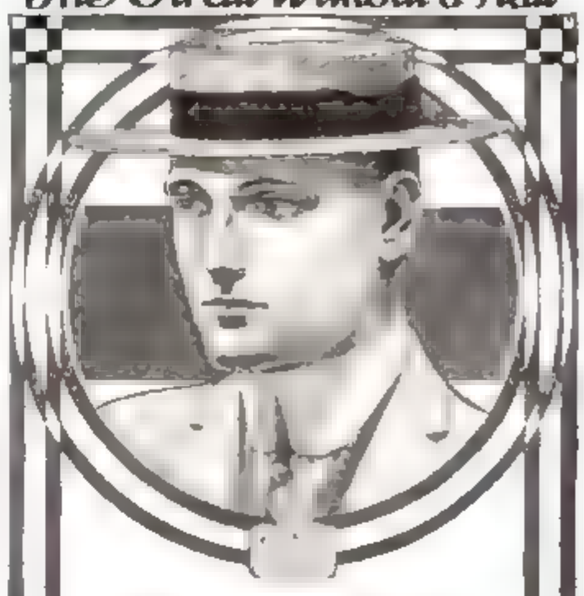

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better imagined than described when he was ordered to give the mimic performance then and there. I suppose for the only time in his life he gave a bad imitation; and when he had finished he went into the wings crying.

Later, when Collier went into comic opera and they needed something to enliven things, some one suggested that he give his imitation of Daly. He dressed himself up as the manager and came on saying: "I have two minutes before rehearsal. I think I will write a play." In a night this bit of by-play transformed him from an unknown actor into a Broadway favorite.

In many respects Mr. Daly was the best stage manager I have ever seen. At the time I was with him I had no knowledge of stage managing as an art and could make no comparisons; but, in the light of other suggestions and later experiences, I realized that he was a very remarkable director. He was such a genius at it, in fact, that he transformed the whole method of stage managing and stage direction of the day.

He was the first one in this country to put on strictly society plays. All the method of movement on the stage up to that time had been largely confined to the classical or romantic drama, and was measured, dramatic and different from the manners of persons in ordinary society. Being the first to put such plays on, Mr. Daly was obliged to originate a method of behavior, a more natural and commonplace, though correct, way of conducting oneself on the stage. Also, he was the first manager to have scenery built with some semblance of the way rooms in actual houses are constructed, and to have furniture, pictures and carpets such as would be used in real life.

Only a short time ago they used to give plays requiring interiors with "conventional" scenes—something that was a room, but did not bear necessarily any relation to the play. Mr. Daly also changed the whole scheme of stage business to conform to the new kind of plays he was producing.

A Change of Managers

In developing this new idea of naturalism, however, Mr. Daly, according to the views of some persons, went too far. The old-style managers had followed the ancient Greek idea of few persons and concentrated effort. The actors were accustomed to have long speeches, stand still, be compact and work one with another. Daly, offering the new dramatic bill-of-fare, was obliged to inaugurate a system of conversation and movement about the stage. In getting actors away from the simpler method, he had to swing them in the opposite direction. After a time every one in a Daly comedy was moving about the stage all the time, often apparently aimlessly—but endlessly.

When I told John Drew how I had merely "blown in" and asked for an engagement, he said he thought it was amazing, since Mr. Daly instantly gave me Miss Rehan's parts to play on the road. I had been playing some time when I was summoned by letter to New York for a New Year supper that Mr. Daly was giving the company. It was a very interesting event.

Mr. Daly played the rôle of host to perfection. Here one saw all the charm and winning side of his nature. He told me that night he had decided to give me a part in a play he was going to produce within three weeks—Serge Panine—a great Paris success. He took great interest in my playing this part and I had a number of special rehearsals for it, during which Mr. Daly gave me a wonderful idea of how to bring out the best in my rôle and the most fitting way of filling the situation. The play was produced, but proved a failure.

For some reason, everything Mr. Daly put me into after that went wrong. And so, when Mr. Frohman offered me an engagement and I consulted Mr. Daly about it, he told me to do whatever I thought best. At the same time, he assured me that he had wanted to do very definite things for me, but that something or other had always prevented. He said that if I stayed with him he could eventually do more for me than Mr. Frohman, but would not bind himself to anything definite. So I left Mr. Daly. This was the first grave mistake I made.

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THE FLYING STARS

(Continued from Page 9)

for every gesture of the great comic actor was an admirable though restrained version of the carriage and manner of the police. The Harlequin leaped upon him and hit him over the helmet—the pianist playing "Where did you get that hat?" He faced about in admirably simulated astonishment and then the leaping Harlequin hit him again the pianist suggesting a few bars of "Then we had another one." Then the Harlequin rushed right into the arms of the policeman and fell on top of him amid a roar of applause. Then it was that the strange actor gave that celebrated imitation of a dead man of which the fame still lingers round Putney. It was almost impossible to believe that a living person could appear so limp.

The athletic Harlequin swung him about like a sack or twisted or tossed him like an Indian club—all the time to the most maddeningly ludicrous tunes from the piano. When the Harlequin heaved the comic constable heavily off the floor the Clown played "I arise from dreams of thee"; when he shuffled him across his back, "With my bundle on my shoulder"; and when the Harlequin finally let fall the policeman, with a most convincing thud, the lunatic at the instrument struck into a jingling measure, with some words which are still believed to have been: "I sent a letter to my love and on the way I dropped it; and some of you have picked it up and put it in your pocket."

At about this limit of mental anarchy Father Brown's view was obscured altogether; for the city magnate in front of him rose to his full height and thrust his hands savagely into all his pockets. Then he sat down nervously, still fumbling, and then stood up again. For an instant it seemed seriously likely that he would stride across the footlights; then he turned a glare at the Clown playing the piano; and then he burst in silence out of the room.

The priest had only watched for a few more minutes the absurd but not inelegant dance of the amateur Harlequin over his splendidly unconscious foe. With real though rude art the Harlequin danced slowly backward out of the door into the garden, which was full of moonlight and stillness. The vamped dress of silver paper and paste, which had been too glaring in the footlights, looked more and more magical and silvery as it danced away under a brilliant moon. The audience was closing in with a cataract of applause, when Brown felt his arm abruptly touched and was asked in a whisper to come into the colonel's study.

He followed his summoner with increasing doubt, which was not dispelled by a solemn comicality in the scene of the study. There sat Colonel Adams, still unaffectedly dressed as a Pantaloon, with the knobbed whalebone nodding above his brow, but with his poor old eyes sad enough to have sobered a Saturnalia. Sir Leopold Fischer was leaning against the mantelpiece and heaving with all the importance of panic.

"This is a very painful matter, Father Brown," said Adams. "The truth is, those diamonds we all saw this afternoon seem to have vanished from my friend's tail-coat pocket. And as you ——"

"As I"—supplemented Father Brown, with a broad grin—"was sitting just behind him ——."

"Nothing of the sort shall be suggested," said Colonel Adams, with a firm look at Fischer, which rather implied that some such thing had been suggested. "I only ask you to give me the assistance that any gentleman might give."

"Which is turning out his pockets," said Father Brown; and he proceeded to do so, displaying seven and sixpence; a return ticket, a small silver crucifix, a small breviary and a stick of chocolate.

The colonel looked at him long and then said: "Do you know, I should like to see the inside of your head more than the inside of your pockets! My daughter is one of your people, I think. Well, she has lately ——" And he stopped.

"She has lately," cried out old Fischer, "opened her father's house to a cutthroat Socialist, who says openly he would steal anything from a richer man. This is the end of it. Here is the richer man—and none the richer."

"If you want the inside of my head you can have it," said Brown, rather wearily. "What it's worth you can say afterward. But the first thing I find in that disused pocket is this: that men who mean to steal diamonds don't talk Socialism. They are more likely," he added demurely, "to denounce it."

Both the others shifted sharply and the priest went on: "You see, we know these people, more or less. That Socialist would no more steal a diamond than a pyramid. We ought to look at once to the one man we don't know—the fellow acting the policeman—Florian! Where is he exactly at this minute, I wonder?"

The Pantaloon sprang erect and strode out of the room. An interlude ensued, during which the millionaire stared at the priest and the priest at his breviary, then the Pantaloon returned and said, with staccato, gravely: "The policeman is still lying on the stage. The curtain has gone up and down six times; he is still lying there."

Father Brown dropped his book and stood staring with a look of blank mental ruin. Very slowly a light began to creep back into his gray eyes and then he made the scarcely obvious answer:

"Please forgive me, colonel, but when did your wife die?"

"My wife!" replied the staring soldier. "She died this year two months. Her brother James arrived just a week too late to see her."

The little priest bounded like a rabbit shot. "Come on!" he cried, in quite unusual excitement. "Come on! We've got to go and look at that policeman!"

They rushed on to the now curtained stage, breaking rudely past the Columbine and Clown—who seemed whispering quite contentedly—and Father Brown bent over the prostrate comic constable.

"Chloroform!" he said as he rose. "I only guessed it just now."

There was a startled stillness and then the colonel said slowly: "Please say seriously what all this means."

Father Brown suddenly shouted with laughter; then stopped and only struggled with it for instants during the rest of his speech. "Gentlemen," he gasped, "there's not much time to talk. I must run after the criminal. But this great French actor, who played the policeman—this clever corpse the Harlequin waltzed with and dandled and threw about—he was— " His voice again failed him and he turned his back to run.

"He was?" called Fischer inquiringly.

"A real policeman!" said Father Brown; and he ran away into the dark.

There were hollows and bowers at the extreme end of that leafy garden, in which the laurels and other immortal shrubs showed against sapphire sky and silver moon, even in that midwinter, warm colors as of the south. The green gayety of the waving laurels, the rich purple indigo of the night, the moon like a monstrous crystal, make an almost impossibly romantic picture; and among the top branches of the garden trees a strange figure is climbing, who looks not so much romantic as impossible. He sparkles from head to heel, as if clad in ten million moons; the real moon catches him at every movement and sets a new inch of him on fire. He swings flashing and successful from the short tree in this garden to the tall, rambling tree in the other; and only stops there because a shade has slid under the smaller tree and has unmistakably called up to him.

"Well, Flambeau," says the voice, "you really look like a flying star; but that always means a falling star at last."

The silver, sparkling figure above seems to lean forward in the laurels and, confident of escape, listens to the little figure below.

"You never did anything better, Flambeau. It was clever to come from Canada—with a Paris ticket, I suppose—just a week after Mrs. Adams died, when no one was in a mood to ask questions. It was cleverer to have marked down the Flying Stars and the very day of Fischer's coming; but there's no cleverness, only mere genius, in what followed.

"Stealing the stones, I suppose, was nothing to you. You could have done it by sleight-of-hand in a hundred other ways besides that pretense of putting a paper donkey's tail to Fischer's coat. But in the rest you eclipsed yourself."

The silvery figure among the green leaves seems to linger as if hypnotized, though his

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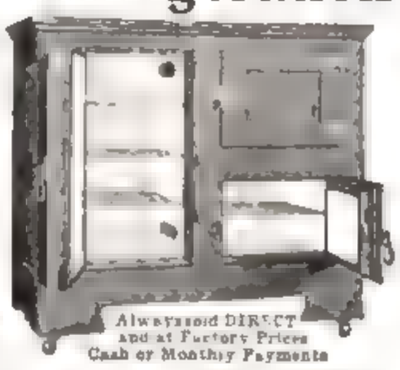

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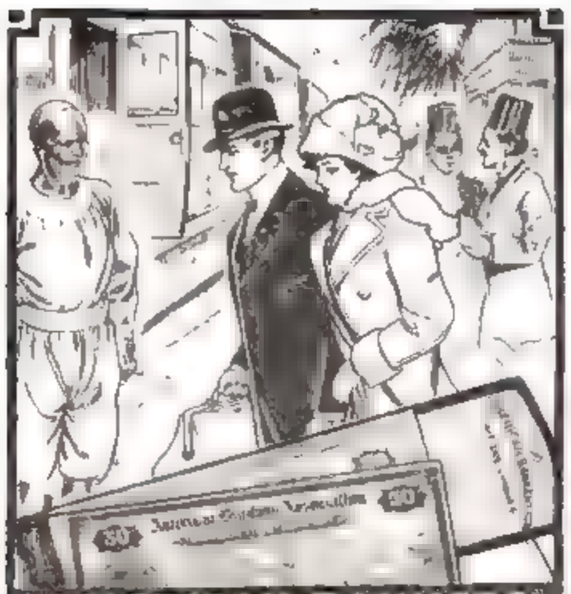

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escape is easy behind him; he is staring at the man below.

"Oh, yes," says the man below; "I know all about it. I know you not only forced the pantomime, but put it to a double use. You were going to steal the stones quietly: news came by an accomplice that you were already suspected and a capable police officer was coming to rout you up this very night. A common thief would have been thankful for the warning and fled; but you are a poet. You already had the clever notion of hiding the real jewels in a blaze of false stage jewelry. Now you saw that if the dress were a Harlequin's the appearance of a policeman would be quite in keeping. The worldly officer started from Putney police station to find you—and walked into the queerest trap ever set in this world. When the front door opened he walked straight on to the stage of a Christmas pantomime, where he could be kicked, clubbed, stunned and drugged by the dancing Harlequin amid roars of laughter from all the most respectable people in Putney. Oh, you will never do anything better! And now, by-the-way, Flambeau, you might give me back those diamonds."

The green branch on which the glittering figure swung rustled as if in astonishment; but the voice went on:

"I want you to give them back, Flambeau, and I want you to give up this life. There is still youth and honor and humor in you; don't fancy they will last in that trade. Men may keep a sort of level of good, but no man has ever been able to keep on one level of evil. That road goes down and down. The kind man drinks and turns cruel; the frank man kills and lies about it.

"Many a man I've known started, like you, to be an honest outlaw, a merry robber of the rich—and ended stamped into slime. Maurice Blum started out as an anarchist of principle, a father of the poor; he ended a greasy spy and talebearer that both sides used and despised. Harry Burke started his free-money movement sincerely enough; now he's sponging on a half-starved sister for endless brandies and sodas. Lord Amber went into wild society in a sort of chivalry; now he's paying blackmail to the lowest vultures in London. Captain Barillon was the great gentleman apache before your time; he died in a madhouse, screaming with fear of the harks and receivers that had betrayed him and hunted him down. I know the woods look very free behind you, Flambeau; I know that in a flash you could melt into them like a monkey. But some day you will be an old gray monkey, Flambeau. You will sit up in your free forest cold at heart and close to death, and the treetops will be very bare."

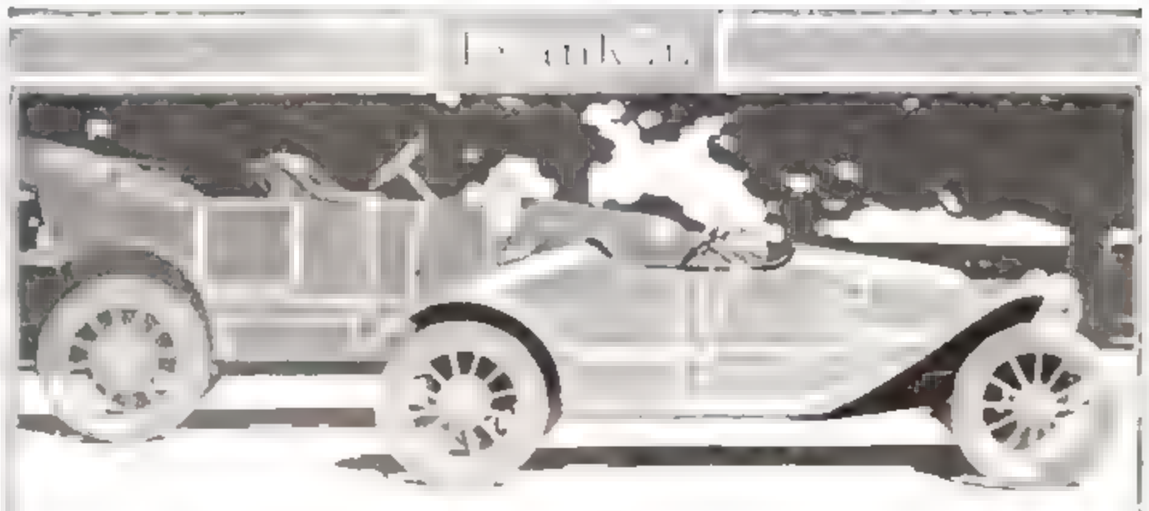
Everything continued still, as if the small man below held the other in the tree in some long, invisible leash; and he went on:

"Your downward steps have begun. You used to boast of doing nothing mean, but you are doing something mean tonight. You are leaving suspicion of an honest boy, with a good deal against him already; you are separating him from the good woman he loves and who loves him. But you will do meaner things than that before you come to die."

Three flashing diamonds fell from the tree to the turf. The small man stooped to pick them up—and when he looked up again the green cage of the tree was emptied of its silver bird.

The restoration of the gems—accidentally picked up by Father Brown, of all people—ended the evening in uproarious triumph; and Sir Leopold, in his height of good humor, even told the priest that, though he himself had broader views, he could respect those whose creed required them to be cloistered and ignorant of this world.

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of the new series of tales by Mr. Chesterton. The sixth and last will appear in an early number.



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Franklin air cooling is the simple, natural, efficient system for the automobile motor. It assures reliability, lightness and freedom from complication.

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Hudson Maxim says: "All cars must of necessity be either directly or indirectly air-cooled." Send for booklet, "An opinion of the Franklin by a man you know."

If interested in automobile construction, send for catalog.

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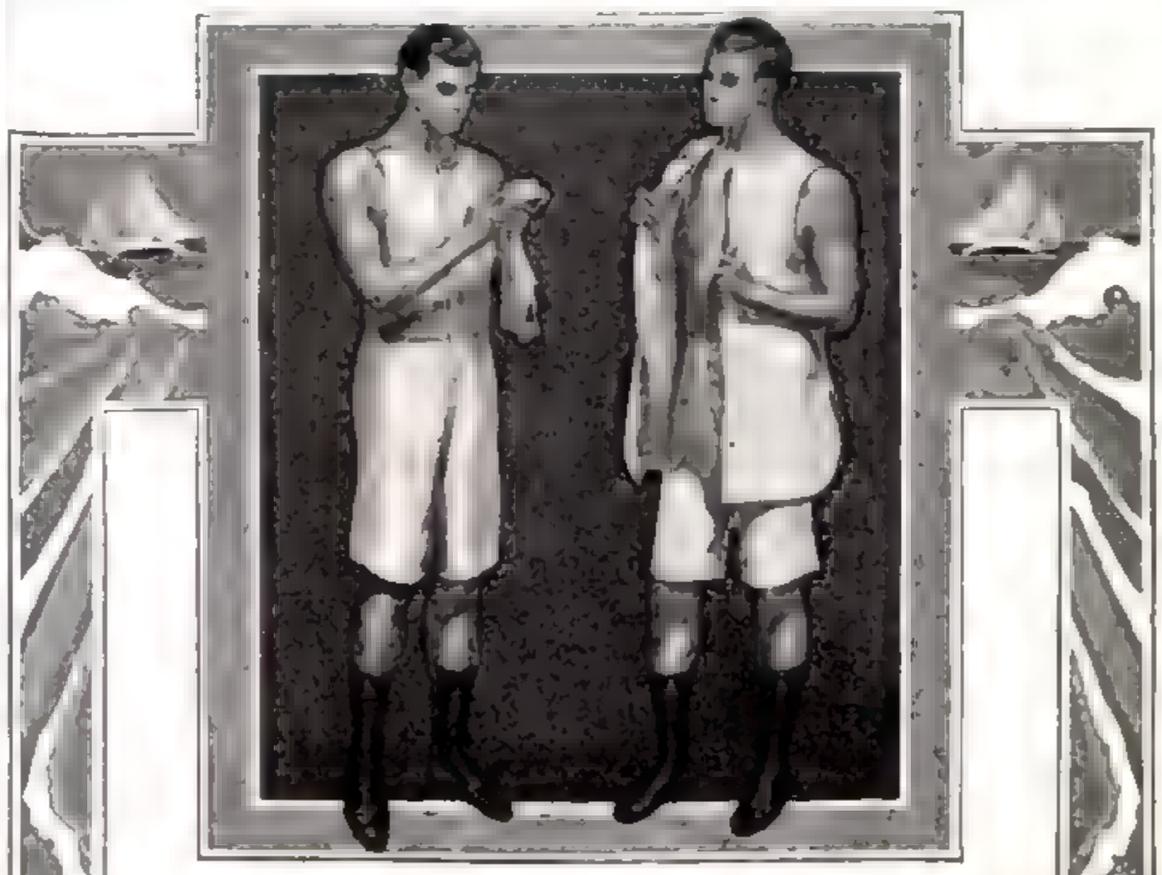

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Every Fifth Car Sold in this Country is a Ford Model T

It could not well be otherwise, because we Americans are practical people who investigate and compare before buying a motor car.

Comparison, investigation, service, have all contributed to **Ford** popularity. A car of original design, it has been proven a car of highest quality in construction, a car of absolute reliability, a car of positive economy, a car sold at a price the ordinary individual can pay.

Original and Exclusive Features

The matchless simplicity in design of the **Ford Model T**—everything is as plain and understandable as an ordinary buggy.

A car of Vanadium steel, scientifically heat-treated—a car in which heat-treated Vanadium steel is almost exclusively used in construction.

The Ford Magneto

Ford Magneto built-in-the-motor. This triumph of Henry Ford's inventive genius does away with ignition troubles. There are no wearing surfaces, no moving wires; every time the flywheel revolves you get a series of sparks. Contrast this with the magneto that is attached to some part of the frame of a car with a number of wires running hither and thither.

Ford Planetary Transmission

With the Ford Spur Planetary Transmission the motor is always in gear—your driving power is always connected with the car. The gears are solidly mounted on the flywheel—become a part of the flywheel. When running on high speed these gears are inactive and serve as a flywheel. Being always in mesh they are instantly responsive in starting, reversing and stopping. There is no danger of "stripping the gears," no rattling noise, no vibratory, jerky results. Besides the wearing is reduced to the minimum—which means long service; means safety; means certain and simple control of the car. With the sliding gear the power is disengaged from the car at times—frequently when going up a hill it becomes necessary to change from one speed to another; on suddenly congested streets, sharp corners, and many other emergencies when a change of speed is demanded. In case of an acute condition, like crossing a railway track with an advancing train, there is liable to be confusion and uncertainty of mind with the ordinary driver in the changing of gears, with possible serious results.

Mr. Henry Ford emphatically says: "I am surprised that any engineer, or intelligent mechanic, will in this day build a sliding gear transmission for an automobile."

Ask the salesman to show and explain to you the Planetary Transmission in **Ford Model T.**

Ford Rear Axle

Here is a striking illustration of the splendid inventive and mechanical genius of Henry Ford. An axle simple, practical, light in weight and thoroughly efficient—not a burden bearer, laden down with a heavy transmission and the added weight of the car.

The Rear Axle of **Ford Model T** is of heat-treated Vanadium steel, small in size and light in weight. It is encased in a pressed steel housing, with compensating gear in center. No weight but its own to carry—it gives to the car the full service of a rear axle.

Contrast this with the bulky, heavy-laden rear axles of other cars. There you'll see that the weight of the car rests on the axle; yes, not only the weight of the car, but the very heavy transmission is likewise attached to the rear axle. Look at the bulky, heavy transmission other cars load on the rear axle. Then look at the light, unloaded rear axle of **Ford Model T** and you'll see why this splendid car is so easy on tires; why it lasts so long; why it gives such continuous satisfactory service. Common sense will tell you that a car built like **Ford Model T** may well run from 8,000 to 10,000 miles on one set of tires. Compare this with the tire service on any other motor car. That's it — just compare!

Note Spring Suspension

The Springs of **Ford Model T** are especially heat-treated Vanadium steel, semi-elliptical-transverse. The heaviest part of the spring, which bears the heaviest part of the car, is exactly in the center. The rear spring is supported by shackles attached to the hub flanges. Thus the weight of the car is removed from the rear axle. Owing to the extreme flexibility of the springs at their tips, the wheels pass over bad roads with the lightness and freedom of a branch of a tree in a breeze. This means easy riding, with tire economy. Contrast this with the spring suspension of other cars where the rear axle is loaded with all the weight of the car and transmission.

Ford Heat Treatment of Steel

Vanadium steel is the basis of Ford construction.

Vanadium is an alloy which, merged with the molten steel, acts as a physic and fuses the molecules of the steel, cleanses, purifies and, when properly heat-treated, increases the strength, prevents crystallization (or crumbling) of the molecules of the steel under vibration and gives an added elasticity

But Vanadium steel of itself is not all—it is the scientific "heat-treating" to which it is subjected by Henry Ford that brings out its fullest value.

Vanadium steel is exceedingly susceptible to heat treatment. Every molecule of Vanadium steel becomes responsive to heat influence and so each part of the **Ford Model T** receives that degree of heat treatment which best fits it for the particular use for which it is designed. Springs, connecting rods, drive shafts, crank shafts, front and rear axles, steering spindles, all of the gearing and all vital parts susceptible to strain and wear are treated specifically for their different strains, such as vibration, torsion or twist, impact or severe blows, such as the crank shaft receives from the impulse of the explosion. The treating of metal requires several distinct temperatures, each performing a specific function on the molecules, or granules, of the steel. The length of time that the heat is maintained and the exact temperature are the essentials.

As Vanadium is the most responsive of all alloyed steels to heat treatment, its strength and ductility can be measured with positive exactness

Vibrations penetrate to the very center, therefore the center should possess the full limit of strength. Microscopic photographs show that most alloyed steel has a limited penetration of heat treatment, while Vanadium steel takes a uniform treatment to the center.

Ford is the manufacturer of motor cars, in this country, with a complete heat-treating plant as part of the manufacturing equipment. Many manufacturers of motor cars have what they call "heat-treating" plants, but in reality they only have a steel-hardening department—a process for hardening of steel, but not heat-treating, as that science is known to the best engineers.

There is as much difference between hardened and genuine heat-treated steel as there is between lead and iron

When you buy a motor car which is to carry your family and friends, which carries the responsibilities of human life, surely you will insist on a motor car of properly heat-treated Vanadium steel construction—you will naturally buy the limit of strength for personal safety.

Vanadium steel intelligently and scientifically heat-treated assures the utmost in strength with the greatest possible flexibility.

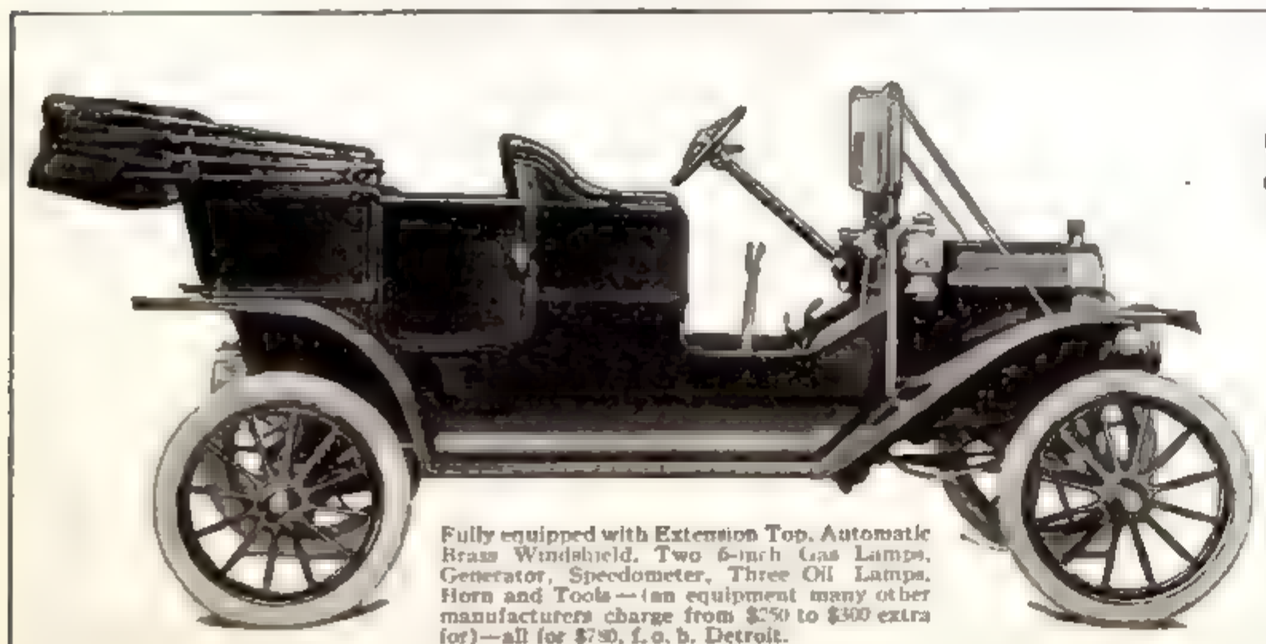
Ford Oiling System

In the Ford Oiling System the oil is emptied through a breather pipe directly into the crank case, and all above a desired level flows into the oil cup, or reservoir, formed by the flywheel housing. The flywheel revolving in this oil carries it to oil wells on the sides of the transmission cover, from which it flows forward to the cylinders, maintaining the desired level. The connecting rods dip into this oil every revolution, amply lubricating the cylinder walls, while the splash feeds oil to the crank shaft, cam shaft and bearings. With this system, all parts of the transmission operate in oil. The owner of a **Ford Model T** simply pours his oil into the breather pipe and that ends it. He has no trouble and can rest assured that his car is thoroughly and continually lubricated. Thorough, reliable lubrication has much to do with the durability of a car.

Simplicity in Operation

Still another feature which helps to account for the universal popularity of the **Ford Model T** Cars is found in the simplicity of operation and control. Henry Ford thought this all out when he was designing the **Ford Model T.** Control on the left. This is a matter of great convenience. The law demands that in passing a vehicle from an opposite direction you must turn to the right. The drive being on the left in the Ford, there is no danger of a collision. The law says, drive up to the right of the curb. With the Ford and its left drive, the passengers alight directly from the car to the curb, both from the front and rear seats.

Again, thanks to Planetary Transmission, the hands are free on the steering wheel. The speed may be regulated by the feet. Consider this on congested streets, in making sharp turns or in crossing railroad tracks. Consider the safety of this control as well as its simplicity.



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Ford Model T Touring Car

4 Cylinders
5 Passengers

Ford Ford Ford

Ford Model T—the Car sold without "Extras"

The Easy Riding Ford

It is equally well understood that a car so simple in design as **Ford Model T** and so flexible in its construction—by reason of brains and Vanadium steel—will not only be comparatively very inexpensive to operate, but an easy car to ride in. The reciprocal or moving parts of the **Ford Model T** being free of weight and strain, and the spring construction and suspension being so flexible, the shocks of rough roads are absorbed before they reach the car.

Economy in Operation

This is quite an important subject. The purchase price of a car means quite a little sum, but it is what the car will cost to operate after you buy it that is most significant.

The Ford Model T answers this question with common sense reasons. Light weight construction, made possible by the use of Vanadium steel, moulded by the genius of Henry Ford, means more mileage for tires. Common sense tells you that the wear and tear on a tire cannot be so hard, so expensive, on a car weighing 1200 pounds as it will be on a car weighing twice that much.

Common sense will tell you that it is reasonable that **Ford Model T** should go from 20 to 25 miles on one gallon of gasoline, because of its light weight and simplicity of design.

Ford Production

There is a reason why **Ford Model T** is sold at a low price with a profit to the builder. This factor is in the magnificent factory at Detroit, the most complete and thoroughly equipped automobile factory in the world—30 acres of floor space. Here scientific skill, inventive genius and special mechanical ability operate as one unit with one end in view, namely: the production of a motor car of superior quality in such quantities that the minimum of expense in building is secured

For years the Ford Motor Company have devoted all efforts, all thought, to one model; that is, to one chassis. Different bodies, of course; the Touring Car, the Torpedo Runabout, the Open Runabout, the Roadster, with Rumble seat, the Coupé, the Town Car; but for all these there is one chassis. To simplifying in design; to eliminating dead weight; to increasing strength; to the largest possible production, that all along the line of construction economies could be interwoven, with the result that a motor car, giving pleasure and service, with economy in operation, and great durability in use, comes to the people at a price the people can pay.

Ford Financial Strength

This company has never issued any bonds, given any mortgages, or been called upon to exploit any plan for raising finances. The Ford business has grown, developed and magnified itself by and through its own earnings. It enters the markets of the world for raw materials with the extreme limit of buying power, because of its large financial strength.

This is not a boast, and we would not refer to it only that it is due to the buyers of motor cars to know that the **Ford Model T** is not only strong in the elements of design, material and mechanism, but has behind it a veritable Gibraltar of financial strength.

Ford Service for Ford Owners

More than 3,000 dealers in the United States are selling **Ford Model T** Cars. Each one of these dealers carries a full supply of Ford parts, that the Ford Owner, no matter where he may be, is certain of prompt attention. Because of the simplicity of construction, the Ford Dealer is equipped to make repairs and the Ford Owner who meets with an accident is only delayed a little while before his car is again in full service

Consider this assurance if you are going to buy a motor car. To know that you are going to have the continuous service of your car, to feel that no matter in what part of the country you may tour, you are always in touch with a Ford Dealer, and that that dealer is at your immediate service.

France Honors the Ford

In December last, the representative of the Ford Motor Company, in Paris, France, demanded a government test of the quality of materials used in the construction of **Ford Model T** Cars and the best car, made in France. The part selected for the test was the Steering Spindle Yoke. The test was for "traction" and "shock."

Here are the figures: For elastic limit of the entire piece, Ford 375 kilograms, the other car 295 kilograms; for elastic limit per square millimeter, Ford 56.0 kilograms, the other car 30.4 kilograms. In breaking the steel, Ford was 50% stronger. The figures stand: Ford 66.4, the other car 44.8.

The pieces selected were the same size, and as a still further mark of the superiority of Ford material, in the test for shock, the absorption of the Ford was 3,450 kilograms, and for the other car 3,250 kilograms.

When You Buy a Ford Model T You Buy a Whole Car—Completely Equipped

The Ford Model T comes to the purchaser fully equipped. We repeat this, and emphasize it, and reiterate it, and press upon it, because it is the businesslike way to sell a car.

The purchaser of a **Ford Model T** gets a **whole** car; there are no pieces lacking. He gets an Extension Top, he gets his Magneto built into the motor where there is no trouble, he gets his Speedometer, Automatic Brass Windshield, Gas Lamps and Generator, Oil Lamps, Horn, Tools—an equipment that many other manufacturers sell as "extras," at an expenditure of anywhere from $250 to $300.

Ask the other maker why he does not sell his car completely equipped, why he should quote a car at $1500, when in reality you find before you get his car you have to pay $1750 or $1800 or $1900. A car without full equipment is not a complete car. It is like buying a suit of clothes without the buttons, or buying a bonnet without the trimmings.

Satisfies all Demands

Ford Model T Cars are designed and built to meet the widest possible demands of all the people, for pleasure, for business, the doctor, the architect, the merchant, the manufacturer, the farmer—its uses are as unlimited as the activities of human life, and the car is just as safe in the hands of a woman, boy or girl of ordinary intelligence as in the hands of the most expert mechanician.

These are some of the reasons why every fifth car sold in this country is a Ford Model T.

These are some of the reasons why there are more than 80,000 Ford Cars in actual service today.

These are some of the reasons why there were 4,574 Ford Model T Cars produced in the Ford Factory and shipped to consumers in March, and 5,185 in April.

These are some of the reasons why the Ford Motor Company will make 30,000 Ford Model T Cars to meet the demands of 1911.

These are some of the reasons why 780 cars were ordered for foreign markets in March and April.

These are some of the reasons why John Wanamaker bought 50 of these Ford Model T Cars equipped for delivery purposes, 25 for his Philadelphia and 25 for his New York store.

These are some of the reasons why, despite competition and lower prices, the Bell Telephone Company of New York bought 65 Ford Model T Cars.

These are some of the reasons why the New York City Fire Department, despite competition, bought 10 cars for the chiefs of divisions.

Ford Model T Line

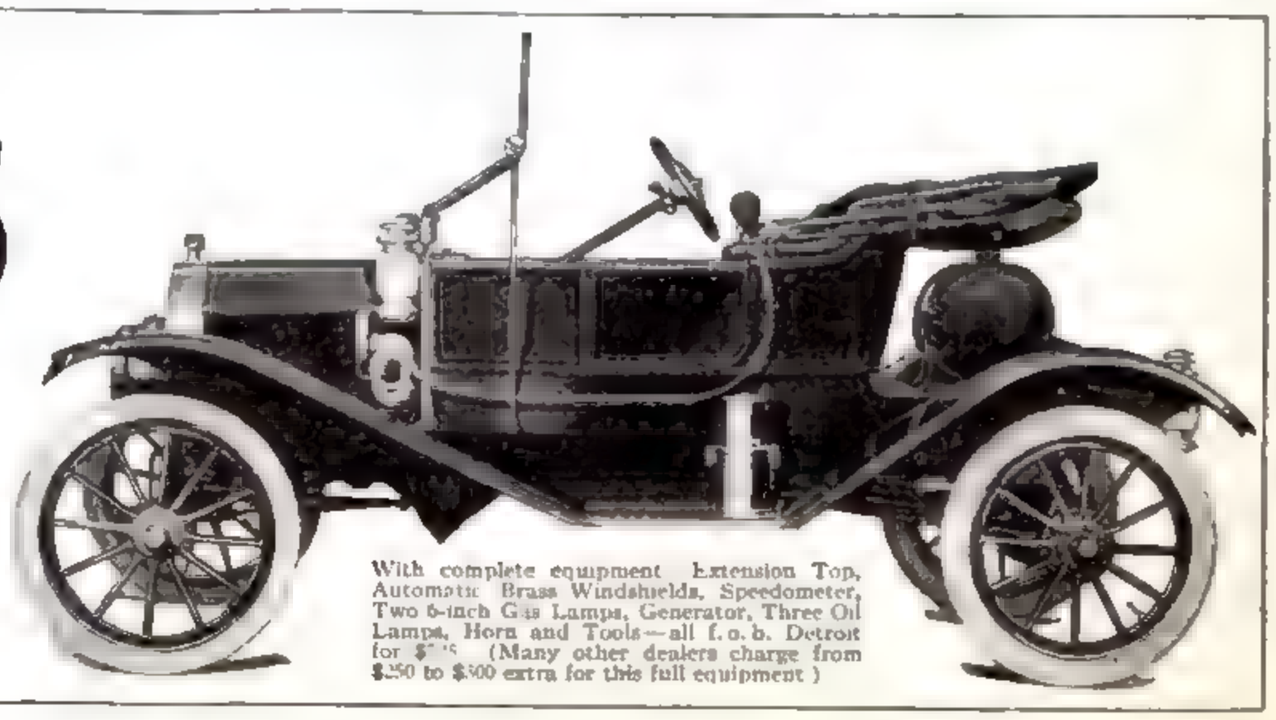
Touring Car—5 passenger	$780
Torpedo Runabout	$725
Open Runabout	$680
Roadster—with Rumble Seat	$680
Coupé Car	$840
Town Car	$960

Write for our new series of booklets, descriptive of the several features of Ford Design, Ford Construction, and Ford Usefulness. We will advise you of the Nearest Ford Dealer, and arrange that you may have a free demonstration.

FORD MOTOR CO., Detroit, Mich.

$725

Ford Model T Torpedo Runabout



With complete equipment Extension Top, Automatic Brass Windshields, Speedometer, Two 6-inch Gas Lamps, Generator, Three Oil Lamps, Horn and Tools—all f. o. b. Detroit for $7[illegible] (Many other dealers charge from $250 to $300 extra for this full equipment)

Overland

On One of the Shipping Platforms

YOU can stand in the great Overland freight yards any day in the week and watch these machines go out, carload after carload. There are two immense shipping platforms, like the one shown above. Each is crammed with moving cars from morning till night. Shipments are made just as rapidly as gangs of men can load the cars. Since the first of the year our daily shipment has averaged over seventy machines.

¶ Ever since we advised the motor-buying public to compare values before they purchased, the daily demand for Overlands has taxed our capacity. One morning we received telegraphic orders for seventy-one cars. The first mail that same morning brought rush shipping orders for two hundred more.

¶ Any one who actually investigates what we claim for the Overland is convinced of its greater value. We asked the public to make a few simple comparisons; we asked them **not** to buy until they could see their money's worth; but we **did persuade** them to compare values. The very fact that over 25,000 thoughtful Americans bought Overlands after a careful comparison of values should have some meaning to you. Simply take the specifications of the $1250 Overland and compare them item for item with the specifications of any $1500 or $1700 car on the market. This will prove to you the greater Overland value. Look up the Overland dealer in your town. Get your car in time to enjoy some of this fine Spring weather. Drop us a line today and we shall send you an Overland book.

THIS is the Model 51—$1250. A roomy five-passenger car, equipped with a powerful 4-cylinder motor—wheelbase 110 inches—tires 34 x 3½. Has the fashionable fore-doors, with shifting levers and door handles inside.

The Willys-Overland Company, 136 Central Avenue, Toledo, Ohio

COMRADES ALL—UNKNOWN

(Continued from Page 13

The old Ninety-six had wreaths of pinks and roses, but they didn't have anybody to bivouac with 'em. I didn't know the names of flowers in my boquet.

I was s'prised to see Whimsey still there, walkin' slowly around with a man who was a stranger. He had a black beard, and when they came near I could hear his voice, deep and yet soft as a girl's.

They stopped by me. "What are you doin' here?" asked Whimsey.

I told him. "Bivouackin'," I said. He could see for himself anyway.

"And you bring these to decorate?" said the stranger; I could tell now that he came from a foreign country.

I answered yes; and he looked at the boquet, which I'd dusted off and soaked a little in the fountain.

"Here are the Unknown brave, are they not? Yes," he asked and answered himself, as respectful as though speakin' of the Ninety-six and their big gun. Before Whimsey this made me glad.

The stranger took up the boquet, touchin' it in a way that did not shake the tiniest petal. "And what flowers are these?" he asked.

"They are unknown too," I told him. I was sorry my comrade could not have some splendid roses over him; but so it was.

"Unknown," the stranger said softly after me; he looked down a moment and then asked: "Would you mind if I forget, and take yet one of the unknown flowers from the unknown grave?"

"No, sir," I replied; "you may have one."

He placed it in his coat and, standin' tall and straight and soldierly, wore it like a decoration of honor.

"My friend was a great soldier in his own country," said Whimsey.

"No, no!" laughed the other.

"Why, you were decorated on the field by the emperor."

"That is long time ago; I had been nobler unknown."

"My friend is great wherever he goes," said Whimsey. "In this country he is a great surgeon."

"That is true; and is much better to be known," agreed his friend quietly.

I remembered that Laggard ached with proppin' me up in the garden those months. For some reason I felt rested when the great man talked, and lookin' far up at the flag I thought the touch of his strong fingers, which hadn't shaken a petal, would make me well.

"It is simple, and will pain you not at all," said the surgeon in a friendly way; he understood all I thought. "Mr. Whimsey has made me acquainted to you before this, you understand."

Whimsey's money was doin' it! Why wouldn't he use it for father?

"I don't mind it," I told 'em, and got up to go.

"May we go to your home and talk this to father?" asked the surgeon. Well, Whimsey would come too—and make friends, maybe, with father.

I told him I would like that, and we all went down the road together.

At home father looked up s'prised; they all talked and he was so glad to listen to 'em.

"Why, Bobs," he cried, excited and anxious, "Doctor Maurice will heal you. I have read of him; he has the great new hospital in the city.

"Ah, doctor," he went on, "you bring us our only hope; this is the luckiest accident that ever was—your comin' to my house!"

I hung back while they talked and slipped away to the shed; after a while, when Whimsey came out and beckoned, I said: "Will it take all—all your money?"

"Bless you, no!" he answered in a strange, hearty voice.

"'Cause—he, my father, needs some of yours which you can dig up anywhere; he told me so." Somehow it was hard to say, and yet I couldn't have said anything else.

"My money, my money," said Whimsey, with the old hard face and voice; "they need it."

"He would be so frien'ly to you then," I told him.

"Yes, it takes that; friends for sale," he laughed sharply. His words and way cut me like a knife. "Never mind," he said "He—your father—shall be—my friend."

We went in and he spoke a few words to father about the bank. "Understand," he finished sternly, "it must not be spoken of or others will want favors."

"It is a business matter," said father, "strictly; and I am a business man."

"Yes," agreed Mr. Whimsey; "strictly a business man. As for the operation on the boy—the surgeon saw him and was interested in the case professionally."

That night I couldn't sleep; the surgeon was comin' next day to heal me, which would put me in bed for three or four weeks. What would become of Marian's garden? And her mother would have nobody to call to!

I couldn't tell Dinah or father, who wouldn't quite understand, so I told Doctor Maurice. I could tell him anything.

"I will see that the garden is hoed; and that the lady will have a some one to call for," he promised.

When he put the cloth on my face I could see Marian laughin' over me, just as plain. I looked to see if anybody had kept her shoes shined; then I woke up.

"It is finished," said Doctor Maurice; "you will be a whole man."

Durin' the next month the doctor visited at Mr. Whimsey's, and Dinah nursed me where I was.

Dinah had wondered that Marian didn't come to see me, till I explained she'd gone visitin'. I wrote a letter, knowin' she'd be glad to hear about the surgeon and me; o' course she'll answer some day, but folks just gettin' a show are pretty busy.

I was mighty glad to be straightened out, but the friendliness of father for Mr. Whimsey made me gladder than anything else, for some reason.

"Whimsey did very well by me; now I can pull through," he told me. "Whimsey's a good business man at times and I'm his friend."

I still set up the clock and father read in books—but he didn't have to read only to forget any more. He was bright and cheerful, and one day went up to look at the hole in the plasterin'. "Some day we'll make it as good as new," he said.

The last evenin' Doctor Maurice was to be there I jumped over the wall real slow and walked up to Mr. Whimsey's place to say goodby. I took him a whole boquet of unknown flowers from the bramble patch.

As I came up to the porch I heard their voices pitched high, as if quarrelin', and it scared me. They looked around and were still a minute; then Doctor Maurice broke out:

"You boy Roberts, who always say true, tell me, what of this fellow do you think?"

He pointed his long pipe at Mr. Whimsey, who muttered and walked out quickly among the trees in the moonlight.

As the doctor followed I went, too, till we caught up. "What do you think of this fellow, Roberts; is he good or worse?"

"He's good," I answered, wonderin'.

"Hold, Whimsey! Your father says so?" He spoke to me, but his friend laughed that bitter laugh, like Marian's on the day she would rather be buried in a cemytery.

"I say so too; he is good," I answered quickly.

"Once yet you turned your head away from him."

I wasn't so 'shamed of this, because then I really didn't know Mr. Whimsey so well. I told the doctor so, and he laughed loudly.

"They all turn their heads; true. They do not know you," he cried out to Mr. Whimsey.

The other answered quietly, but in a way that troubled me: "They will not to know me; yet only the boy was honest enough to show it. I have one friend—you. The others must be paid for; the neighbor, the man, is nothing to any one. They shake hands with old Whimsey's money; they bow to his money. But the man they hate and envy."

The doctor began talkin' to the stars and moon and the bushes. "I his friend, when he speaks so! When he is now the false friend to me!" Then he stopped accusin' Whimsey in that terrible voice and turned to me. "Listen; this man helps others—it is a secret. He builds the hospital where I am the surgeon; he cares for others, even to the old nag who will some day come apart, and fights great battles for them all—in secret. He likes to hide himself, yet he is bitter when they know him not yet.

The Modern Man's Watch

Ingersoll-Trenton
$5.00 to $19.00

The Ingersoll-Trenton watch offers such accuracy as can be had in only a few of the more costly watches. It combines with this accuracy, an attractive appearance and a very low price. Its close timing is possible through the bridge-model construction of its movement—a type of construction shared only by the highest priced time-keepers.

Your jeweler will be glad to show you this modern product of efficient manufacturing methods which have created a high class timepiece at a moderate price.

Watch satisfaction is now yours for the price you know should command it.

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Everybody needs it occasionally.

Paint the little cut or scratch with *New-Skin* and the thing is done.

It dries instantly, forming a tough rubber-like, transparent film that will not come off even when you wash with soap and water.

The wound is kept under an air-tight covering, so that neither germs nor dirt can get into it.

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New-Skin is also the best remedy for burns, insect stings, hang-nails, split lips, blisters, chafed feet, chapped hands.

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New-Skin is sold in a new, easy-to-open package with a sanitary glass rod attached to the cork, instead of the brush. The stopper is covered with an aluminum screw cap that prevents evaporation and makes it possible for you to carry it around with you in your pocket or purse.

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10 DAYS FREE TRIAL

We will ship you a "RANGER" BICYCLE on approval, freight prepaid to any place in the United States *without a cent deposit in advance* and allow **ten days free trial** from the day you receive it. If it does not suit us in every way and is not all or more than we claim for it and a better bicycle than you can get anywhere else regardless of price, or if for any reason whatever you do not wish to keep it, ship it back to us at our expense for freight and you will *not be out one cent*.

LOW FACTORY PRICES We sell the highest grade bicycles direct from factory to rider at **lower prices** than any other house. We save you $10 to $25 middlemen's profit on every bicycle. Highest grade models with Puncture-Proof Tires, Imported Roller chains, pedals, etc., at prices no higher than cheap mail order bicycles, and a wide range of grade models at **unheard of low prices**.

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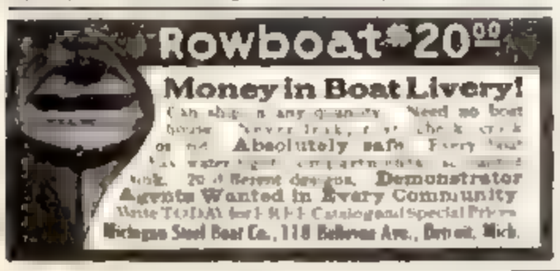

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Johnson's Wood Dye

makes inexpensive soft woods just as artistic and beautiful as hard woods. Tell us the kind of wood you will use and we will mail you *panels of those woods* artistically finished—together *with our 25c booklet*—all free and postpaid.

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Get your local dealer to fit your foot with a shoe that bears this trade-mark—and you need never suffer with shoe discomforts—of body or pocketbook.

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Smith-Wallace Shoes
CHICAGO

"So," shakin' his fist, "you are a false friend, and are not the man of your own deeds! Remember the Unknown soldiers; but you are not noble in being one."

"It is by their own kindness and not mine they should like their neighbor, doctor," Whimsey said.

I couldn't understand quite all of it yet; but becomin' afraid he was right, was ashamed in earnest of havin' turned away.

As they stood without another word, I thanked the doctor so much for all he had made me and told 'em good night.

"I shall see you again," said Doctor Maurice; "I wish to. I know you without bein' told all"; then swingin' on his heel: "You, Whimsey, I will tell somethin' which will your head bow down; and you will be ashamed to raise it." This must have been some terrible thing, and I was glad to go without hearin' it.

After that I always went to the garden wall at dusk to speak to Mr. Whimsey drivin' by. But he never stopped any more; neither did any one else come to me up the lonesome road. So soon I would go home, listenin' for the crickets which did not chirp loudly any more.

Late one Sunday afternoon I walked in the cemytery; it was very still, for a storm was gatherin' far out over the prairie and only once in a while would blaze with thunder.

Comin' to the Unknown I paced around him like a sentinel, though wishin' to lie down with my face in the ground. But even a boy might cry if he went so far, and pull up some of the grass with his fingers. So I patted the sod smooth instead, and only walked the round, thinkin' to myself.

The groves grew dark with the storm's shadow over the sun; the marbles turned gray, and only the flag was bright as a ribbon in the hair. The birds hushed, and I felt pulled down by lonesomeness.

Then out of the gray cemytery a man came toward me, and soon I saw it was Mr. Whimsey. He stood and turned his head away while speakin', as I had done before.

"I won't see you over the back wall any more," I told him, and explained that Mrs. Beadle had rented the place away to strangers.

"And your friend, Marian?" he asked me.

"She got her show; Mrs. Beadle says she ain't comin' back here again never." I noticed that my throat seemed to close against these words. I was hopin' that Mrs. Beadle wouldn't call often to Marian, for she was bound to live next door, she said.

This time Mr. Whimsey didn't laugh at me. "It's hard," he said. "Oh, I know from my own—Doctor Maurice told me about this."

"I guess I'm sorry the garden's gone and I can't do something for her any more," I told him.

"Only sorry for that!" he said, and consid'red a while.

"Did your father thank you for—for holdin' off about the operation—so he could get a share?" he asked, breakin' off now and then.

This puzzled me. "Father says you were a good business man about pullin' him through," I said.

The keeper of the cemytery had come out to look over the storm; then he hauled down the flag very slowly.

"He may take down the colors; they don't need it," said Mr. Whimsey.

He spoke in a different voice, I thought, and lookin' around I saw his face so peaceful that I could have laughed at the storm. There was not a wrinkle, or a smile either, yet I wondered that the light which had been on the flag was now over his face.

"The Unknown are great and need no flag," he explained, and smiled in earnest; "they need no captured guns or tombs."

I was glad to hear him say this, 'cause that gave my comrade a show. I risked askin' Mr. Whimsey why he'd turned his head away when speakin', for so long.

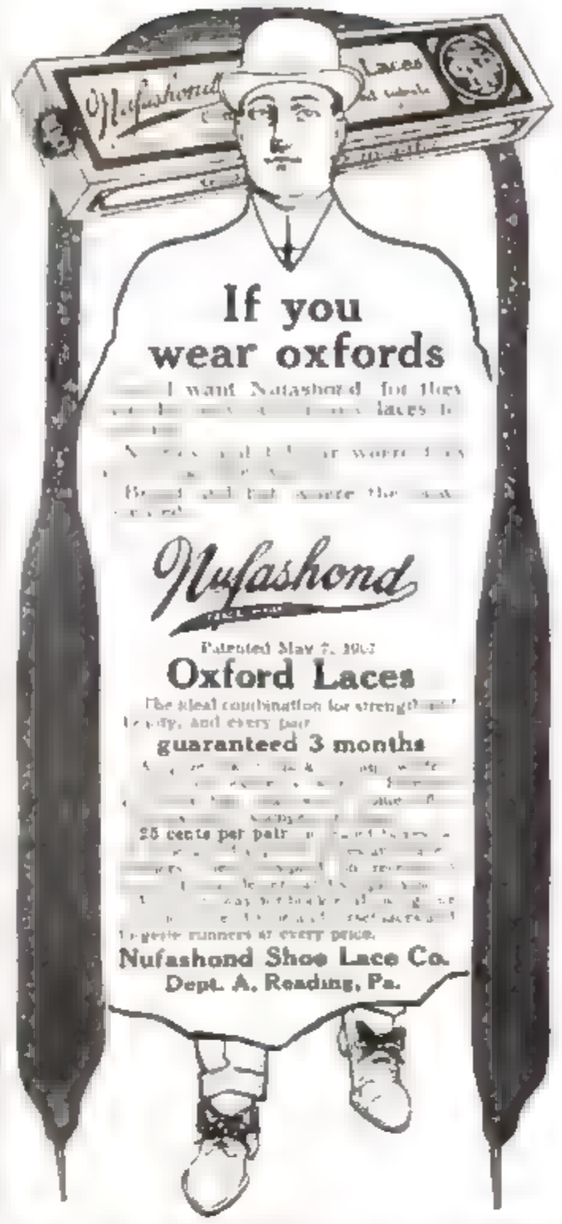
"I was 'shamed," he answered right out, and straightened like an old army man. I was puzzled again, but this time he only smiled without explainin' anything.

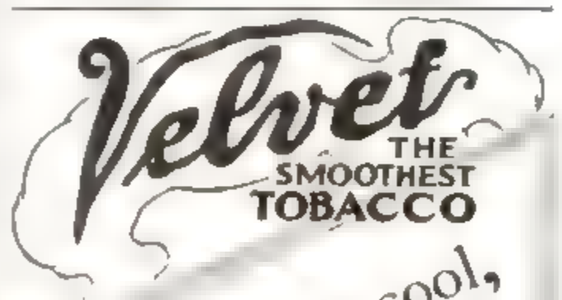
"Come, Bobs, here's the storm," he said, givin' me his hand. We heard the giant rushin' of wings, and the cry of the rain, but started away slowly, him and me keepin' step together.

"Like comrades," he said.

"Unknown?"

"Yes, Bobs; all unknown; they are the noblest."





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Another great Oliver innovation—PRINTYPE.

Some months ago, without announcement, we placed The Printype Oliver Typewriter on the market.

Its only advertising, two pamphlets and a mailing card.

Today, *one-third* of our output of Oliver Typewriters are Printypes.

It's more than a success. *It's a revolution in typewriter type!*

Printype is the most beautiful, readable, attractive, attention-compelling type ever evolved for typewriters.

We want to write you a letter on The Printype Oliver Typewriter so that you can compare Printype with the old-style outline Pica typewriter type. This object lesson will show at a glance the overwhelming advantages of Printype.

It will explain why the new type face, *without a line of advertising*, scored an instantaneous triumph.

When you receive our letter, mark the marvelous *clearness*, the surpassing *beauty* of Printype. See how it *meets the eye!* "As plain as print"—it *is* print! Contrast the perfectly shaded letters and numerals of Printype with the thin outline type. The difference is easily *100 per cent* in favor of Printype

Printype is virtually *book-type*—the type which the eye has been *trained* to grasp *quickly*.

The type which is always used by publishers—whether it be for a newspaper, a magazine or a rare book in *edition de luxe*.

The type which the crystallized experience of centuries proves best for the printed page. Yet it costs you no more than the old style.

It is not a mere coincidence that to the same typewriter company which introduced *visible writing* now falls the honor of presenting *Printype*. There's a *deeper* significance. *Think it over.*

The Singular Beauty of Printype

Printype is the very soul of *symmetry*. The shadings give *body*, *refinement*, *distinction* and *life* which are utterly lacking in the old-style thin outline letters and numerals. The completeness and perfection of Printype makes it a delight to the eye.

The Attention-Value of Printype

A letter written in Printype attracts the eye—it's *magnetic*. A Printype letter is so strikingly *attractive*, so *forceful*, so *distinctive* that one unconsciously picks it out from a mass of mail, to read *first*.

Its perfection *compels attention*. It gets "preferred position" *always*.

A large part of our sales have resulted from letters like this, sent by interested correspondents to users of the new machine:

"For goodness sake, what machine did you use to write that letter?"

The answer—*a Printype Oliver*—makes the sale.

Printype Aids Eyesight

Printype aids and rests the eyes. None of the strain on the optic nerve that sharp, thin, outline type imposes. You read a Printype letter as swiftly and easily as the page of a primer. This elimination of *effort* makes it a positive pleasure to read Printype correspondence. To the business man who signs hundreds of letters a day, Printype offers welcome relief. Ask the opinion of your oculist or optician. *He knows the value of Printype!*

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Printype makes every letter, every numeral, every character employed in the whole wide range of commercial transactions *perfectly plain*.

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Printype — OLIVER Typewriter

The Standard Visible Writer

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A Printype Test by Linotype Operators

One of the hundreds of interesting and conclusive tests preliminary to announcing *Printype* was made under our direction, by various newspaper publishers. Linotype operators of equal dexterity were pitted against each other in a speed contest. One set of operators were supplied with copy written with the *regular* typewriter face.

The opposing operators were supplied with copy written in *Printype*.

It was found that the linotype operator could increase his output *10 per cent*, setting from "Printype" copy, over copy written with the ordinary "outline" typewriter type. Think of the enormous saving of time when the many thousands of other people who daily *read* typewriting and *use* the typewriter, adopt the wonderful new type face!

17 Cents a Day
for The Printype Oliver Typewriter

Thousands of dollars have been expended in producing this wonderful typewriter type, yet you pay only the regular price of $100 for the complete machine, the new Oliver No. 5, equipped to write in Printype. You can buy The Printype Oliver on the famous 17-Cents-a-Day Purchase Plan. No matter what typewriter you are using, you can turn it in on your first payment for the new Oliver and let *pennies* complete the purchase.

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We urge upon merchants, manufacturers, publishers, financial institutions, professional men, public accountants and all who are interested in *efficiency*, the importance of investigating the new face in Typewriterdom—PRINTYPE

"Printype" Coupon

The Oliver Typewriter Company
696 Oliver Typewriter Building, Chicago

Gentlemen:
Tell me all about The Printype Oliver Typewriter. Write me a Printype letter and send the book, *"A Revolution in Typewriter Type."*

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Address

Occupation

Address Sales Department (133)

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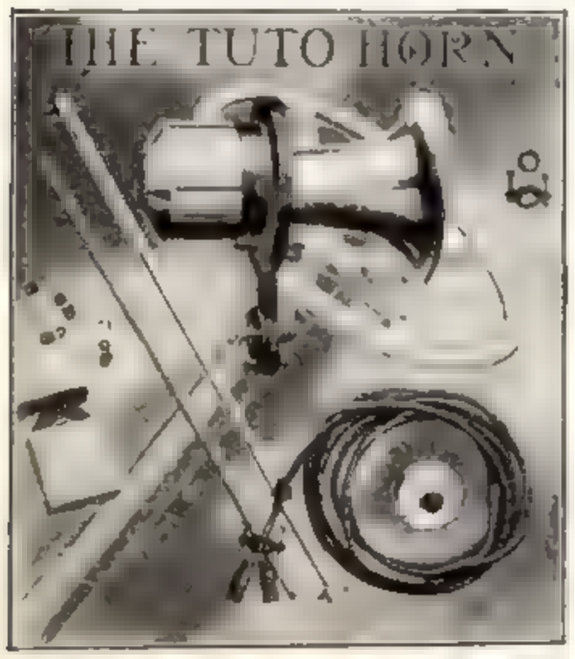

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THE GIRL IN THE SANTEE

Continued from Page 19

such provisions as we could, while mammy prepared Céleste for the sudden change of base. When we were on our way from the front door to the landing, a scurrying, overburdened procession—all firm allies now!—the slaves, having worked themselves into a vengeful fury, came marching up from the quarters to attack the house upon the other side. They entered and occupied it, as a swarm of bees may enter and occupy a new hive. A rising sound of roaring and howling followed us down the magnolia avenue. By good fortune, the dense heads of the trees concealed us for a time; and we had reached the landing to which the old Salome was moored before a new and shriller note in the din behind us announced to our fearful ears that we had been discovered.

To board the Salome, cast her loose and shove out into the middle of the canal, very narrow at that point, was a work of moments. I had even managed to make a bed of rugs for Céleste in the cabin and to lay her upon it before the first of the inflamed negroes reached the landing.

To understand the curious fight that followed, you must know that my uncle's landing was reached from open water by a tortuous and narrow canal. Unless with a free wind, it was impossible to sail so large a boat as the Salome; and she was usually rowed with sweeps or poled until the canal ended and she had searoom. On the present occasion the tide was almost out and there was no wind stirring. Even when the Salome's bottom was floated clear of the mud, the utmost that three of us, working like demons, could do was to keep an almost negligible way on her. The fourth man of our party—my uncle—stood, now and then letting go the tiller to discharge a fowling-piece at our opponents. He had our four guns on the seat beside him, and mammy, squatting in the bottom of the cockpit, loaded for him.

The slaves, shouting, cursing, swarmed along the bank, forty or fifty yards away, and kept abreast of our snail-like retreat. They had but one gun among them; and this timeworn weapon broke its mainspring before it had done us any hurt. The negroes' weapons consisted mainly of axes and agricultural tools, which were as useless under the circumstances as straws; but, now and then, runners came from the plantation house carrying bricks, and these missiles, broken in half and hurled in showers with great violence, were a source of real danger. Other missiles were provided by the men who had axes. These would fall on a grove of young saplings and chop them into short, heavy lengths for throwing; but, although all of us were hit more than once—except Mammy Mannee—none of us was hit in a vital spot.

My uncle, with his fowling-pieces, inflicted but little more damage among the negroes. A shotgun at short range is the most deadly weapon imaginable; but at forty or fifty yards, especially when loaded with small shot and in the old days of smoothbores and inferior powders, it was only dangerous to the open eye. Whenever my uncle reached for a gun, there was a ducking of heads and turning of backs that in other circumstances had been laughable. He stung our adversaries as a swarm of bees might have stung them, but he did material harm to no one.

Meanwhile Mr. Blunt, Mr. Greeg and myself pulled at the sweeps, poled, and dodged bricks and furiously whirling billets until, the tide having at last completely ebbed, we ran firmly aground and were held up for over an hour. Owing to the deep mud of the canal the negroes could not come at us and take us with a rush except in boats. And, although they had manned a number of these, they dared not bring them close because of my uncle and his shotguns in the stern of the Salome. The boatmen's friends kept urging them to an attack with the most blood-curdling exhortations, but quite fruitlessly.

And, indeed, I believe there was never so furious and noisy a battle fought with so little harm done to the participants.

XXII

AT THE point where the Salome had run aground the canal was so broad that all hostilities, except of voice and gesture, soon ceased. A little beyond, the canal opened into a baylike spread of water; and beyond this, in turn, was a main branch of the Santee River, deep and navigable. We might, therefore, laugh at our pursuers. They had shot their bolt and, drawn up along the bank in angry, gesticulating groups, resembled parties of discomfited monkeys. After a while they made off in twos and threes, intent, I suppose, on ransacking the plantation house for booty and venting their feelings, perhaps, upon the stately shell itself.

Through the fighting, Céleste had slept like a tired little child. I was kneeling beside her when she awoke; and she smiled at me so happily that I could have cried. I told her that the enemy was gone and that we were really on the way to Charleston at last—aground, it is true; but in open water and only for a little while. Indeed, while we whispered together and kissed, the Salome floated off the mudbank and I was obliged to return to my work at the sweep. One thing I had not told Céleste—that I still feared my uncle and Mr. Blunt like the very devil.

But of what treachery they were capable they gave no sign that day. That I was necessary to them in navigating the Salome was sufficient reason. And if they abused the weather, which remained breathless, I did not.

For a little while in the cool of the evening, while we rested from working the heavy sweeps, I brought Céleste on deck and introduced my uncle to her, and Mr. Blunt, and Mr. Greeg; and we chatted and made laughter together like a happy family party. My uncle, indeed, raked up the rusty French of his early youth and showed evidence in his manner and address of having at one time been a gentleman. Only Mammy Mannee sat apart, with a dour countenance, and muttered to herself or pulled at the ragged ends of her shawl to bring it more closely about her old bones.

When we anchored for supper and the night we had still some miles of river between us and the open sea. We divided the night into four watches, of which mine was to be the first. I have never endured such terrible hours. In the first place, I was physically exhausted and the temptation to sleep was almost irresistible. In the second place, I knew that, once my watch was ended, I must sooner or later fall into a log-like slumber and be at the mercy of my enemies. It was in vain that I asked God to let me stay awake and guard my beloved. It was in vain that I walked the cockpit and the narrow strips of deck. As a man may feel himself sinking in his mortal sickness, so I felt myself sinking into a death-like sleep.

Mr. Blunt had the second watch. I steeled myself to keep it with him; I attempted to open conversation, but he did not want my company—there was no talk in him. He would give me no help. And finally—my gun across my knees, my back against the cabin door and an open knife in my hand to prod myself with—I fell asleep.

The last I remember was Mr. Blunt, standing on the strip of deck between the cockpit and the rudder-post, motionless as a statue, his hands behind his back. Whether my uncle, rising slowly from where he had been resting and standing beside him, was the end of consciousness or the beginning of a dream I do not know. I heard the open knife fall from my hand and became as if I had been hit over the head with a hammer.

And then I began to dream.

It was natural enough that I should dream of my first voyage in the Salome. With the inner vision of sleep I beheld my uncle, as upon the former occasion, in the stern-sheets, his eyes balefully upon me; but in the dream he was not sitting, but standing—and he was testing the edge of a jagged piece of glass with his thumb—and he had told me to come to him. And I knew that I had to go!

Then, as before, I was sitting by Mammy Mannee; and I felt her skinny claw tighten upon my forearm. Just here a variation came. My uncle no longer stood alone. Mr. Blunt—at first shadowy and vague, then very clear—was beside him.

Then it was that, from the open sea just behind the pair of rogues—loud, clear and cheerful—there came as before the voice of my late father:

"Don't be afraid, Stephen!"

With a cry of terror my uncle half wheels, half lurches, into Mr. Blunt, loses

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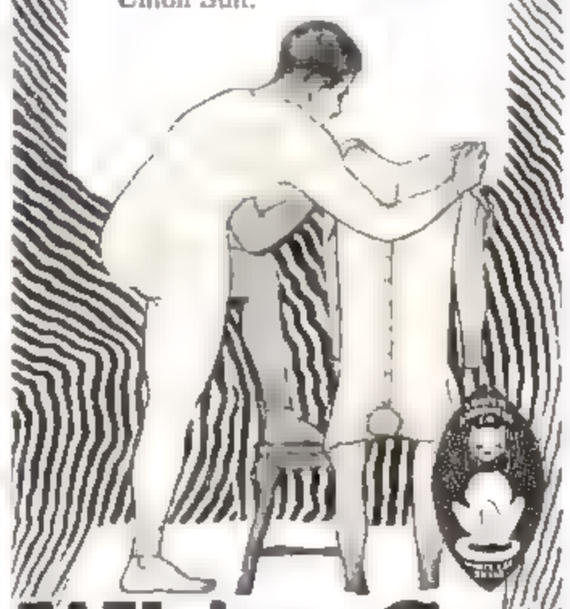

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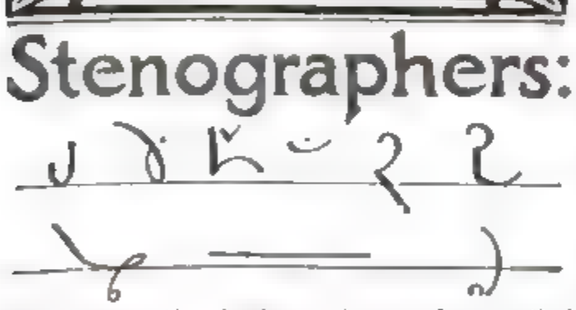

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his balance, catches at Mr. Blunt's arm. There is a short, sharp struggle by the pair of them to regain equilibrium—it looks like a deliberate wrestling match—and then, with a great splash and upleaping of white spray, over they go!

The sun in my face and a breeze over the stern awoke me. I sprang up. My first thought was of Céleste—and I found her in a sound and tranquil sleep. Mr. Greeg, too, slept where I had last seen him, along the starboard wall of the cockpit, his hat over his face. Only Mammy Mannee, bustling over the provisions, was awake. The old woman had a wonderfully gay alacrity about her and she kept humming snatches of funeral dirges.

"Mammy!" I exclaimed, "where are the others?"

For of my uncle and Mr. Blunt there was no sight or sign.

"Honeybug," said she, "dey done quar'led en th'owed deyselves inter de ribber. En don' ask me no mo', 'caze ah don' know."

Her lips shut with a snap and her eyes fairly crackled.

"I shouldn' wonder," she said, "iffen yo' uncle done heah somefin' dat upsot him."

And with that she began to laugh and to rock herself to and fro in the very acme of enjoyment.

To convince Mr. Greeg that I had had nothing to do with the mysterious disappearance of my uncle and Mr. Blunt was not difficult. My face must have still worn a look of genuine, dumfounded surprise. And he made it quite evident that he suspected Mammy Mannee of a double murder. As for her—bless you!—she laughed in his face.

"Well," said I, "at last we've a breeze, Mr. Greeg. Let's get the mainsail up and be off."

It fell to me, as the stronger, to hoist the anchor. It came stubbornly and reluctantly from the mud—and stubbornly and reluctantly up through the water. When, at last, I had dragged it to within a foot or two of the surface—I saw caught in it that which caused me to cry out and lose my hold upon the rope.

"What's wrong?" called Mr. Greeg from the tiller. "Are you hurt?"

"No," I answered. "The anchor's too much for me—or for both of us together!" And I cut the rope with my knife and left the foul great hook to lie, together with its dreadful, fish-bitten catch, in the ooze and slime of the river bottom forever.

To efface the memory of what I had seen there was but one way! I stumbled into the cabin, knelt by Céleste where she slept, lifted her two little hands and kissed them, and pressed them to my eyes.

(THE END)

Some Impetus

A PLANTER in Mississippi, who employed a large number of negroes and supplied quarters for them, had one cabin no workman would take. It had a reputation for being haunted and the planter could not get a tenant for it. He wanted the place occupied; so he went one day to Jim, one of his hands, who was celebrated as being a tough citizen.

"Jim," he said, "you don't believe in ha'nts, do you?"

"Not me," replied Jim boldly.

"Well, neither do I. Now, you know that cabin of mine these fool niggers say is haunted? Well, I'll give you five dollars if you will stay in that cabin all night tonight, just to prove there are no ghosts here."

Jim hesitated; but finally a bargain, which included a pint of whisky in addition to the five dollars, was struck, and the planter put in some straw for Jim to sleep on. At ten o'clock that night, Jim, with his Dutch courage clasped firmly to his bosom, went down to the haunted cabin to spend the night.

Next morning the planter went to see what had happened. He found the cabin door had been torn from its hinges and lay on the ground outside the cabin—and no trace of Jim. They looked for Jim for two days and then got some dogs and trailed him. On the morning of the fourth day they found Jim in a swamp, ragged, torn by brier bushes, hungry, plodding along.

"Here, Jim!" shouted the planter. "Where've you been for the last four days?"

"Boss," replied Jim earnestly, "I'a bin comin' back!"

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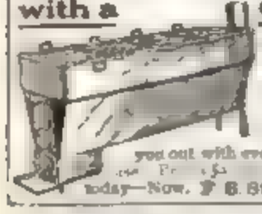

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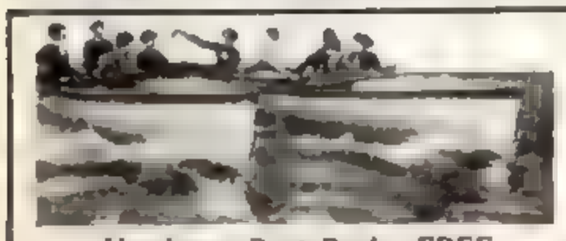

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THE BORDER LAND OF THE LAW

Concluded from Page 11)

Now the courts are called upon in every case to make a decision; they must decide one way or the other: Is the article green or is it blue? Is the man sane or is he insane? The courts cannot escape a decision. The trial judge must take one side or the other; and it is often so close that a little difference in the point of view, a little difference in mental structure, a little difference in education, a little difference in habits of mind, may cause the appellate judge to come to a different conclusion.

This zone of doubtful cases is so large, and it is so important for us to realize the innumerable difficulties that transactions coming from it bring to the courts, that one is moved to multiply illustrations. Now, strangely, illustrations from the realm of caricature often present a great truth in a more striking aspect than those taken from any other source.

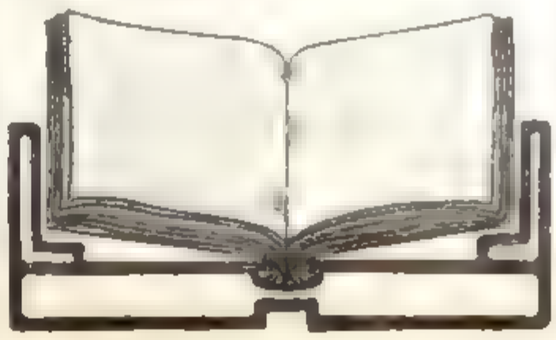
For instance, suppose it were important for the Government to divide all sounds into two great classifications—namely, those that should be considered musical sounds and those that should not be so considered—to run a line between noise and music sound. And suppose a system of tribunals should be established—corresponding with the courts—for this purpose. One can readily see how, usually, there would be no difficulty in deciding between those sounds that were musical and those that were not; and one can as readily see that, at the border line between noise and music, innumerable cases would arise with which these tribunals would have no end of trouble and upon which one member would differ from another. There would be appeals, reversals and delays; and though every judge and every tribunal might be laboring conscientiously, nevertheless one would differ from another, and one tribunal would reverse another, and every case would present a large factor of uncertainty.

Or suppose it were important for the Government to divide all flowers into two great classes—namely, those having odor and those having no odor. Here, again, Nature has drawn no distinct dividing line; and when a government should undertake arbitrarily to run such a line there would arise, along that border, a multitude of cases so difficult that human ingenuity would be taxed to the utmost.

Criticism of the Courts

Now the administration of justice is attended with difficulties no less than these. There is no clearly marked dividing line between right and wrong, as there is none between blue and green, as there is none between sane and insane, as there is none between sounds that constitute music and those that do not, as there is none between flowers that have odor and flowers that have no odor. In order to have a system of justice at all, it has been necessary arbitrarily to run such a dividing line. And because, on the whole, men are of the opinion that it is better for the vicious to go unpunished for perpetrating a wrong than it is for the innocent to be punished for that which they do not intend as a wrong, this line has been run conservatively. Consequently there necessarily lies beyond the law a land of wrongs that it does not enter; and consequently it is possible for unscrupulous and skillful persons to accomplish injuries and, at the same time, remain within that province which is beyond the border land of the law.

We ought to realize the difficulties that cases along this border land of the law impose upon the courts; we ought to appreciate that justice upon these cases cannot be accomplished except at the cost of extreme difficulty; and we ought to regard this labor of the courts with sympathy rather than with criticism.



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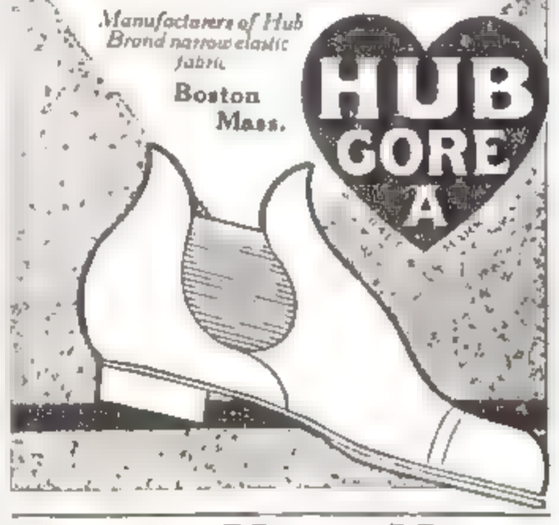

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Delivered prices on request.

Sold by dealers
Write for Booklet P 2

THE SAFE-CABINET COMPANY

Sales Dept. 90 Perin Bldg., Cincinnati

Newest Summer Hat

$2

Shepherd's Plaid Alpine

and other cloth Alpines

[illegible] If you don't like the hat [illegible] Shepherd's Plaid. Dark Gray Striped, Light Gray Striped

We'll make your old panama like new for $2.00. Write for Style Book and Panama Folder (Free).

FRENCH POCKET HAT CO., 38 S. 8th St., Philadelphia

Cedar Chest Direct from Factory

On 15 Days' Trial Freight Prepaid to Your Home

This [illegible] Very roomy. Protects furs and cloth[ing] against moths. No camphor required. Is dust and damp proof [illegible] Combines beauty [illegible] Shows many other styles and prices.

Piedmont Red Cedar Chest Co., Dept. O, Statesville, N. C.

The Reo is "All There"

You can do it with a REO

REO

Whatever test you apply to the Reo, you find it "all there." It has all the qualities you want in a motor-car.

Hill-Climbing

You want a car that will take grades without much let-up of speed, and the best test of that is mountain-climbing.

The Reo (the same car, by the way, that went from New York to San Francisco in 10½ days) climbed to the top of Mt. Hamilton in California—a distance of 24½ miles—in 65 minutes, beating the former world's record by 10 minutes.

Racing

You may not want to go over sandy roads at 52 miles an hour; but you do want a car with the power and ability that this speed implies.

On October 15, 1910, the Reo raced over a very sandy 50-mile road with a higher-priced car well-known for its racing record and beat it by more than 10 miles. Reo time, 57 minutes 43 seconds.

Endurance and Reliability

You don't want to turn your pleasure jaunts into tests of endurance; but you want proof that your car will stand more strain than you will ever put it to.

In the New York to Atlanta run of 1910, the Reo finished in perfect condition and challenged every other car, regardless of price, to a technical examination. There were no "takers."

In August, 1910, the Reo went from New York to San Francisco in 10 days 15 hours 13 minutes, without a wrench being touched to its engine.

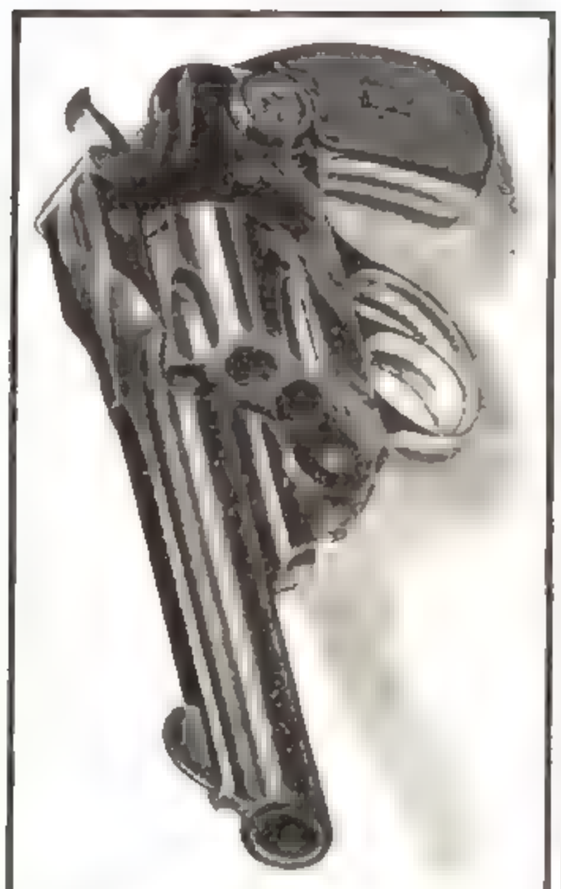
Comfort

Apply that test yourself. Get the nearest Reo dealer to take you out in a Reo over any kind of road you choose.

Send for Catalogue and
"Coast to Coast in Ten Days"

R M Owen & Company Lansing Mich General Sales Agents for Reo Motor Car Company

Canadian Factory St Catharines Ontario



POSITIVE double cylinder lock, holding the barrel and chamber in absolute alignment; a full equipment of permanent tension wire springs, drawn tempered; forged or hammer refined steel in all working parts; and most important of all, a safety firing device which, but for our patents, would be in every revolver in the world—these essential features, which are carefully explained in our catalog (mailed free), are peculiar to the

IVER JOHNSON
Safety Automatic **REVOLVER**

Iver Johnson's Arms & Cycle Works
147 River Street
Fitchburg, Mass.

A DAINTY SHAPE

No 56 Knots are fine and bristles medium soft. Fits a small mouth. A perfect cleanser of the teeth. Price 35c.

Brisco Kleanwell

THE BRUSH THAT HOLDS ITS BRISTLES

Any man or woman can find the brush that suits among the *ten* Brisco-Kleanwell shapes. Make your selection from our sample case at your dealer's.

Sold in a Sealed Box

Make your little girl a present of a Dolly's Kleanwell — a tiny toothbrush. Sent on receipt of 4 cents.

Brisco HAIR BRUSHES

Penetrate to the scalp. The finest of imported brushes. Made in all styles, woods and prices.

ALFRED H. SMITH CO., 38 W. 33d St., New York

Hotel Earle 103 Waverly Place New York City

Homelike hotel for families or for women unescorted. Rooms with private bath $2.00, with meals $3.00. Sightseeing arrangements made.
Send for booklet A. DAVID H. KNOTT, Prop.

A LINK IN THE CHAIN

Continued from Page 17

"Exactly. But I can't sell at one price here and another down there. You know we don't do business that way. It means that while the experiment lasts I'll have to shave profits down to a hairbreadth figure."

Morgan took his pipe from his mouth.

"I can feel it coming," he said. "Break it to me gently, Bill. You want to make a temporary cut in my pay."

"That's it," Bill admitted. "You're in this, too, and we've got to trim the ship. I'm going to live on fifty a month while it lasts. My wife and I agreed on it last night."

"Just cut mine in two," said Morgan calmly. "No use going at it half-heartedly. I can get along on that all right."

Bill held out his hand.

"You're all right, Morgan," he said shortly. "I don't think it will last long. As for George, his pay is so small now that a deep cut would wipe it out altogether. I'll reduce him ten dollars a month; but tell him that if he gets hungry we'll throw in a can of beans or so."

The next day Bill took the train at Orangewood and went to the neighboring city. He returned under his own power, having purchased a small automobile truck capable of carrying half a ton at fair speed.

"She's not built for joy-riding," he told Morgan, when he had drawn up to the platform and stretched his aching limbs. "I'd hate to run her across the continent; but she can buzz along with a good cargo. I picked up a copy of the Orangewood News as I came through. Look at this."

He opened to the second page and put his finger on a prominent advertisement headed:

WM. H. KELLAR
THE PURE-FOOD MAN OF PORTOLA
HE DELIVERS THE GOODS

Below was a list of prices on staple merchandise. No one but a man whose life had been spent in handling groceries could have understood the awe with which Morgan read them. In each case the actual wholesale cost had been put down without even allowance for the freight. Following this was a brief statement to the effect that deliveries at these prices would be made to Orangewood customers every day.

"Twenty-four pounds of sugar for a dollar!" exclaimed the clerk. "Poor old sugar! Whenever a grocer gets mad at the other fellow, or pounds his thumb with a hammer, or has any kind of hard luck at all, he starts right in to see how much sugar he can give away. I worked for a fellow once who suddenly became the father of triplets, and he donated five or six tons to the public before we could stop him. You're crazy, Bill. This is going too far."

Bill laughed and went into the store. All the rest of the day he and his force were busy answering telephone calls from Orangewood. At closing time Bill added up the orders.

"One hundred and fifteen dollars," he reported. "Not bad for a starter, eh?"

"Maybe not," said his clerk; "but I can't help feeling that the more we sell the quicker we'll bust. I'm with you to the finish, Bill; but don't expect me to be happy about it."

"Don't worry," his employer laughed. "These prices are only for the opening week; afterward we'll make expenses. I'm out to create an impression. The harder we hit the shorter it will last, provided it works at all."

"Why don't you knock the trust in your advertisements?" asked Morgan. "Tell the people about their methods. Tell 'em that, once in control, they'll hold up the public for fair. They'll believe you."

"It wouldn't work," said Bill shortly. "It never does work to roast a rival in print. You arouse sympathy for him and suspicion of yourself. Anyhow, we couldn't very well jump on their methods just as we boldly adopt them for ourselves. We'll leave their name out of it and rely on figures."

On this plan the campaign proceeded. Bill's figures were attractive. After the preliminary list of spectacular cuts he worked out the exact operating expenses of the store—now greatly reduced—and priced his goods to earn just this amount, with no additional profit. Sometimes he drove the knife deep into one popular item and made up the loss on others. Every day the truck went down to the neighboring town loaded to its capacity. There the goods were distributed to the star customers of the U. G. S. store—the star customers, because Bill, going into a territory where he did not personally know his patrons, did only a cash business. As his advertising, spread forth every day in the morning paper, was of a kind calculated to make people with cash sit up and notice the place where some philanthropist was offering a marvelous return for their money, the truck brought back each day a well-filled canvas sack.

On his regular trade, too, the effect was good. Those customers who had dealt with him previously in a half-hearted way, grumbling because the distance to town was prohibitive, could not help feeling a certain pride that their storekeeper could successfully invade the territory that they had always regarded as the center of things. Also, Bill stuck to his idea that they were entitled to the bargains he was offering elsewhere—a belief that naturally was received with enthusiasm.

Toward the end of the third week Mr. Turner came to the store. He walked back to Bill's desk and stood there a moment, with a smile full of meaning on his lips, not unlike that of an elderly gentleman who has caught the boy with the snowballs.

"Well," he finally remarked, "you have been doing it, haven't you?"

"What?"

"Playing the dickens generally. See here, Mr. Kellar, what good will it do you anyway to lose a lot of money at Orangewood?"

"It might be a good way to let you know what kind of a man you're jumping on! But as a fact, Mr. Turner, I'm not losing any money. Much to my own surprise, I find that I make more every week than I planned."

Mr. Turner laughed.

"Tell that to some one who doesn't know the price of groceries," he said pleasantly.

Bill slid the book on which he had been working across the desk.

"Take all the time you want," he offered, "and examine the accounts. I only want fifty a month for myself, and I'm averaging twice that amount."

"Why fifty?" asked Mr. Turner.

Bill explained the theory on which he was working—explained it in detail, because he wanted the fact to sink deep into his visitor's mind that he would live on fifty dollars a month all the rest of his life rather than give up his independence.

Mr. Turner walked up and down the little office examining the account book. Suddenly he turned.

"It was a good scheme, Kellar," he said briskly—"well planned and well carried out. I like you for it. You have caused me some trouble. I won't deny that I didn't want to run down here to straighten this out. But it convinces me that you have too good a head on your shoulders to putter around here all your life. Go in with us now; stop this foolish, money-losing fight and go in with us. The opportunities for advancement are great; you can't fail to do better in every way than you are doing now."

Bill shook his head wearily.

"You don't seem to get the point. I want to do my own advancing, not to wait until your directors happen to feel like handing me a bigger job. They might overlook me—and that's a thing my present boss never will do!"

There was a tap on the door. Bill glanced up, saw his wife through the glass and went to let her in.

"Just a minute ——" she began, but Bill interrupted.

"Come in for a second. I want to introduce Mr. Turner. You have heard me speak of him. My wife, Mr. Turner."

Bessie held out her hand with a smile of greeting. She was wearing a trim, well-fitting morning dress of a bright color that matched her cheeks. She had on an apron and a sunbonnet with long strings hanging over her shoulders. As she stood holding the ends of these and smiling pleasantly at their common enemy, the knowledge of how much she meant to him came over Bill with a rush; and with it came the thought of how deeply she loved their home and of how fiercely he would fight to keep it for her in the way she wanted.

If Your Advertising Booklet Doesn't "Pull"

you need CAMEO, and if it does "pull," CAMEO will make it more effective.

The reason is that CAMEO lends a charm and distinction of its own to good typography and engravings.

CAMEO is an absolutely lusterless, coated paper which enriches illustrations, deepens half-tones, dignifies type.

CAMEO PAPER

White or Sepia—for Printed Matter

There is no reflection of light, no glare from CAMEO. Therefore, it pleases the eye. Next, its marvelous, velvety surface gives a photogravure effect to common half-tones. A double-tone ink, brown or green, on Sepia CAMEO, gives the richest effect possible with one-impression printing.

Our Specimen Book is Yours for the asking. It should be in the hands of every man who has to do with printing.

S. D. WARREN & COMPANY
Manufacturers of the Best In Staple Lines of Coated and Uncoated Book Papers
162 Devonshire Street Boston, Mass.

Save Your Wife
From the Drudgery of Ironing

The Imperial Self-Heating Flat Iron
Does The Work in Half the Time

Better and cheaper than gas or electricity. The Imperial Self Heating Flat Iron is hot all the time, [illegible] hours for one cent. Safe, cleanly, odorless. Use indoors or out, at home or traveling. Always ready. Light, beautiful. Guaranteed absolutely. Costs little. **Pays for itself in 3 months.**

Sent FREE Illustrated booklet, "Ironing Comfort" and 10-Day **FREE Trial Offer.** Write today

Imperial Brass Manufacturing Co.
Dept. 25, 440-450 S. Jefferson Street, Chicago

GLIMPSES OF NATURE
Free Booklet, beautifully illustrated in natural colors, to all lovers of Birds, Flowers, and Nature [illegible]
Chas. E. Reed, 1 16 Chadwick Bldg., Worcester, Mass.

Faultless
SINCE 1876
NIGHT SHIRTS and PAJAMAS
For Lounging Luxury, Doze-Time Comfort, and More Restful Sleep
"FAULTLESS" NIGHT-WEAR
This Trade-Mark identifies "Faultless" Nightwear, fully guaranteed, which has been favorably familiar to the public for more than thirty years. Ask your haberdasher.
Trade Mark
"FAULTLESS" DAY SHIRTS
are our response to a demand from those who, knowing our Nightwear, desire a Day Shirt of equal superiority. This is the label—
"Faultless" day shirt
The "Day Shirt Book" With Illustrated Details Sent Free
E. ROSENFELD & CO.

Boston Garter
Velvet Grip
CORD
NEEDRAW
PAD
is highest grade—not only fits the leg, but will wear well in every part—the clasp stays securely in place until you release it.
See that Boston Garter is stamped on the clasp
Boston Garters
Sample Pair Cotton 25c Silk 50c
Mailed on receipt of price
George Frost Co., Makers
Boston, U. S. A.

STATE MAPS
WITH 1910 CENSUS
and details about postal and shipping facilities in all cities, villages and hamlets, together with hotel guide. These new maps are printed in eight colors, showing all interurban electric and steam railroads, government homes, etc.
Any State in pocket form, 10 cents at booksellers', stationers' and news-dealers' or mailed by the publishers
C. S. HAMMOND & CO.
142 Fulton Street New York

"My wife," he said, "agrees with me that we will be happier in our own business."

Mr. Turner laughed.

"Well," he said, "I give it up. You are too impractical to argue with further." He went to the door, paused a moment and came back.

"Stop the Orangewood deliveries," he said curtly.

Bill took a deep breath.

"What do you mean?" Bill asked.

"I mean that if you want to be the merchant prince of Portola as earnestly as your firmness indicates you must not stir up a conflict with a powerful rival." Suddenly he changed—became again the pleasant, friendly man of large affairs. "I am afraid," he went on, turning to Bessie, "that we have caused your husband some unnecessary trouble. Naturally he regards this place as the most important in the state. Now, if he does not care to sell his business, we do not particularly need Portola. After looking things over we decided that the town was too small for a second store."

Bill took another deep breath.

"And if I quit you will leave me in peace?" Bill demanded.

"Certainly." Mr. Turner's smile was friendliness itself.

"All right," said Bill shortly. "I'll have to finish the week, as I promised in the advertising, but that will end it."

Mr. Turner concluded the agreement by a mere nod, as though the matter were of too slight importance to occasion further speech. He talked pleasantly of other subjects for a few moments, and left with hearty wishes for Bill's continued success.

When he had gone Bessie turned to her husband in astonishment.

"How in the world could you have misunderstood him?" she asked. "To think that all this was unnecessary!"

Bill put his hand over hers as it lay on the desk. Then he looked up, grinned, and winked impressively.

"My dear," he said, "never believe all that you hear between business men. Turner is a nice, fat, agreeable, courteous liar! Don't you ever have a regret that you originated the idea of handing him a big, hearty bluff."

Fearsome Weapons

ALTHOUGH the notion that the porcupine defends itself by shooting its quills to a distance—like arrows—was long ago exploded, few persons know how really dangerous and even fatal quite commonly are these same curious weapons with which one of the oddest of all the mammals is provided by Nature.

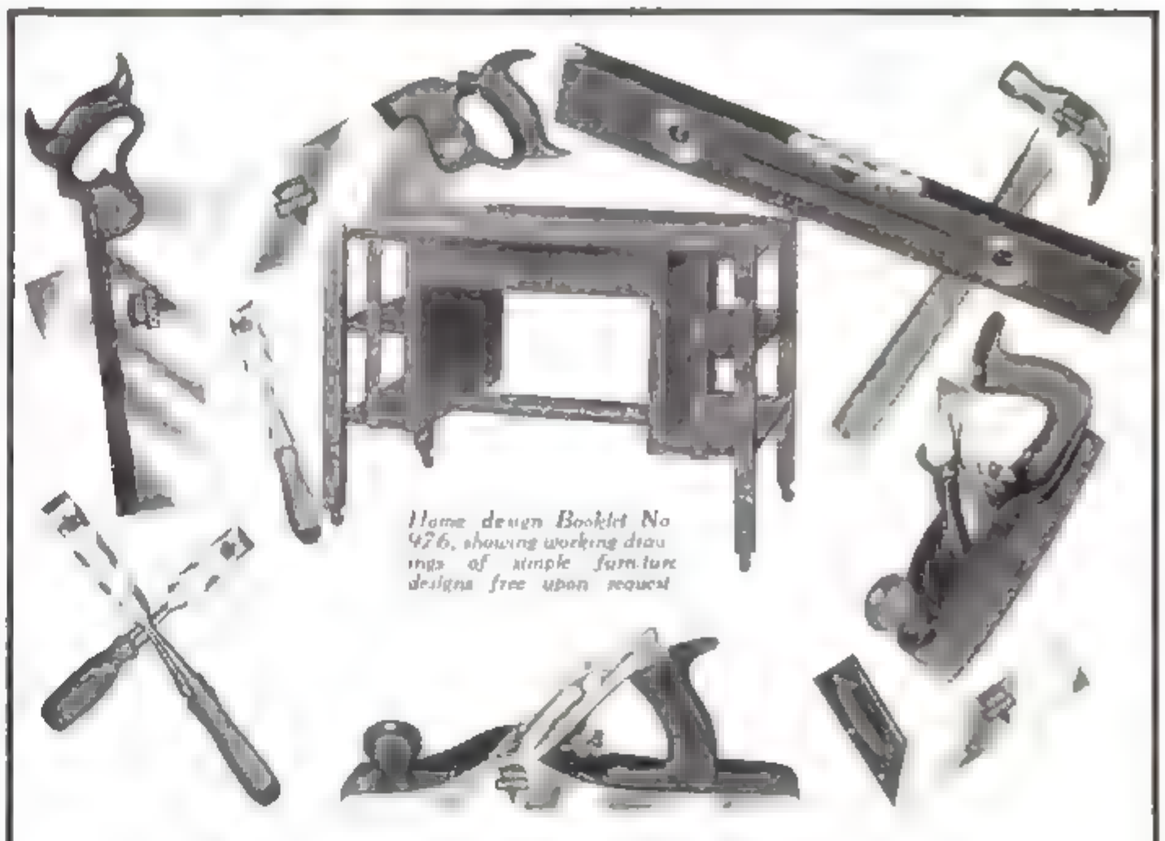
Anybody who takes the trouble to examine a dead porcupine will be surprised to find how slight is the attachment of the quills to the skin on the creature's back. They come away readily in the hand when a little pull is given; and this, indeed, as will presently be seen, is a very important feature of this peculiar defensive equipment—namely, the looseness and ready detachability thereof.

Though the porcupine is not able to throw its quills, it can inflict most deadly damage upon an adversary by the merest contact. It is a creature native to mountainous parts of the United States in northern latitudes and the foes it has to fear are chiefly bears, big cats and other such formidable carnivora.

Each individual quill borne by the porcupine—naturalists say that they are modified hairs—is not only sharp as a needle at the point but formidably barbed. On this account, if one of them is stuck by chance into the flesh of a human being it cannot be withdrawn, but must be cut out—the only alternative being to push the quill clear through and pull it out on the other side if the wounded part be an arm or a leg.

Unfortunately a bear or a lynx has no surgical resort in an event of the kind; and consequently, if it carries off half a dozen quills in its hide as a memorial of an encounter with a porcupine, trouble soon follows.

With every movement of the animal the quills make their way into the flesh more deeply. If one of them happens in its progress to strike a bone it will turn up along the latter and pursue its course remorselessly. Eventually the quills may work their way out, but the chances are greater that they will reach a vital part and, after inflicting prolonged suffering, cause the death of the victim.



Home Carpentry a Pastime

Every man likes to work with good, sharp, well-adjusted tools, in fact, the home-workshop is becoming the hobby and pastime of many a business man, who seeks relaxation and exercise outside of office hours.

It is easy to reproduce the simple mission models of furniture with a good kit of tools, to say nothing of the shelves,—screens, closets, cupboards, coal-bins, and other improvements to the house that you can make.

KEEN KUTTER
Quality Tools

are the safest tools for the novice to buy and the choice of the expert. Every piece is guaranteed not only to be perfect in quality, but to do satisfactory work or money refunded.

Such a guarantee has never been given in any other complete line of tools and is possible because of the thorough tests given each tool before it leaves the factory.

The Keen Kutter name and guarantee covers, besides Tools of all kinds, Farm and Garden Tools, Pocket Knives, Razors, Safety Razors, Table Cutlery, Scissors and Shears.

Sold for over Forty Years under this well-known motto:

"The Recollection of Quality Remains Long After the Price is Forgotten."
Trade Mark Registered —E. C. SIMMONS

If not at your dealer's write us.

SIMMONS HARDWARE COMPANY, Inc.
St. Louis and New York, U. S. A.

TRADE MARK

"Porosknit"

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

FA... PAT. DEC...

UNION SUITS ... ALL STYLES FOR MEN AND BOYS

If it hasn't this Label it is not "Porosknit"

Cooling Summer Underwear for Hot Summer Days

Wear "Porosknit" this summer and you'll know what real underwear comfort means.

Close-woven underwear must be stretched over the body until it is thin. That makes it tight, sticky and uncomfortable.

"Porosknit" gives you a comfortable lightness that is neither tight nor clumsy.

"Porosknit" is absorbent and ventilated. It lets air cool your body. It is elastic and gives freedom to every movement.

Whether you wear "Porosknit" Two-piece Suits or "Porosknit" Union Suits, you are *certain* of ending your underwear problem. "Porosknit" gives you every desirable underwear feature in one sum-total of perfection. Buy some today. Look for the "Porosknit" label.

50c FOR MEN (All Styles Shirts and Drawers per garment) **FOR BOYS 25c**

Men's Union Suits, $1.00 (Any Style) **Boys' Union Suits, 50c**

On sale in nearly every store you pass

Write us for Illustrated Booklet showing all styles

CHALMERS KNITTING CO. 1 Washington Street AMSTERDAM, N. Y.

SIMONDS SAWS

WHEN you need a saw, you need it badly—but you never need a bad one. A good saw will serve you a dozen years (probably a score) and so costs a bit over a cent a month. It is worth that, *even if you never use it*, in satisfaction at being ready when the need comes—just as you carry insurance against the fire which you hope will never happen.

But you will use it much oftener than you expect, because just having a saw in your closet constantly suggests home-betterment work. The house with a saw in it is always better kept, has neater fences, side-walks, shelves, doors and furniture than the saw-less house.

When you buy a saw, you will do yourself a favor by getting one of the

Simonds Saws

(Pronounced Si-monds)

A handy thing to have about the house

We have been making saws for many years and we make them right. For instance, we couldn't find a steel that was uniformly good enough for our work. Accordingly, we make our own steel—Simonds steel, which is in a class by itself for saw making. Another point on which we have worked out marked improvements is the "hang" of the saw. Simonds Saws work easily, because the point at which the force is applied to the blade is right, because the handle is shaped and placed so that all the force goes into the blade without cross-leverage or tilting. Because the Simonds Saw hangs well, it cuts easily, and because it cuts easily it is easy to guide in a straight, true line.

These are only parts of the story, but they typify the care given to every detail of Simonds Saws.

Send for "Guide Book for Carpenters"—FREE—
It tells how to sharpen and care for a saw.

We manufacture disks and other flat steel specialties, either black or ground and polished, shaped or die-stamped, as required, for industrial purposes.

SIMONDS MFG. CO., Fitchburg, Mass.

Chicago Portland (Oregon) San Francisco New Orleans New York Seattle

SIMONDS MFG. CO. Fitchburg, Mass.

THE GLORY OF CLEMENTINA

Continued from Page 5

didn't know what painter to go to, so they consulted me. My uncle had introduced me as an artist, you know, and they looked on me as a sort of young prophet. I asked them how much they were prepared to give. They said about five hundred pounds—they evidently have a lot of money to throw about; one of them, all over gold chains and rings, seemed to perspire money, looked like a bucketshop keeper. I think it's he who is presenting the society with the portrait. Anyway, that's about your figure; so I said there was only one person to paint my uncle and that was Clementina Wing. It struck them as a brilliant idea; and the end of it was that they told my uncle and requested me to sound you on the matter. I've sounded."

She looked at his confident, boyish face and uttered a grim sound, halfway between a laugh and a sniff, which was her nearest approach to exhibition of mirth and might have betokened amusement or pity or contempt, or any two of these taken together, or the three combined. Then she turned away and, screwing up her eyes, looked out for a few moments into the back garden.

"Did you ever hear of a barber refusing to shave a man because he didn't like the shape of his whiskers?"

"Only one," said Tommy; "and he cut the man's throat from ear to ear with the razor."

He laughed loud at his own jest and, going up to the window where Clementina stood with her back to him, laid a hand on her shoulder.

"That means you'll do it?"

"Guineas, not pounds," said Clementina, facing him. "Five hundred guineas. I couldn't endure Ephraim Quixtus for less."

"Leave it to me, I'll fix it up. So-long." He ran up the spiral staircase in high good humor. On the gallery he paused and leaned over the balustrade.

"I say, Clementina, if the ugly young man calls today for that pretty Miss Etta, and you want any murdering done, send for me."

She looked up at him smiling down upon her, gay and handsome, so rich in his springtide—and she obeyed a sudden impulse.

"Come down, Tommy."

When he had descended she unhooked from the wall over the fireplace a Della Robbia plaque—a child's white head against a background of yellow and blue, a cherished possession—and thrust it into Tommy's arms. He stared at her, but clutched the precious thing tight for fear of dropping it.

"Take it. You can give it as a wedding present to your wife when you have one. I want you to have it."

He stammered, overwhelmed by her magnificent and unprecedented generosity. He could not accept the plaque. It was too priceless a gift.

"That's why I give it to you, you silly young idiot," she cried impatiently. "Do you think I'd give you a pair of embroidered braces or a hymnbook? Take it and go."

What Tommy did then, nine hundred and ninety-nine young men out of a thousand would not have done. He held out his hand. "Rubbish!" said Clementina: but she held out hers. He gripped it, swung her to him and gave her a good, full, sounding, honest kiss. Then, holding the thing of beauty against his heart, he leaped up the stairs and disappeared through the doorway with an exultant "Goodby!"

A dark flush rose on the kissed spot on Clementina's cheek. Softness crept into her hard eyes. She looked at the vacant place on the wall where the cherished thing of beauty had hung. By some queer optical illusion it appeared even brighter than before.

Tommy, being a young man of energy and enthusiasm, with modern notions as to the reckoning of time, rushed the anthropologists, who were accustomed to reckon time by epochs instead of minutes, off their leisurely feet. His uncle had said words of protest at this indecent haste: "My dear Tommy, if you were more of a reflective human being and less of a whirlwind, it would frequently add to your peace and comfort." But Tommy triumphed. Within a very short period everything was settled, the formal letters had been exchanged, and Ephraim Quixtus found himself paying a visit in a new character to Clementina Wing.

She received him in her prim little drawing room—as prim and old-maidish as Romney Place itself—a striking contrast to the chaotically equipped studio which, as Tommy declared, resembled nothing so much as a showroom after a bargain sale. The furniture was the stiffest of Sheraton, the innocent color engravings of Tomkins, Cipriani and Bartolozzi hung round the walls, and in a corner stood a spinning-wheel with a bunch of flax on the distaff. The room afforded Clementina perpetual grim amusement. Except when she received puzzled visitors, she rarely sat in it from one year's end to the other.

"I haven't seen you since the Deluge, Ephraim," she said, as he bent over her hand in an old-fashioned, un-English way. "How's prehistoric man getting on?"

"As well," said he gravely, "as can be expected."

Ephraim Quixtus, Ph.D., was a tall, gaunt man of forty, with a sallow complexion, raven-black hair thinning at the temples and on the crown of his head, and great, mild, china-blue eyes. A reluctant mustache gave his face a certain lack of finish. Clementina's quick eye noted it at once. She screwed up her face and watched him.

"I could make a much more presentable thing of you if you were clean shaven," she said bruskly.

"I couldn't shave off my mustache."

"Why not?"

He started in alarm.

"I think the society would prefer to have their president in the guise in which he presided over them."

"Humph!" said Clementina. She looked at him again and with a touch of irony. "Perhaps it's just as well. Sit down."

"Thank you," said Quixtus, seating himself on one of the stiff Sheraton chairs. And then courteously: "You have traveled far since we last met, Clementina. You are famous. I wonder what it feels like to be a celebrity."

She shrugged her shoulders. "In my case it feels like leading apes in hell. By the way, when did I last see you?"

"It was at poor Angela's funeral, six years ago."

"So it was," said Clementina.

There was a short silence. Angela was his dead wife and her distant relation.

"What has become of Will Hammersley?" she asked suddenly. "He has given up writing to me."

"Still in Shanghai, I think. He went out to take over the China branch of his firm just before Angela's death. It's a couple of years or more since I have heard from him."

"That's strange; he was such an intimate friend of yours," said Clementina.

"The only intimate friend I've ever had in my life. We were at school and at Cambridge together. Somehow, although I have many acquaintances and, so to speak, friends, yet I've never formed the intimacies that most men have. I suppose," he added, with a sweet smile, "it's because I'm rather a dry stick."

"You're ten years older than your age," said Clementina frankly. "You want shaking up. It's a pity Will Hammersley isn't here. He used to do you a lot of good."

"I'm glad you think so much of Hammersley," said Quixtus.

"I don't think much of most people, do I?" she said. "But Hammersley was a friend in need. He was to me, at any rate."

"Are you still fond of Sterne?" he asked. "I think you are the only woman who ever was."

She nodded. "Why do you ask?"

"I was thinking," he said, in his quiet, courtly way, "that we have many bonds of sympathy after all: Angela, Hammersley, Sterne and my scapegrace nephew, Tommy."

"Tommy is a good boy," said Clementina, "and he'll learn to paint some day."

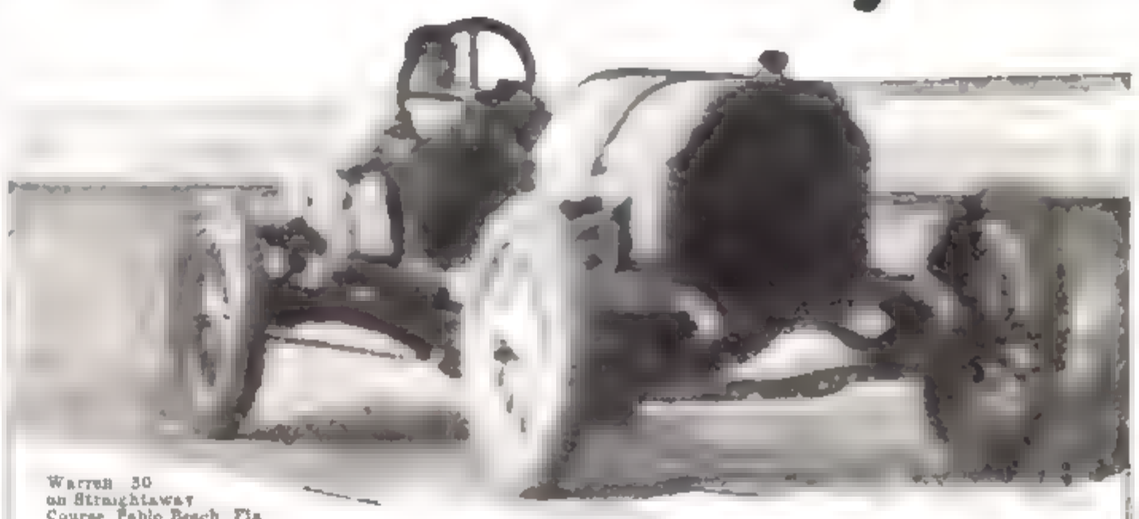
"I must thank you for your very great kindness to him."

"Bosh!" said Clementina.

"It's a great thing for a young fellow—wild and impulsive like Tommy—to have a good friend in a woman older than himself."

"If you think, my good man," snapped Clementina, reverting to her ordinary manner, "that I look after his morals, you are

The Warren wins again!



Warren 30 on Straightaway Course, Palm Beach, Fla

Breaks World's Record in 24-Hour Race at Los Angeles

On April 9, at Los Angeles Motordrome, the Warren smashed the world's record for mileage and speed in 24-hour race—161 to 230 cu. in. piston displacement class

TOTAL MILEAGE, 1167. AVERAGE, OVER 48 1-2 MILES PER HOUR.

The nearest competitor in the Warren piston displacement class covered 875 miles. The Warren was awarded the Trophy and World's Official Record for cars in 161 to 230 cubic inches piston displacement class.
Out of eleven cars entered, the Warren "30" was the ONLY ONE to go through WITHOUT A SINGLE ADJUSTMENT ON MOTOR.

What This Proves to You

It takes only a few words to record the achievements of twenty-four hours. But do YOU realize what this record breaking event means to you? Do you fully grasp the significance of the fact that a Warren "30" running continuously for twenty-four hours steadily maintained an average speed of over forty-eight miles an hour? And not a single adjustment made. Do you really appreciate the tremendous vitality required for such an astonishing performance?

Think of the continuous strain on the Motor—the cylinders—the test of the cooling system — the bearings — the clutch — the transmission — the springs — the axles — the strain on every part. Recall again the speed—over forty-eight miles an hour—and kept up from 4 o'clock Saturday till 4 o'clock Sunday!

It is a marvellous record and yet it was made by a stripped demonstrator a regular stock car, without any special preparation.

What does it prove? It proves again that the Warren is not only a car of great speed but a car of great endurance—equally fit for the short, quick dashes and the long, gruelling test of the Marathon. It proves conclusively the Warren a right to the title—

"The Best Built Medium-Priced Car in America"

OTHER RECENT WARREN WINNINGS

On Tuesday, March 28th, at Atlantic Beach, Jacksonville, Fla., the WARREN "30" driven by Towar won **first** in the one-hour race, covering eighty miles. Every competitor out-distanced.
The WARREN "30" driven by Evans finished second.

On Wednesday, March 29th, the WARREN "30" won first and second in the Five-Mile Open National Beach Championship, Towar winning first place—time, 4:24'12; Evans winning second—time, 4'37 53, beating the Lancia (non-stock), Cole and E-M-F. Warren time recognized as American Official Record.

On Thursday, March 30th, the WARREN "30," Towar driving, won the ten-mile class event—time, 9 10, beating the Lancia, E M F and Cole by sixty seconds, establishing new American Official Record.

Three first and **two seconds** in **four races entered** is a remarkable showing in view of the fact that the WARRENS were absolutely stripped **stock cars.** These victories, coming right after the WARREN sensational victory in New Orleans, when the WARREN "30" won both first and second in the "hour" race, prove again WARREN QUALITY, WARREN SPEED, WARREN POWER and WARREN ENDURANCE.

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Fore-Door Roadster	1325	Torpedo	1500
Demi-Tonneau	1300	Fore-Door	1500
		Coupé	1750

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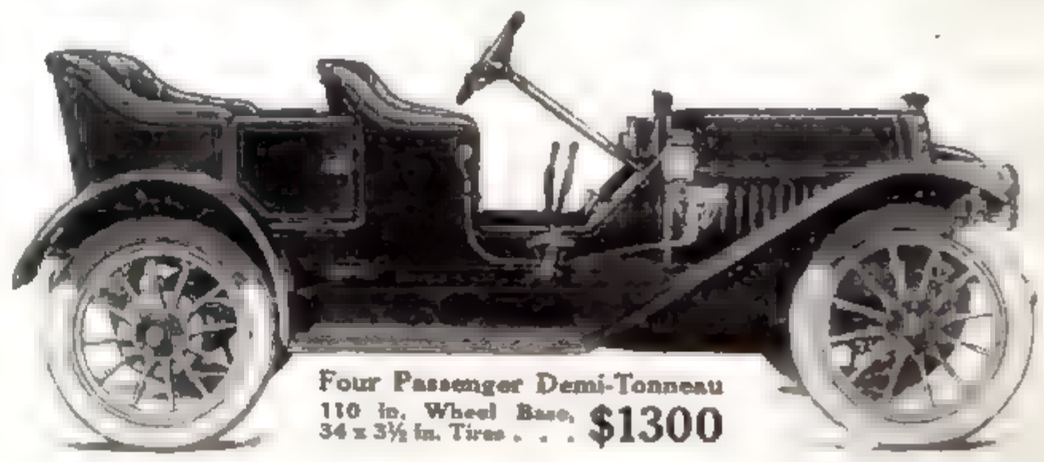

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110 in. Wheel Base, 34 x 3½ in. Tires . . . **$1300**

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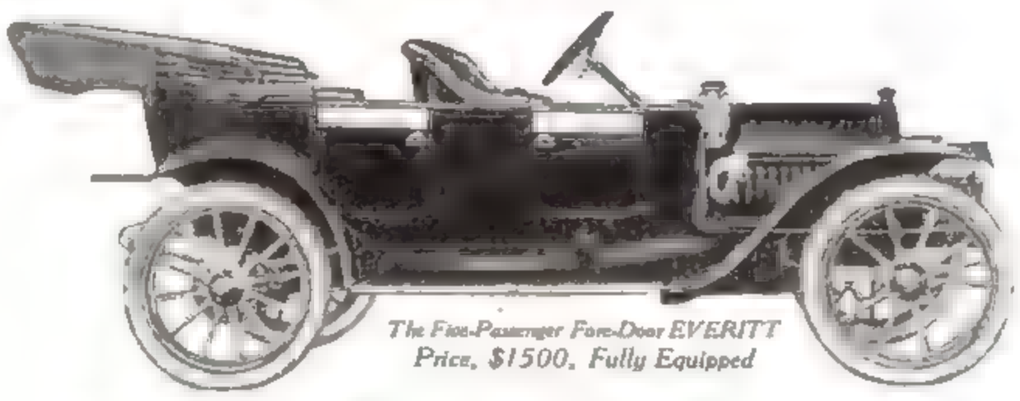
Warren Motor Car Co., 414 Holden Ave., Detroit, Mich.

THE "EVERITT 30"



The Five-Passenger Fore-Door EVERITT
Price, $1500, Fully Equipped

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A broad statement—but consider the facts. The "EVERITT" is a strictly high-grade car. It is manufactured throughout in one factory. Its design, construction and building is by some of the best and most experienced men in the business.

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The construction of the "EVERITT" embodies the latest mechanical advantages. It has the double-drop frame, which means safety and symmetry; the "honey-comb" radiator, of greatest efficiency and neatness; the "bloc-type" motor, with its strength and simplicity; the "long-stroke" design, which means fuel-economy and steady power on the hills.

THE EVERITT 30

These are a few among the many high-grade mechanical details which mark out the "EVERITT." They are seldom found together, save on the most costly types. In addition, this car is big, roomy and comfortable. It is a genuine fore-door type. All operating levers are inside. The finish and upholstery is of the best. The whole car *looks* a thoroughbred, and is.

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METZGER MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Detroit, Mich.

very much mistaken. What has it got to do with me if he kisses models and takes them out to dinner in Soho?"

The lingering Eve in her resented the suggestion of a maternal attitude toward the boy. After all, she was not five-and-fifty; she was younger, five years younger, than the stick of an uncle who was talking to her as if he had stepped out of the pages of a Sunday-school prize.

"He never tells me of the models," replied Quixtus, "and I'm very glad he tells you. It shows there is no harm in it."

"Let us talk sense," said Clementina, "and not waste time. You've come to me to have your portrait painted. I've been looking at you. I think a half-length, sitting down, would be the best—unless you want to stand up in evening dress behind a table with presidential gold chains and badges of office and hammers and water-bottles——"

"Heaven forbid!" cried Quixtus, who was as modest a man as ever stepped. "What you suggest will quite do."

"I suppose you will wear that frock coat and turned-down collar? Don't you ever wear a narrow black tie?"

"My dear Clementina!" he cried, horrified. "I may not be the latest thing in dandyism, but I've no desire to look like a Scotch deacon in his Sunday clothes."

"Vanity again!" said Clementina. "I could have got something much better out of you in a narrow black tie. Still, I dare say I'll manage—though what your bone-digging friends want with a portrait of you at all for, I'm blessed if I can understand."

With which gracious remark she dismissed him, after having arranged a date for the first sitting.

"A poor creature," muttered Clementina when the door closed behind him.

The poor creature, however, walked smartly homeward through the murky November evening, perfectly contented with God and man—even with Clementina herself. In this well-ordered world, even the tongue of an eccentric woman must serve some divine purpose. He mused whimsically on the purpose. Well, at any rate, she belonged to a dear and regretted past which, without throwing an absolute glamour around Clementina, still shed upon her its softening rays. His thoughts were peculiarly retrospective this evening. It was a Tuesday, and his Tuesday nights for years had been devoted to a secret and sacred gathering of pale ghosts. His Tuesday nights were mysteries to all his friends. When pressed for the reason of this perennial weekly engagement he would say vaguely: "It's a club to which I belong." But what was the nature of the club, what the grim and ghastly penalty if he skipped a meeting—those were questions which he left, with a certain innocent mirth, to the conjecture of the curious.

The evening was fine, with a touch of shrewdness in the air. He found himself in the exhilarated frame of mind which is consonant with brisk walking. He looked at his watch. He could easily reach Russell Square by seven o'clock. He timed his walk exactly. It was five minutes to seven when he let himself in with his latch-key. The parlor maid met him in the hall and helped him off with his coat.

"The gentlemen have come, sir."

"Dear me, dear me," said Quixtus self-reproachfully.

"They're before their time. It isn't seven yet, sir," said the parlor maid, flinging the blame upon the gentlemen. In speaking of them she had just the slightest little supercilious tilt of the nose.

Quixtus waited until she had retired; then, drawing something from his own pocket, he put something into the pocket of each of three coats that hung in the hall. After that he ran upstairs into the drawing room. Three men rose to receive him.

"How do you do, Huckaby? So glad to see you, Vandermeer. My dear Billiter."

He apologized for being late. They murmured excuses for being early. Quixtus asked leave to wash his hands, went out and returned rubbing them, as though in anticipation of enjoyment. Two of the men standing in front of the fire made way for him. He thrust them back kindly.

"No, no; I'm warm. Been walking for miles. I've not seen an evening paper. What's the news?"

Quixtus never saw an evening paper on Tuesdays. The question was a time-honored opening to the kindly game he played with his guests.

Now there is a reason for most things, even for a parlor maid's tilt of the nose.

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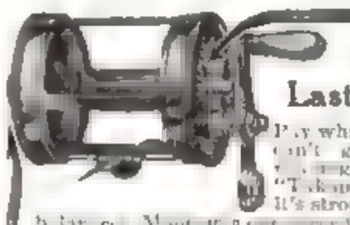

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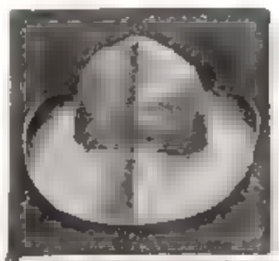

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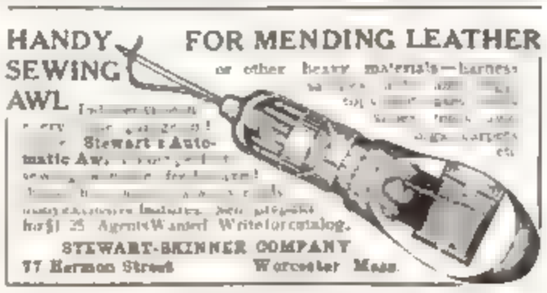

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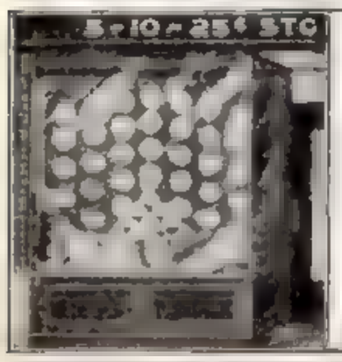

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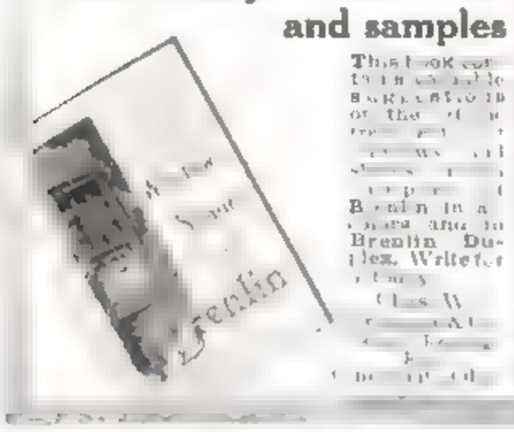

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WM. BARKER CO. Makers, Troy, N. Y.

The personal appearance of the guests would have tilted the nose of any self-respecting parlormaid in Russell Square. They were a strange trio. All were shabby and out-at-elbows. All wore the insecure, apologetic collar, which is one of the most curious badges of the down-at-heel. All bore on their faces the signs of privation and suffering: Huckaby, lantern-jawed, black-bearded and watery-eyed; Vandermeer, small, decrepit, pinched of feature, with red, crinkly hair and the bright eyes of a hungry wolf; Billiter, the flabby remains of a heavily-built, florid man, with a black mustache turning gray. They were ghosts of the past, who once a week came back to the plentiful earth, lived for a few brief hours in the land that had been their heritage, talked of the things they had once loved and went forth -so Quixtus hoped cheered and comforted for their next week's wandering on the banks of Acheron. Once a week they sat at a friend's table and ate generous food, drank generous wine and accepted help from a friend's generous hand. Help they all needed and, like desperate men, would snatch it from any hand held out to them. Huckaby had been a successful coach at Cambridge; Vandermeer, who had forsaken early in life a banking office for the temple of literary fame, had starved for years on free-lance journalism; Billiter, of Rugby and Balliol, had run through a fortune—all waste products of the world's factory. Among the many things they had in common was an unquenchable thirst, which they dissimulated in Russell Square; but they made up for it by patronizing their host.

Quixtus presided happily at the meal. With strangers, he was shy and diffident; but here he was at his ease, among old friends none the less valued because they had fallen by the wayside. Into the reason for their fall it did not concern him to inquire. All that mattered was their obvious affection and the obvious brightness that Fortune had enabled him to shed on their lives.

"I wonder," said he, with one of his sudden smiles—"I wonder if you fellows know how I prize these evenings of ours."

"They're Attic *symposia*," said Huckaby.

They all talked according to the several necessities of their natures, and at last Quixtus informed his guests that he was to sit for his portrait to Miss Wing.

"I believe she is really quite capable," said Huckaby judicially.

"I know her," cried Vandermeer. "A most charming woman."

Quixtus raised his eyebrows.

"I'm glad to hear you say so," said he. "She is a sort of distant connection of mine by marriage."

"I interviewed her," said Vandermeer.

"Good Lord!" The exclamation on the part of Quixtus was inaudible.

"I was doing a series of articles—very important articles," said Vandermeer with an assertive glance around the table, "on Women Workers of Today, and of course Miss Clementina Wing came into it. I called and put the matter before her."

He paused dramatically.

"And then?" asked Quixtus, amused.

"We went out to lunch in a restaurant and she gave me all the material necessary for my article. A most charming woman, who I think will do you justice, Quixtus."

When his friends had gone, each, by the way, diving furtive and searching hands into their great-coat pockets as soon as they had been helped into these garments by the butler—and here, by the way also, be it stated that, no matter how sultry the breath of summer or how frigid that of Fortune, they never failed to bring overcoats, to hang, for all the world like children's stockings for Santa Claus, on the familiar pegs—When his friends had gone, Quixtus, who had an elementary sense of humor, failed entirely to see an expansive and notoriety-seeking Clementina lunching tête-à-tête at the Carlton or the Savoy with Theodore Vandermeer. In point of fact, he fell asleep smiling at the picture.

The next day, while he was at breakfast—he breakfasted rather late—Tommy Burgrave was announced. Tommy, who had already eaten with the appetite of youth immediately after his cold bath, declined to join his uncle in a meal; but for the sake of sociability trifled with porridge, kidneys, cold ham, hot rolls and marmalade, while Quixtus feasted on a soft-boiled egg and a piece of dry toast. When his Barmecide meal was over Tommy came to the business of the day. For some inexplicable, unconjecturable reason his monthly

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TRADE MARK

Keepkool UNDERWEAR

allowance had gone, disappeared, vanished into the *Ewigkeit*. What in the world was he to do?

Now it must be explained that Tommy Burgrave was an orphan, the son of Ephraim Quixtus' only sister, and his whole personal estate a sum of money invested in a mortgage which brought him in fifty pounds a year. On fifty pounds a year a young man cannot lead the plenteous life so far as food and raiment are concerned, rent a studio—even though it be a converted first-floor back, as Tommy's was—and a bedroom in Romney Place, travel—even on a bicycle, as Tommy did about England, and entertain ladies at dinner in restaurants—even though the ladies may be only models and the restaurants in Soho. He must have other financial support. This other financial support came to him in the guise of a generous allowance from his uncle. But, as the generosity of his instincts—and who in the world would be cynic, animated blight, curmudgeon enough to check the generous instincts of youth?—as, I say, the generosity of his instincts outran the generosity of his allowance toward the end of every month, Tommy found himself in a most naturally inexplicable position. At the end of the month, therefore, Tommy came to Russell Square and trifled with porridge, kidneys, cold ham, hot rolls and marmalade, while his uncle feasted on a soft-boiled egg and a piece of dry toast—and at the end of his Barmecide feast came to business.

On the satisfactory conclusion thereof—and it has never been known to be otherwise—Tommy lit a cigar—he liked his uncle's cigars.

"Well," said he, "what do you think of Clementina?"

"I think," said Quixtus, with a faint luminosity lighting his china-blue eyes—"I think that Clementina, being an artist, is a problem. But if she weren't an artist, and in a different class of life, she would be a model old family servant in a great house, in which the family, by no chance whatever, resided."

Tommy laughed. "It seemed tremendously funny to bring you two together."

Quixtus smiled indulgently. "So it was a practical joke on your part?"

"Oh, no!" cried Tommy, flaring up. "You mustn't think that. There's only one painter living who has her power—and I'm one of the people who know it—and I wanted her to paint you. Besides, she is a thorough good sort."

"My dear boy, I was only jesting," said Quixtus, touched by his earnestness. "I know that not only are you a devotee—and very rightly so—of Clementina—but that she is a very great painter."

"All the same," said Tommy, with a twinkle in his eyes, "I'm afraid that you're in for an awful time."

"I'm afraid so too," said Quixtus whimsically; "but I'll get through it somehow."

He did get through it, but it was only "somehow." This quiet, courtly, dreamy gentleman irritated Clementina as he had irritated her years ago. He was a learned man—that went without saying; but he was a fool notwithstanding and Clementina had not trained herself to suffer fools gladly. The portrait became her despair. The man had no character. There was nothing beneath the surface of those china-blue eyes. She was afraid, she said, of getting on the canvas the portrait of a congenital idiot. His attitude toward life—the dilettante attitude which she as a worker despised—made her impatient. By profession he was a solicitor, head of the old-fashioned firm of Quixtus & Son; but, on his open avowal, he neglected the business, leaving it all in the hands of his partner.

"He'll do you, sure as a gun," said Clementina.

Quixtus smiled. "My father trusted him implicitly, and so do I."

"A man or a woman's a fool to trust anybody," said Clementina.

"I've trusted everybody around me all my life and no one has done me any harm; therefore I'm a happy man."

"Rubbish!" said she. "Any fraud gets the better of you. What about your German friend Tommy was telling me of?"

This was a sore point. A most innocent, spectacled, bearded, but obviously poverty-stricken German had called on him a few weeks before with a collection of flint instruments for sale, which he alleged to have come from the valley of the Weser near Hameln. They were of shapes and peculiarities which he had not met with before; and after a cursory and admiring examination he had given the starving Teuton twice as much as he had asked for the collection and sent him on his way rejoicing. With a brother paleontologist, summoned in haste, he had proceeded to a minute scrutiny of his treasures. They were impudent forgeries.

"I told Tommy in confidence. He ought not to have repeated the story," he said, with dignity.

"Which shows," said Clementina, pausing so as to make her point and an important brush-stroke—"Which shows that you can't even trust Tommy."

On another occasion he referred to Vandermeer's famous interview.

"You know a friend of mine, Vandermeer?" said he.

Clementina shook her head.

"Never heard the name."

He explained. Vandermeer was a journalist. He had interviewed her and lunched with her at a restaurant.

Clementina could not remember. At last her knitted brow cleared.

"Good Lord, do you mean a half-starved, foxy-faced man, with his toes through his boots?"

"The portrait is unflattering," said he, "but I'm afraid there's a kind of resemblance."

"He looked so hungry and was so hungry—he told me—that I took him to the ham-and-beef shop round the corner and stuffed his head with copy while he stuffed himself with ham and beef. To say that he lunched with me at a restaurant is infernal impudence."

"Poor fellow," said Quixtus. "He has to live rather fatly in imagination so as to make up for the meagerness of his living in reality. It's only human nature."

"Bah!" said Clementina, "I believe you'd find human nature in the devil."

Quixtus smiled one of his sweet smiles.

"I find it in you, Clementina," he said.

"To live in the past as you do, without any regard for the present, is as worthless as to go to bed in a darkened room and stay there for the rest of your life. It's the existence of a mole, not of a man."

He indicated, with a wave of the hand, a Sienese *predella* on the wall. "You go to the past."

"For its lessons," said Clementina. "Because the Old Masters can teach me things. How on earth do you think I should be able to paint you if it hadn't been for Velasquez? To say nothing of the esthetic side. But you only go to the past to gratify an idle curiosity."

"Perhaps I do; perhaps I do," he assented mildly. "A knowledge of the process by which a prehistoric lady fashioned her petticoat out of skins by means of a flint needle and reindeer sinews would be of no value to Worth or Paquin; but it soothes me to contemplate the intimacies of the toilet of the prehistoric lady."

"I call that abnormal," said Clementina; "and you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

And that was the end of that conversation.

Meanwhile, in spite of her half-comic despair, the portrait progressed. She had seized at any rate the man's air of intellectuality, of aloofness from the practical affairs of life. Unconsciously she had invested the face with a spirituality which had eluded her conscious analysis. The artist had worked with the inner vision, as the artist always does when he produces a great work; for the great work of an artist is not that before which he stands and, sighing, says: "This is fair; but how far away from my dreams!" That is the popular fallacy. The great work is that which, when he regards it on completion, causes him to say, in humble admiration and modest stupefaction: "How on earth did the dull clod that is I manage to do it?" For he does not know how he accomplished it. When a man is conscious of every step he takes in the execution of a work of art he is obeying the letter and not the spirit; he is a juggler with formulas—and formulas, being mere analytical results, have no place in that glorious synthesis which is creation, either of a world or a flower or a poem. Clementina, to her astonishment, regarded the portrait of Ephraim Quixtus; and, like the First Creator regarding His work, saw that it was good.

"I never should have believed it!" she said.

"What?" asked Quixtus.

"That I should have got all this out of you!" said Clementina.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Let Us Buy the Breakfast Tomorrow

Permit us to buy—and give to you—a full package of **Puffed Wheat.** Present the coupon below at your store. You may buy the **Puffed Rice,** but let us buy the **Puffed Wheat.** Let us treat you to a new delight.

A Full-Size Package Given Away

Myriads of people who enjoy Puffed Rice don't know how Puffed Wheat tastes. To correct this lack we are making this offer to ten million homes this month

Puffed Rice was invented first. And, as most of you know, it fairly captured the country The demand for these crisp grains—puffed to eight times natural size—came faster than we could make them

Four people in five, at the first taste of Puffed Rice, gave it first place among the ready-cooked cereals

Puffed Rice thus became the sensation Never had a cereal been made half so enticing Now we want you to know that Puffed Wheat—which came later—is also unique and delightful.

The Curious Process

Prof. Anderson—who invented these foods—thought that rice alone could be so expanded without being blasted to pieces. For the grains are puffed by a steam explosion—by being shot from guns.

The raw grains are sealed up in bronze-steel guns. Then the guns are revolved for sixty minutes in a heat of 550 degrees. That heat turns the moisture in the grain to steam, and the pressure becomes enormous.

Suddenly the guns are unsealed and the steam explodes. The grains are shot out puffed to eight times normal size. Every food granule is blasted to pieces, so that digestion acts instantly

Yet the kernels of rice keep their natural shape The coats are unbroken. The gigantic grains—porous, crisp and delicious—look like magnified rice

Exploding Wheat

Then Prof. Anderson tried the same process on wheat.

His aim was to make whole wheat wholly digestible. To break up the food granules as cooking or baking only begins to do

And the dream came true. Almost the same process brought the same result as with rice The world's premier grain became twice as digestible as it ever was made before. A wheat food was created, far more enticing than any other wheat food known

Now we are asking ten million homes to try it—all at our expense.

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Puffed Wheat has the greater flavor. Some people like it better than rice for mixing with berries, bananas, etc

Some people mix Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice The blend, they say, is much better than either

And all people like variety. In every home, Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice should be alternated

June's Imperial Breakfast

Berries With Puffed Wheat

Mix Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice with your berries. They belong together as nuts belong with raisins

The crisp, nut-like grains and the tart of the berries make a delicious blend

For summer suppers, serve the puffed grains in a bowl of milk. They are crisper than crackers and four times as porous as bread.

For breakfast, serve with cream and sugar. For dinner, serve as a garnish for ice cream

Puffed Wheat, 10c
Puffed Rice, 15c *Except in extreme West*

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Take this coupon to your grocer and pay him 15 cents for a package of Puffed Rice. He will give you with it a package of Puffed Wheat—price 10 cents—charging the Wheat to us

This offer has never been made before, and will never be repeated. Accept it now. Cut out this coupon, lay it aside, and present it when you go to the store.

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GLOOMY FANNY

(Continued from Page 23)

"Viscount Laxton sells potatoes in the East End!" said the noble lord with a snort, quoting from the newspaper. "This is a pretty thing to come to a father's ears!"

"Laxton always was a snorter," said Tommy Burke, to whom his lordship had gone for information, knowing he was his son's chief pal.

"Snorter," said the earl viciously: "pray, what is a snorter?"

"I learned it from Fanny," replied Tommy humbly; "only he sometimes says rip-snorter. I don't know where he learned it though."

The purist earl shook his head.

"What are we coming to?" he asked, as one who hears from the backwoods of awful changes to be accomplished in the twinkling of an eye.

"To Whitechapel Road," said Tommy literally.

Not without trouble did they discover Paradise Row. Potter's was easy when so much was done, for a large number of small boys still remained outside, though they knew Gloomy Fanny had gone.

"Ooroar, 'ere's 'is lordship!" shouted one of the crowd, as the noble lord's taxi-cab drew up among the desiccated cabbage leaves of yesterday's triumph.

"Dear me," said the earl, "do they know me?"

The notion was not unpleasant. He was not accustomed to be recognized even by the doorkeepers of the House of Peers. But he was rapidly disillusioned.

"Gah'n, tain't 'im," the others cried in disappointment, as Lord Shap and Tommy Burke descended from the cab and knocked at the door. It was opened by Potter in his shirt-sleeves and with his braces down his back.

"Yus," said Potter.

"I wish to see Lord Laxton," said Gloomy Fanny's father. He looked the part: he was tall and thin and bent and wore white whiskers neatly trimmed.

"'E ain't in," said Potter, without showing eager signs of welcome. He feared to lose his salesman.

"I'm—I'm his father," said Lord Shap.

"Good Lord!" said Potter.

"No, Lord Shap," said the earl as pleasantly as possible. He used the manners he employed about election times. "Where is he?"

"Noo Cut," said Potter, "abaht a young feller called Bill Brayley."

Liz advanced from the dark background and abysm of the shop, and Lord Shap and Tommy Burke took off their hats. Potter indicated them vaguely.

"They let on 'e's 'is lordship's father," he remarked.

Liz blushed beautifully. Tommy said "What ho!" to himself, and the earl bowed again.

"I'm asking about my son," he said more pleasantly.

"Please walk in, my lords," said Liz, who had doubts about Tommy Burke, but thought it as well to make him a lord too. And they came in.

"Muvver, 'ere's 'is lordship's farver, come to arsk abaht 'im," she cried.

Mrs. Potter appeared in agitation and her Sunday best. She could not get used to lords and trembled at the new one.

"My missis," said Potter. "This gent is 'is lordship's farver."

Mrs. Potter fixed her eye on Tommy Burke, finding him the less formidable of the two, and persisted in addressing Lord Shap through him.

"P'raps you'll ask his lordship into the parlor," she said, trembling.

So Tommy asked him. Tommy thought it was East End etiquette, and he was a whale on etiquette, as everybody knows.

"Delighted," said Lord Shap. He found himself sitting at a round-table conference in half a minute.

"Should I go aht for some beer, d'ye think?" asked Potter of Liz in a loud whisper.

"Naow," said Liz—"or not yet."

Mrs. Potter found it awfully hard to sit down, and only did so on the urgent invitation of the earl to take a chair in her own house. Potter also subsided. Only Liz remained standing. She looked at Tommy Burke and found him quite pleasing. Tommy had an ingratiating smile.

"And now about my son," said the earl.

"Sold more taters in an hour than the street in a week," said Potter confidentially.

"You don't say so," said the earl with surprise.

"You should see 'im, my lord, sich a way with 'im," said Mrs. Potter.

"You—you surprise me," said the earl; "but it's gratifying."

"So 'e done me," said Potter. "That quick and 'ardworkin'. A wonder, I calls 'im. We're openin' agin termorrer wiv two tons."

"Two tons?" asked Tommy Burke. "What are two tons?"

"Taters," said Liz.

"Humph," said Fanny's father; "but this is a great surprise to me. It's in the papers, you know."

"We've sent aht for one," said Potter—"'earin' of it, we sent aht. Oh, his lordship is a rare un, a real sport."

"I am really afraid I can't allow it, you know," said the earl, shaking his head.

"Don't let 'is lordship tike our lordship aw'y," said Mrs. Potter to Tommy Burke in a loud whisper.

"Not if I can help it, ma'am," said Tommy. "I think it's great fun."

"Where is my son now?" asked the earl.

"Noo Cut," repeated Potter, "as I let on. Arter a young chap called Bill Brayley."

Liz looked on the floor.

"A—a friend of his?" asked the earl.

"Not to s'y a friend, but 'e lodges in the sime 'ouse—wiv Mrs. Smiff," said Potter. "A 'ighly respecterbul woman."

"Why has he gone to the New Cut for this Mr. Brayley, of whom I have not heard?" asked the earl.

"To fetch 'im back," said Potter. "Bill went off this mornin'."

"Jallusy," said Mrs. Potter to Burke.

"Be quiet, muvver," said Liz.

"It's the troof," said Mrs. Potter to Burke, "so 'elp me!"

"And will he come back?" asked the earl, who had missed this little interlude, but was interested in Mr. Brayley.

"Any mo'," said Potter. "'E took an 'andful of silver out of that quart pot and went horf in a taxikeb. 'E's on wages and commish."

"Is he?" asked the new salesman's father.

"An' doin' well on it," said Potter; "on'y we want Bill Brayley likewise. Bill 'andles a sack of taters as well as any one you can bring, I don't care 'oo 'e is, Coving Garden or not."

"I don't seem to have grasped the situation," said his lordship. "How long have you known my son?"

"This bein' Sunday, on Friday night, my lordship," said Mrs. Potter to Burke, who nodded gravely.

"Yus!" said Potter. "Friday night it was. My daughter Liz brought 'im."

"Indeed," said the earl; "and have you known him long, Miss Potter?"

"Met in the trine," said Liz promptly. "And we talked abaht the murder in Wappin' and 'is lordship told me 'e was lookin' for a job for a week, 'avin' on'y a bob."

"You know what I told you, Lord Shap," said Burke, opening his mouth at last.

"So I sez, sez I, 'Come along o' me and see my farver,'" said Liz; "for I 'ad a nowtion ——"

"'Er bein' that clever, your lordship," interjected Mrs. Potter.

"Shut up, muvver," said Liz. "And as I was sayin', I thought as 'ow tride was bad ——"

"Took away by Isaacs with his blasted grammerfone," said Potter with a frown.

"'Old your tongue, farver," said Liz. "And my nowtion was, if 'is lordship in 'is lordship's hevening clothes sold taters it would be something new. And fowks dahn 'ere always 'anker after that. And 'is lordship sez 'I'm on,' and it's allowed all rahnd that 'e was just wonderful at it."

"A sight to see 'im at the barrer," said Mrs. Potter tearfully.

"Sech a way wiv 'im," said Potter—"wiv 'is 'Now, madam,' ''Ere you are, madam,' or 'Pass along, please,' or 'I'll dot you one, young man!'"

"'E's a genius at it," said Liz enthusiastically. "Please don't take 'im away, sir, my lord."

Lord Shap rubbed his smooth-shaven chin and then stroked his little white whiskers.

"This is very extraordinary, Burke," he said at last.

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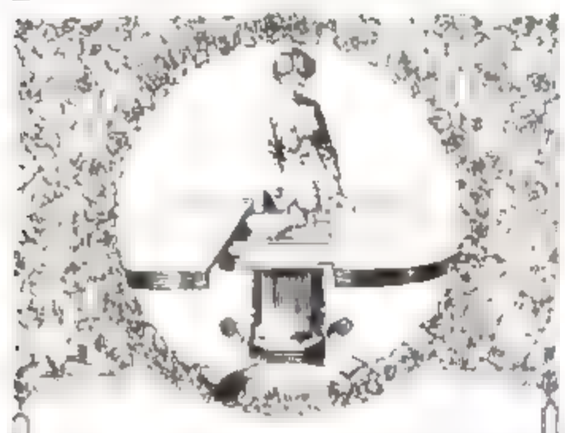

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"A rum start," said Tommy Burke, "but I always said Fanny had something in him."

"Selling potatoes, I opine, is no proof of exceptional ability, Burke," said the earl, tapping lightly on the table. "And there is no doubt that it is my duty to exercise my authority as his father and induce him to return to a more normal way of life. I say nothing about the neighborhood—which surprises me by its brightness and salubrity and its fine, healthy, country smells—but it is not where my son should live."

This was perhaps the longest speech ever delivered in the Potters' parlor; and, though most of it was lost on the audience, Mrs. Potter gathered that it was his lordship's firm determination to take "their lordship" away from them, and she wept to think of it.

"Just as we were gettin' on so well," sniffed Mrs. Potter, "and me gettin' used to the newness of it."

"And Bill Brayley goin' all along of 'im," said Potter gloomily; "the grammerfone'll win arter all."

But Liz, modestly as she had behaved, could not stand by and see her family deprived of Gloomy Fanny without striking a blow. She had picked up this scion of a nobleman and given him employment; she had encouraged him to make himself useful. She had seen him flower as a salesman of potatoes in a way that was an achievement. She could not help thinking, as she was a genius and something of a revolutionary, that it was better to sell potatoes than nothing. She alone of the family had political ideas. She had driven her father into voting radical when all his deepest and most sacred opinions, wreathed about his acquired shop and barrow, bade him support Conservatives and Property.

"And wot will 'is lordship do if 'e goes back wiv you, my lord?" she asked, with sparkling eyes. A little more and her arms would have been placed defiantly on her hips. Burke admired her immensely and wondered what she was after.

"Do? Do?" said Gloomy Fanny's noble father. "Pray, what do you mean, Miss—Miss Potter?"

He sought for his eyeglasses—an old-fashioned set in tortoiseshell—and placed them on his rather aquiline nose.

"I mean this," said Liz, "and means wot I arsks. Wot will 'e do if 'e goes back—leaves us—chucks it?"

The noble earl shook his head.

"Pray, what should he do but his—his duty, his usual duty, what we all do in our station of life?" said his lordship in some agitation.

"Ah, I see," said Liz; "loaf abaht in the West End, eh?"

And before the earl could collect his wits she turned on Tommy Burke.

"Are you 'is pal?" she asked peremptorily.

"Yes," said Tommy.

"And wot do you do, young man?" she demanded.

"Do?" said Tommy. "Oh, I say, come now, what do you expect?"

"Mor'n I'll get," said Liz. "Do you work—does Lord Laxton work? Tell me what he does, tell me! I wants to know now. Hout wiv it."

Her urgency was extreme and Tommy faltered. He could not even urge that he was in the Guards. It seemed a mean employment. Gloomy Fanny's work was even meaner, but he could speak of that.

"Oh, Gloomy Fanny—I mean Lord Laxton—plays polo," he said weakly.

"Is 'e pide for it?" asked Liz; "does 'e mike a livin' at it?"

"Tut, tut," said his lordship in vexation; but Liz was not to be stayed.

"No, 'e don't. 'E told me 'e never done nothin' useful before; 'e told me so at the barrer yesterday," said Liz triumphantly. "And 'e was that prahd and 'appy to be useful, you can't think; and 'ere you come along to drag 'im back out of 'is real spere, which 'e sells potatoes like anythink—don't 'e, farver?—into the West End to do nothin'! Oh, you needn't look at me, my lords, for I'm a radical and prahd of it—yes, I am, muvver, so you dry up. And I likes a man to stick to his word and work, and 'is lordship Fanny, as you call 'im, said 'e'd stay a week, and so 'e's goin' to, and you can tike your oath to that. And we bin so good to 'im moreover, tikin' 'im in and 'im gettin' on so well! So there, so there."

She wiped away a shining tear and Tommy almost loved her. He had an urgent desire to be taken on and to sell potatoes by her side.

"Dash it, she is a screamer," he thought; "rippin', oh, I say!"

"You do not understand," said the noble earl, who had dropped his glasses ten times, and replaced them with a shaking hand, during Liz's oration; "you don't understand. Now, for instance, my dear young lady, your father, Mr. Potter, could hardly, let us say, come up to the House of Lords and neglect this—this admirable business; and equally my son must not neglect his duty."

But Liz had him flying.

"And suppose, your lordship, that my farver came up to the 'Ouse of Lords and proved 'e was a better 'and at it than your lordship's own self, which is wot your lordship's son 'as done by comin' 'ere and sellin' taters in a w'y never known before? Why, then, bein' a lord would be farver's natural business; and just so Lord Laxton's biz is to sell taters. And besides, 'e's took it on for a week and won't go for no one, not if I knows 'im."

"Heaven bless me," said the agitated father, "and it's in the papers. My son! Oh, dear, dear!"

He, too, perceived that Liz was a most engaging type, and he began to fear that there was more in the affair than met his eyeglasses. Fanny was capable of anything; but surely a man of rank would never come to Whitechapel and drag his order in a coster's barrow without some dreadful reason. He began to think Liz would be his daughter-in-law before he had time to turn round. But the next moment he did turn round, for Gloomy Fanny came in cheerfully. No one had heard him enter the shop, as they were all engaged in listening to Liz. As he opened the parlor door and saw who were engaged at this round-table conference, he stopped and stood with his mouth open. He looked a remarkable figure in evening dress at twelve o'clock in the day, with a high hat on the back of his head, for much potato-dust smirched his beautiful garments.

"What ho, dad!" he murmured feebly; and again the earl tried to find his glasses This time they had gone behind his back and Liz restored them to him swiftly.

"Yes, yes," said his lordship, "and this—this is Burke!"

He spoke even more feebly than Gloomy Fanny; it seemed as if he relied on Burke to prove who he was. Burke was evidence that he was real and in a potato-shop in Whitechapel.

"I—I came down with Burke," said the earl, touching his son on the sleeve.

"So I see," said Fanny, who had recovered from the first shock.

"And I want you to come home. Your mother wants you to come home. So does every one," said his father. "It's in the papers, my boy, in the lowest rad—I mean in the most respectable radical papers, my boy. This—this can't go on."

"Why not, dad?" asked Fanny.

"That's wot I arst 'is lordship," said Liz. "W'y not, I s'y, you bein' so useful, not to say 'appy."

"Dry up, Liz," said her father.

"Bunkum," said Liz rudely.

"Ah, w'y?" said her mother.

"Do be quiet, muvver," said Liz. "You ain't goin' to leave us, Lord Laxton, business bein' wot it is?"

"Certainly not," said Fanny; "couldn't think of it!"

"Selling potatoes—oh, my son!" said the earl mournfully.

"Good potatoes, sound value, full weight," said Fanny.

"In—in Whitechapel!" urged the earl.

"Healthy locality, quite breezy and very excitin'," said Fanny.

"I'd rather buy you a pony for polo," said the earl, who had always been extremely mean as regards horseflesh for polo.

"Not half so excitin' as trade," said Fanny coolly.

"Your mother is in tears, positively in tears," said the earl.

The countess was hard, thin and wiry, and had never been known to shed a tear, unless from eating spring onions, of which she was very fond.

"Tell her I'm enjoyin' myself," said Fanny.

"Should I go out for beer?" said Potter in a raucous whisper.

"Yes, do," said Fanny, and Potter went rapidly.

"Speak to him, Burke; this is partly your fault," said the earl. "It's dreadful, really dreadful."

"Hadn't you better chuck it, old chap?" asked Burke weakly.

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MULTIPLE BATTERY

COLUMBIA
IGNITOR CELLS

Cover the whole field of reliable ignition for automobiles, power-boats and stationary gas-engines.

ONE of the two forms listed above will meet your individual requirements—whether for primary sparking, running or auxiliary service.

Whichever you use, you obtain an electrical source that simplifies connections and wiring, costs less per mile of service than storage batteries or mechanical generators, and will give you warning 100 to 200 miles ahead of exhaustion, after several thousand miles of perfect service. *This is the one ignition system that gives any advance warning of exhaustion.*

Columbia Ignition means no recharging, no dangerous sulphuric acid, no delicate mechanical parts to get out of order.

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should be the complete battery in metal case.* It is a practically indestructible, water-proof unit, ready for service under all conditions, and equal to all demands.

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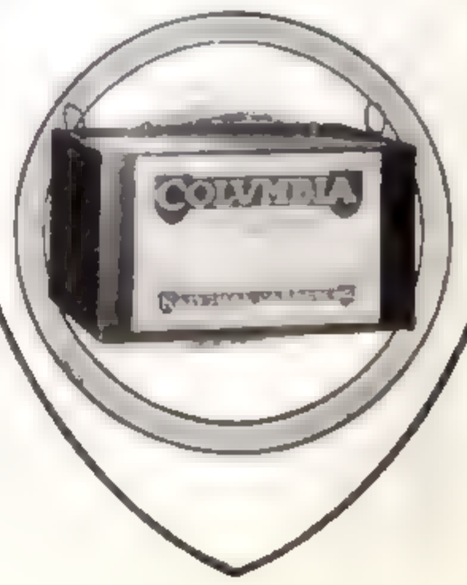

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Serve NABISCO as you will—with ices or beverages—they are always welcome, always appropriate.
In ten cent tins
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—Another delightful dessert confection. Coated with smooth, rich chocolate
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Every time you take in a nickel—you make almost four cents profit.
Crispettes are fine
Write me today
W. Z. LONG, 329 High Street, Springfield, Ohio

"And pay those bets!" said Fanny. "Not me!"

The noble earl made a wry face.

"I'll pay them, Edwin, I'll pay them," he said sourly.

"And give me my three hundred?" asked Fanny, with a friendly, low-down wink at Liz that made her joyful.

"No, no, not that," said his father. "Where am I to find so much, nowadays?"

"Then I can't do it," said Fanny; "and, besides, I am bein' useful."

"What I told 'is lordship," said Liz triumphantly.

"For the very first time in my life," went on Fanny; "and very popular. The boys outside cheer me, dad. Oh, I'm ridin' 'em all off and get a goal every time."

But the Earl of Shap groaned.

"It's so unusual, so very unusual," said the earl.

"Wot I says, my lord," said Mrs. Potter, shaking her head. "I never knowed it done afore, never."

"That's what I like, you see," said Fanny. "But seein' you here, dad, made me forget what I went to Lambeth for."

"Oh, Bill!" said Liz.

"Wot of 'im?" asked Mrs. Potter.

"He won't come back yet," said Fanny.

"Was 'e at Miss 'Iggins'?" asked Mrs. Potter.

Fanny nodded and Liz grew very dark and angry. But Fanny related his experiences in Lambeth. He had found Bill Brayley outside Hercules Buildings, where Miss Higgins lived. Miss Higgins was with him; so was Mrs. Higgins. Bill had been sad and gloomy. A crowd had collected when Fanny turned up in dress clothes and a taxi. They had gone inside and Bill said he wouldn't come back yet.

"I can do wivaht 'im," said Liz.

This was singularly alarming to the earl. He began to take an immense interest in the Potters and their pretty daughter, and in Mr. Bill Brayley whom he had never seen. Any father would have done the same in similar circumstances. His son and heir was as susceptible to feminine charms as he had been himself. Miss Potter, as the earl owned, had amazing charm, besides a robust and taking beauty rare among the aristocracy. It was true that Edwin had only lately been thrown over by the young lady of a middle-class origin on whom his heart had been set; but, as the earl knew, the period of heart-healing was very dangerous.

"I should like to know this Mr. William Brayley," said the earl with a certain wistful charm that the whole Fanshawe family displayed at times. "I am immensely interested in everything, you know. The life here is, if I may say so, peculiarly new and interesting to me. Why did this Mr. Brayley go away before I came?"

"Jallusy," said Mrs. Potter; "jallusy!"

"Dry up, muvver!" said Liz.

And at this moment Mr. Potter returned with a pot of beer.

"Tenpenny ale," he announced; "I went the 'ole 'og, you see."

For five and forty years the Earl of Shap, under the advice of his physicians, had refrained from indulging his natural tastes in malted liquors. It was understood, in his house and in those he frequented, that he was not to be tempted with them. They were, as he knew, entirely irresistible, as they are to some men. Now, after nearly half a century's effort, he was tempted and fell. He resisted Potter's friendly offers feebly and more feebly, and finally succumbed.

"Delicious," said the earl. They all took some and found it excellent. Even Tommy Burke allowed that it was all it should be.

"I got it of Mr. Bull, of the 'Orse and 'Ounds," said Potter. "'E wants to marry our Liz and gives us the best."

"Shut it, farver!" said Liz.

"I am not surprised to hear of Mr. Bull's ambitions," said the earl, who was determined to be charming and found it, temporarily, much easier when he had taken some beer. "Not at all surprised. Nor of this Mr. Brayley's jealousy, my dear young lady."

Not for many years had Gloomy Fanny seen his father in such high feather. Their relations, owing to the earl's closeness with regard to money, had been somewhat strained at times. Now his father called him "my dear boy" and "Ned." Potter and Mrs. Potter succumbed to the Earl's charm utterly. Potter was with difficulty restrained from fetching another pot and asking Mr. Bull to join them.

"Wot a pity Bill ain't 'ere," said Potter.

"I deeply regret it. I wish I had known him," said the earl; "but now we ought to talk seriously. I want my son to return with me."

"Can't be done, dad," said Gloomy Fanny. "Honor's engaged, you know; think of the money."

"Suppose we compromise," said the earl. "I'll pay the thirty pounds. I dare say I can raise it."

The thought of his lordship raising thirty pounds inspired them with pleasing hilarity. Potter guffawed and wiped his eyes joyously.

"And my three hundred?" asked Fanny.

"Say one hundred, my dear boy," said his father. "I might do it with a strain."

"But I've agreed to stay a week," said Fanny.

"So you 'ave," said Liz, nodding.

"And I like it," said Fanny. Liz looked at him gratefully. "Besides, Bill has left, you see."

"Jallusy, pure jallusy," said Mrs. Potter.

"I'll pinch you if you s'y that, muvver," said Liz fiercely.

"If you come away he will, I opine, return to the scenes of his previous labors," said his father. "I'll make it a hundred and fifty. Come, Miss Potter, help me, won't you? Then Mr. Brayley would come back again."

"Down't want 'im," said Liz. "Besides, your lordship, this is doin' 'is lordship good. 'E likes the work."

"Rather," said Fanny, squeezing her hand beneath the table.

"And w'en I met him in the trine 'e was as gloomy as a street of 'ouses to let," said Liz. "Now look at 'im!"

Fanny looked quite wonderful, there was no doubt of it, in spite of the fact that he wanted brushing badly. Burke said he seemed a new man. The earl was not grateful for this, but he preserved his new sweet temper. He began to think the doctors had been wrong about the beer. He kept on thinking so for nearly twenty-four hours and then he knew better.

"I'll make it two hundred," said the earl, "and—and ——"

"And what?" said Fanny.

"I'll fetch Mr. Brayley back myself," said his father.

"Wot condescenshing!" said Mrs. Potter.

"Put fifty into the business and let me go into a sleeping partnership with Mr. Potter, and I'll go back with you," said Fanny.

"Oh, your lordship!" said Potter with a heavenly smile, "I'll fetch more beer. This wants it."

Before he could be stopped he was out of the house with the pewter pot.

"I'll—I'll do it," said the earl.

And Liz burst into tears. Neither his lordship nor her mother knew why she wept, but perhaps Gloomy Fanny did, just a little. For romance may bloom suddenly and wonderfully anywhere.

"My dear young lady," said the earl. He took her hand and patted it. She found it comforting, for, after all, earls are very rare in Whitechapel, saving on occasions of high ceremony when foundation stones are laid. And now was laid the foundation stone of the rising business of Potter & Laxton, and later of Potter, Laxton & Brayley, Ltd.

"I—I can't 'elp it," said Liz. And Potter returned with the pot, clothed in white foam, mystic, wonderful. They drank to the firm in silence. And Fanny drifted into the front shop. From it he beckoned to Liz.

"You don't mind me going with my father, kiddy?" he asked.

"Dunno," said Liz, with her fingers in her eyes and with a pathetic sniff.

"I suppose I ought to," said Fanny. "I—I don't quite want to, Liz."

"D'ye mean that?" asked Liz, "reely?"

He held her hand and nodded.

"That's enough," said Liz. "I ain't a fool, old chap. I—I know you can't stay. 'Tain't in reason."

"I'll see you sometimes," said Fanny.

"Bein', so to speak, in business with farver," said Liz. "Goodby, Ned!"

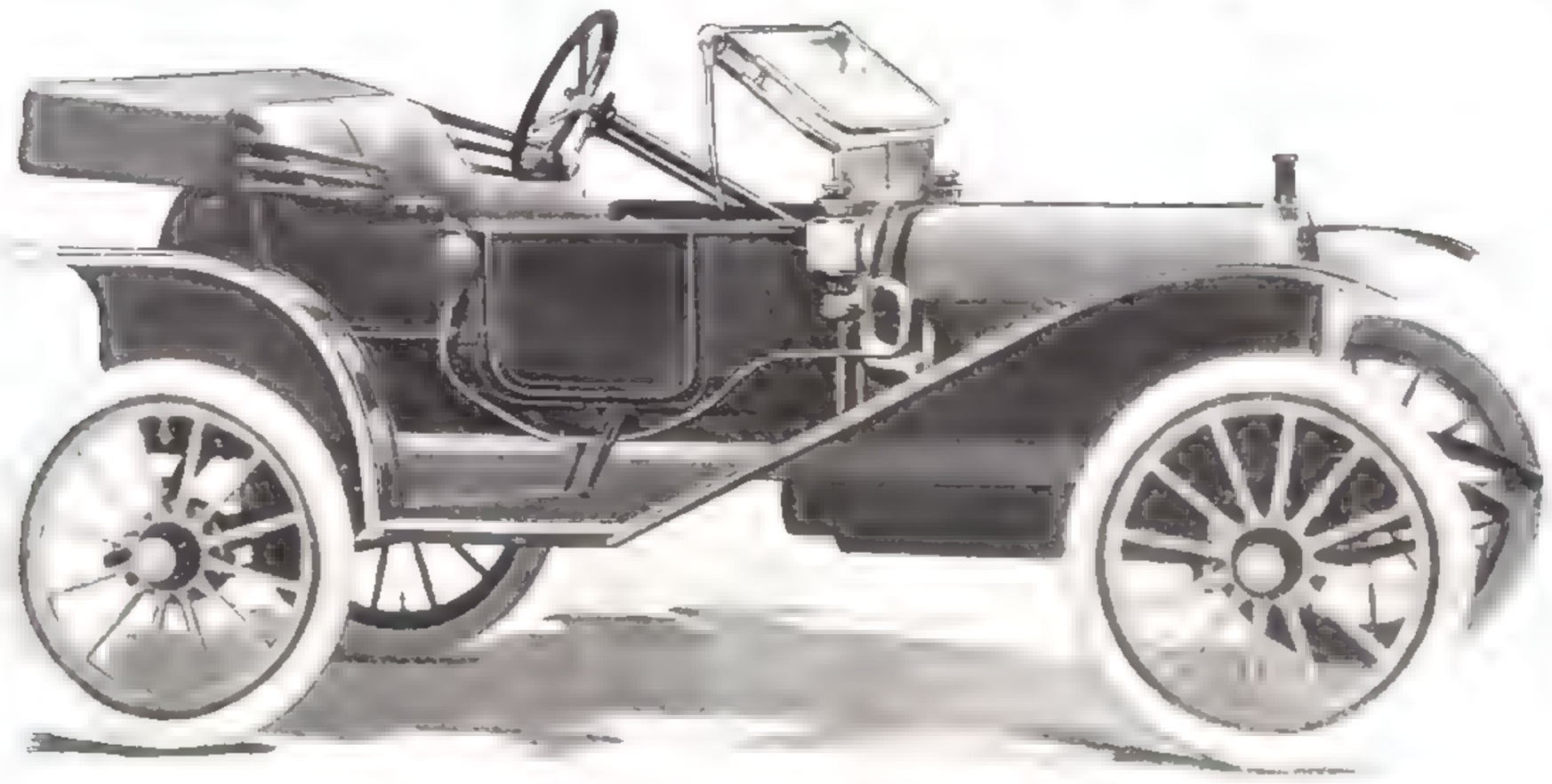
"Goodby," said Fanny, and he took her in his arms and kissed her.

"It's just a dream," said Liz, trembling—"a dream, a dream!"

And presently the Earl of Shap rose and said he would go to Lambeth to look for Mr. William Brayley if they thought his intervention likely to do good.

(THE END)

Storming the last defense of the man who "can't afford it"



Standard equipment includes three oil lamps, tools and horn. Detachable [illegible] Top, windshield, lamp and tank or generator, etc., extra. All models have 4 cylinder, [illegible] motor. Rear [illegible] driving gear [illegible]

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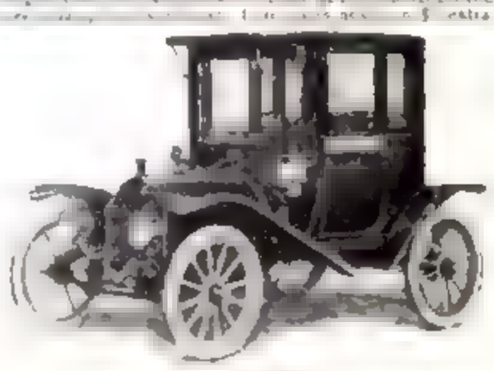

Coupé—$1100

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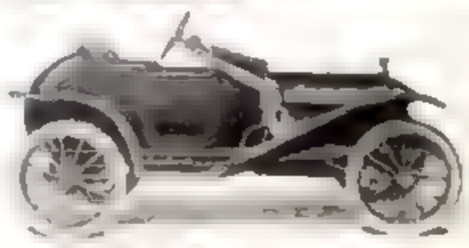

Torpedo—$850

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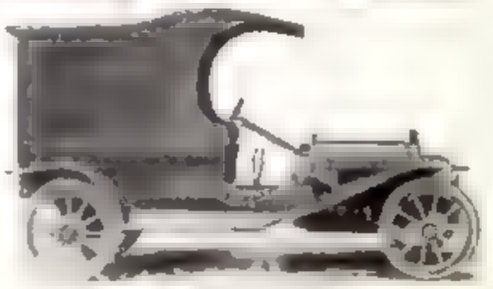

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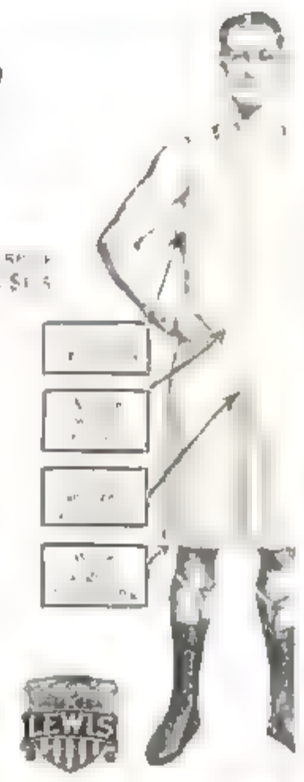

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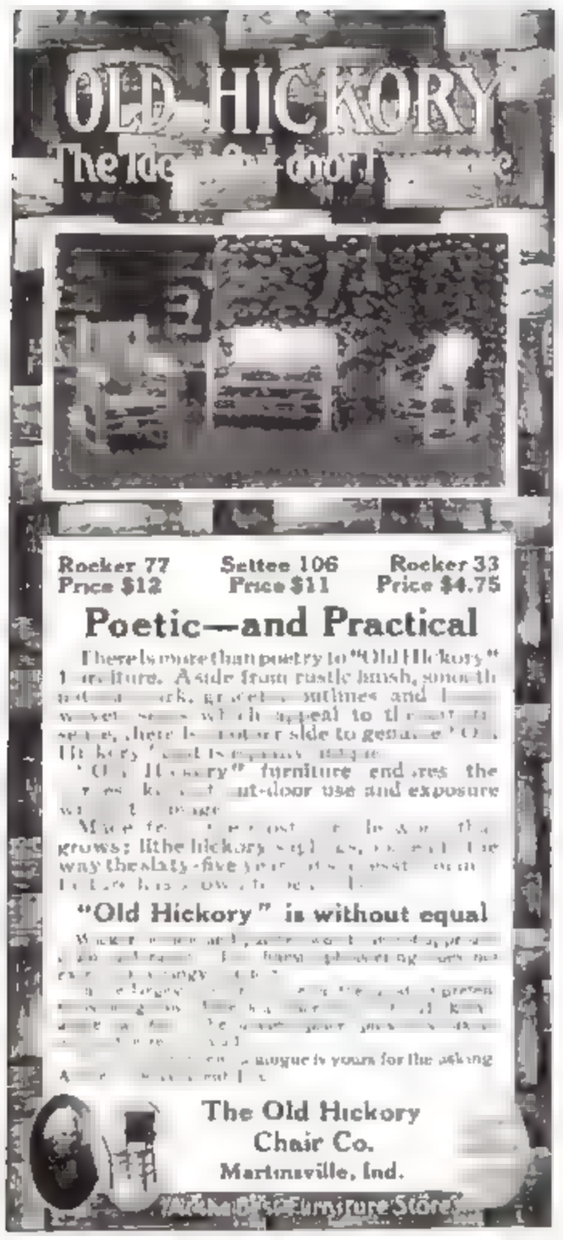

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WHY LONDON IS THE CENTER

Continued from Page 30

services. If the firm wanting insurance deals regularly at Lloyd's, however, a clerk usually takes the slip to some member who knows his people. The underwriter puts his initials to the slip, states what amount of the risk he will assume individually and the premium he asks if it is higher than the amount offered. This first member's initials are commonly taken as a rating of the character of the risk by other underwriters, and the slip is soon filled up with initials. Some days later the regular Lloyd's policy is issued, signed by each member who has participated. This underwriting is all done with the full knowledge of ships and shipping available through Lloyd's information service, and that service follows the ship and cargo all around the world. If the ship is reported overdue at her destination the members who have insured her pay high premiums to other members to assume part of the risk; and so, by skill and knowledge, the losses are distributed and equalized. In the "Overdue Market," reported daily in the London papers, premiums from five to ninety per cent of the full insurance are offered for reinsurance on vessels late, missing or ashore in any part of the world.

Lloyd's is governed by a committee of sixty-one members, elected at the chief shipping centers of the United Kingdom. They represent not the underwriters alone but also the shippers and shipowners. There is also a consulting committee of shipbuilders and engineers; for Lloyd's fixes the rating of ships and many interests must be considered.

This association of underwriters is chartered only to carry on a marine insurance business, rate marine property and gather shipping information; but its members assume risks in practically every field—except long-term life insurance—from fire to motor car; and it is said that Lloyd's rates are a little lower in some classes because policies are not backed by the great capital of the incorporated insurance companies. Only the personal resources of individual members back a Lloyd's policy, but the character of the management is such that these policies are trustworthy.

A Race that Risks Little

Lloyd's specialties are the most interesting and illustrate the Britisher's innate instinct for insuring anything and everything. The readiness of its members to assume any risk for a suitable premium has been an excellent advertisement for the institution. This special insurance is by no means confined to Lloyd's, for numerous houses in London compete for it.

An Englishman was offered the management of a certain company at a salary of three thousand dollars a year for at least two years. These terms were satisfactory, but he distrusted the ability of the company to pay him. So he took the job and then insured the salary for two years, paying a premium of sixty dollars. In eight months he was discharged; and, after a little suit in court to show whether it was for good cause, which was decided in his favor, he got two hundred and fifty dollars a month until the two-year period was up.

Not long ago a speculative London bank failed after attracting deposits by the offer of ten per cent interest. Hundreds of persons lost money when the institution went into bankruptcy; but a shrewd Scotchman had deposited five thousand dollars in the institution and then insured his deposit with a special policy. He got his capital back intact and cleared about five per cent on his money after the insurance premium had been deducted.

A church organized an entertainment to pay off its mortgage. Seven hundred pounds was needed. The treasurer of the enterprise feared that it might fall short of this sum in case of a rainy evening. A friend advised him to insure the receipts under a policy that would make up the amount needed if receipts were lacking. When he got quotations on such a policy he found the premium would come to about sixty pounds.

"Insure for eight hundred pounds, then," counseled the friend, "and that will cover the cost of the premium too."

He did so. The premium came to seventy-five pounds, and the receipts

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An ideal Summer Outing region is our North Pacific Coast country. Did you know it? One of the most eminent and well known physicians says: "It is the home of tall trees and tall men, of the apple, the peach, the prune and the pine; the land of green valley and rushing river It is the charmed land of the American continent, with a temperate sun, a mild climate and a fertile soil. If you have never seen Oregon, Washington or British Columbia in summer, you lack important qualifications for imagining what the climate of heaven may be like."
Low Fares This Summer to Yellowstone Park, Puget Sound and Columbia River region
Write for illustrated booklets, describing the trip and the country. Enclose 6 cents for de luxe Yellowstone Park book, "Through Wonderland." Address
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The WALES is the only adding machine on the market guaranteed 5 years. This, in itself, is undeniable proof of WALES durable construction.

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Send ... part... of your ... for free trial and ... Set describing the WALES Visible.

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The Adder Machine Company
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
Agents in All Leading Cities

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BEECH-NUT Peanut Butter is made out of rich ripe peanuts

They are roasted deliciously by the Beech-Nut chef; mixed with white salt and ground to a golden nut butter. Nothing else in it.

You eat it on bread or crackers like jam, jelly or cheese. Give it to the children. Makes them fat. Use it for parties, picnics, lunches, mid-meal snacks, etc

It is put up in Beech-Nut airless sealed glass jars, which keep the roasting oven flavor and aroma until you lift the lid and take a sniff and a taste.

Therefore, insist, persist, yes, even raise your voice and demand Beech-Nut Brand. Try a 15c jar today.

Beech-Nut Packing Company, Canajoharie, New York.

If your dealer doesn't keep it, send us his name and your name and you'll receive a free sample and a copy of "Beech-Nut Breakfast News."

BEECH-NUT PEANUT BUTTER

amounted to only six hundred and twenty-five. The underwriters paid one hundred and seventy-five pounds.

If a pageant or exhibition is organized in England, and weather or other uncontrollable factors might affect receipts, the promoters will usually protect themselves by insurance. Last year there was such an enterprise insured against what was then regarded as the remote possibility of the king's death; but the unexpected happened, the king died, the country was plunged into mourning in a night; and, but for their insurance, the promoters would have been losers in a heavy investment. Hotel, theater and shop profits are rather freely insured in London during an event like this year's coronation. The return of a British Government has been insured at a premium of ten per cent and the dissolution of Parliament at fifteen.

Routine is the prime characteristic of London business. The whole town moves to a vast, monotonous grind that visitors complain of and even John Bull himself sometimes finds unspeakably dull.

On every hand, London's trade appeals to the imagination. Merely to pass the blackened door of Lloyd's stirs the fancy, for here all the sea-tidings of the earth center and word is received of the ships that were lost and have been found, the ships that are still missing and the ships that will never return. Down in the region of the docks, where a mariner called "Cap'n" Edward Cuttle once lodged, the very warehouses reek of far-off lands, with their stores of ivory tusks and crude rubber and spices and teas and furs and fleeces.

Through the Clearing Machine

London exists not for romance, however, but to take its discount off romance like everything else. It is the center where an African king's ivory tusk and the New England manufacturer's latest machine tool are put into the same manifest and reduced to the same pounds and shillings, covered by the same bill of exchange and handled by the same enormous clearing machine that adjusts supply and demand over the world. The whole essence of trade, as understood in London, is to reduce everything to one bill of lading, correctly figure freight, insurance, exchange, discount and commission, and put the transaction through without seeing the seller, the buyer or the goods.

When the Londoner comes to New York or Chicago he complains that American business men are wary in making decisions, hesitating over trifles, and altogether slow compared with business men at home.

This criticism is pretty well grounded, for our trade differs widely from that of London. We are usually the actual makers or owners of goods, to begin with. We are dealing with the consumer direct. We have the producer's human interest in our merchandise and are proceeding with the consumer's human tastes and prejudices always in view. Seller, buyer and goods are plainly in sight. The merchandise is of novel design. The whole transaction, from beginning to end, is full of fresh opportunities and surprises. We go ahead with eyes open because there is no routine established. By seeking new channels and competing in novelty and quality, we avoid the leveling influence of mere price.

In London, the merchandise is basic staples. The routine was all laid down long ago. The discounts and commissions are so small that the greatest volume must be handled in the least time. Everything is done by putting your initials in the corner of a piece of paper. A signature is cashed where a bale of cotton would be suspected. The very language has been reduced to trade abbreviations and code words. The very terms have been fought out in court and settled forever; if any point is not quite clear look it up in a book or go over the precedents. If anybody discovers a new source of profit it will be not through some direct human contact with the principals and first facts of the deal but by devising a more subtle way of converting and reconverting foreign currencies in the obscure, indirect exchanges, and taking undetected profits out of the echo of the shadow of the ghost of the original purchase and sale.

That is London, which learned something from the great fire and was taught more by Adam Smith—and now goes strictly on the statistics.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by James H. Collins. The fourth will appear in an early issue.

Don't Take a Bath Without

LIFEBUOY SOAP

WHEN you have once used this pure and wholesome antiseptic toilet soap with your bath and shampoo, you will enjoy the double delight and assurance of perfect cleanliness and refreshment, with protection from infections, to which all are more or less exposed. THEN you will enjoy using *Lifebuoy for all toilet purposes*, at home or when traveling Its use is fatal to disease germs

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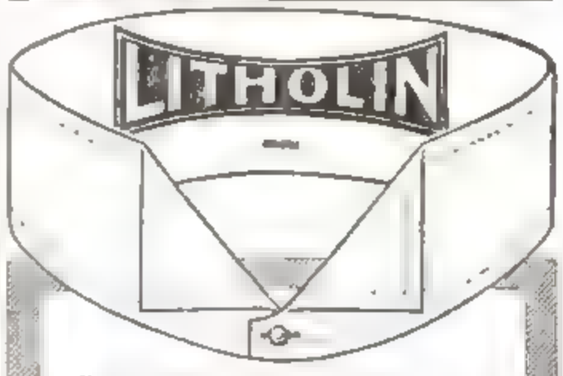

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It is kept clean by simple [illegible] Produces a cool, sweet, wholesome smoke from First Whiff to Last.

No tubes, bulb [illegible] cut of order Made of real Imported French Briar, with stem of rubber and nickel mount [illegible] The Heavily Coated Aluminum Chamber Prevents the Nicotine from Entering the Briar [illegible]

In an Out of a Job, let us show you how to make up to $10. weekly in extra money by speaking well of the Crown Pipe. Dealers promptly quoted

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Hulls of seasoned timber, sturdily built and [illegible] 16, 18, 20, 26-foot models. Famous Bevelle Gile Engine—positively reversible—controlled by [illegible] absolutely dependable. Speedy, roomy [illegible] SAFE Ideal for family use or personal pleasure [illegible] at exceedingly low prices. Send for the catalogue to-day.

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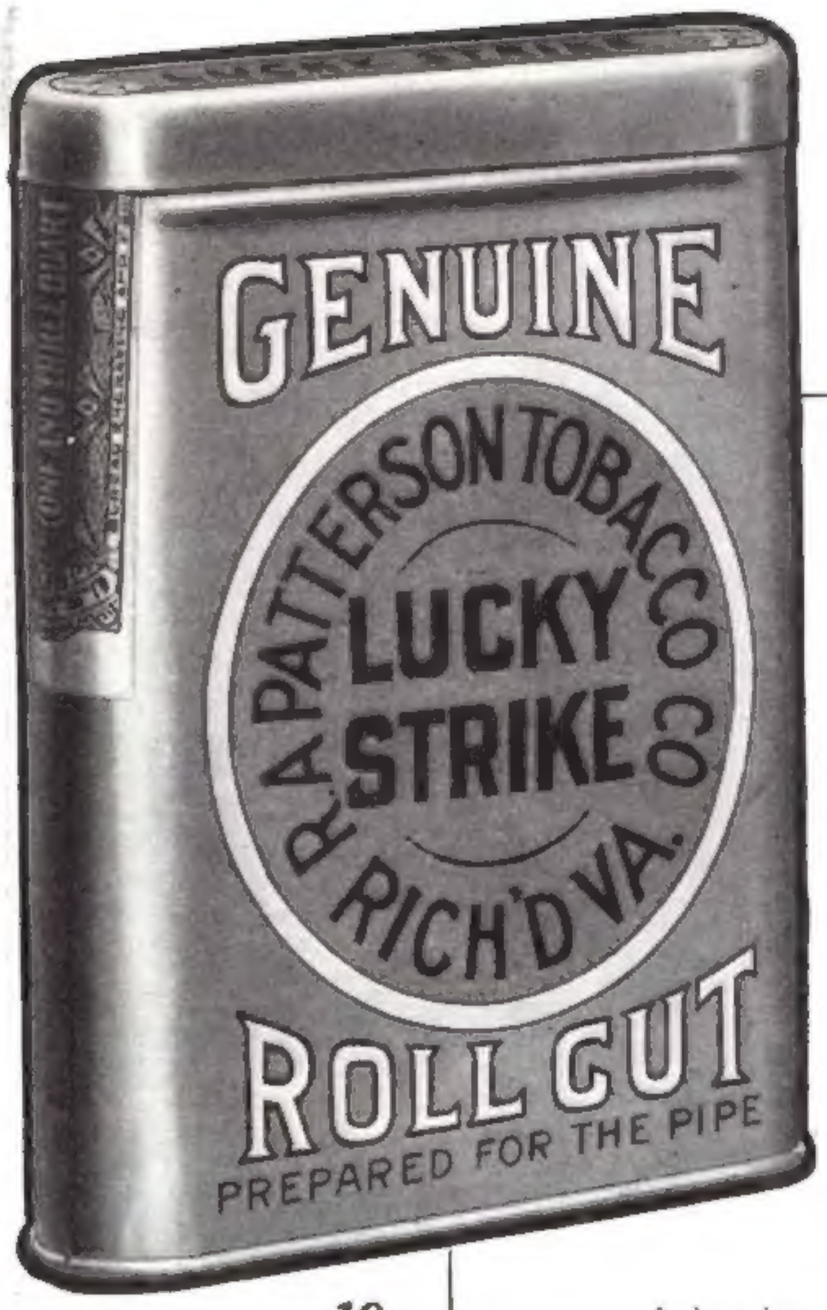

Good News for Smokers

ESTABLISHED 1856.
R. A. PATTERSON TOBACCO COMPANY,
INCORPORATED 1899.
Manufacturers.

Richmond, Va. May 20, 1911

GENTLEMEN:—

A good many things have happened since we entered the tobacco business nearly sixty years ago, and so a good deal of experience goes into our tobaccos.

When the R. A. Patterson Tobacco Co. started to make tobacco it was in the times when success was built on quality—quality alone—and failure on the lack of it.

And we have never gotten away from the idea of quality first—we are still working on this basis, and we always will, for we know in the bottom of our hearts that it is the reason why we are today the leading manufacturers of high grade smoking tobaccos.

In 1856, Dr. R. A. Patterson, the founder of this business, commenced the manufacture of what was known for a long time as "Plug Smoke." It was a hard pressed plug and the smoker had to use a knife in order to chip off enough for each pipeful.

"Plug Smoke" rapidly became so popular because of its superior quality, that it was widely imitated, and in order to distinguish the original, Dr. Patterson named his product *Lucky Strike*. It was far and away the leader among "Plug Smokes" and still maintains its great popularity.

In 1871, Dr. Patterson realized that people were living faster than they had been, and it occurred to him that he could save the smokers' time and trouble by slicing this tobacco for them, and so he originated *Lucky Strike Sliced Plug*, which is the original plug, cut into thin slices. It is only necessary to roll one of these slices between the palms of the hands to prepare it for the pipe. The success of this form of Lucky Strike was really astounding. It is now the most popular high grade sliced plug in the world.

Of course, *Lucky Strike Sliced Plug* has also been imitated hundreds of times, but every manufacturer who has tried to duplicate its quality has signally failed.

Today the spirit of 1911 has prompted us to make the good, old reliable Lucky Strike in an even more convenient form and we know this is good news to smokers. Because it means that Lucky Strike in the new form is now the ideal tobacco from every standpoint. We know that smokers all over the world who have always appreciated the superior *quality* of Lucky Strike will gladly welcome it in the most convenient form—*Lucky Strike Roll Cut*.

You have only to fill your pipe from the tin box, for in the roll cut form we do the rolling of the slices ourselves by a mechanical process which is the result of years of experiments.

For over half a century our tobaccos have been prepared by a secret process which has never been duplicated and never could be improved upon.

Our tobaccos are the purest and the mildest produced.

But that isn't all—the process as applied to the proper quality of matured tobacco which we use exclusively, makes our tobacco a cool smoke—a smoke that can't bite—that does not heat the pipe. It gives it a fragrance enjoyed not only by those who smoke, but also by those who do not—tobacco that retains its aroma in any climate, that burns slowly and holds fire without clogging your pipe.

This process is our secret and it is the big reason why our brands can never be duplicated in quality.

Today we use more cans than all the other tobacco manufacturers in the world combined.

Right now, the sales of our brands are increasing more rapidly than ever before in the history of our business, so that we have been compelled to start the erection of another new plant with four times the capacity of our present quarters—a model plant covering ten acres with 650,000 square feet of floor space.

Could anyone ask for better proof of the superiority of these tobaccos?

Remember, the process is ours alone even though thousands of dollars have been spent in having chemists and scientists analyze our tobacco in an endeavor to discover our secret.

So the good qualities of our tobacco—its flavor and fragrance—are still distinctly its own.

The proof will cost you a dime—get it today at any dealer's.

Yours truly,

R. A. Patterson Tob. Co.

TO THE TOBACCO TRADE:—We are making every endeavor to fill all orders promptly, but the recent big jump in the sales of our Tuxedo brand (the original granulated burley) is taxing the facilities in our Tuxedo departments to the utmost. We have never dared to advertise Tuxedo, because its sales have grown so rapidly on sheer merit that we have always had the hardest kind of work to keep pace with the demand. Today so much more of Tuxedo is sold than all of its imitations combined that we are compelled to earnestly request all orders as far as possible in advance.

10c

The Making of Tobacco History

The tobaccos that have led the way for thousands of imitators—the products that have made tobacco history, bear the name of PATTERSON.

This name—Patterson—on tobacco of any kind has stood for *quality* for over half a century, does still and always will. It carries with it a guarantee of purity, of choicest selection, and of the highest grade of manufacture.

The same people who made Lucky Strike more than fifty years ago are making it today and the quality always has been and always will be kept up.

1856

The Plug

The *original* "plug smoke"—**Lucky Strike.** It marked a new era in tobacco quality and has always maintained its superiority and popularity.

1871

The Sliced Plug

The *original* "sliced plug"—**Lucky Strike Sliced Plug.** Famous all over the world. More sold than all other high grade sliced plugs combined.

1911

The Roll Cut

Lucky Strike Roll Cut—the same old, reliable, superior quality in the most convenient form—ready for the pipe.

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Enables every one who irons, or has ironing done in the house, to get better work—in less time, with less physical effort, and in cool comfort.

ONE iron will do all the work—the heaviest household ironing—the lightest, most delicate laces. It stays hot till the work is done. All the heat is thrown evenly upon the bottom of the iron itself, from within.

Just attach an "American" Electric Iron to an ordinary electric lamp socket and put out the fire in the kitchen range!

The Iron and the Work Stay Clean

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Thus an ordinary all-day ironing can be turned out in cool comfort by three o'clock —without appreciable increase in your bills for electric current, no matter who does the work.

"American" Electric Iron—"Beauty" type

To assure all the advantages of "American" electric ironing you must get the "American" Electric Iron—"Beauty" type. It weighs 6½ pounds—the most practical weight for all the household work. And it is so durable that it is guaranteed for three years.

Prices of "American" Electric Irons anywhere in the United States:

"Beauty" type, 6½ pounds, ... $5
Other types, ... $4 to $5

For sale by electric and hardware dealers and department stores. If your dealer hasn't the "American" we will ship it, carriage prepaid, upon receipt of price.

Look for the triangle on the iron or tag

AMERICAN ELECTRIC HEAT

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"Heat without Fire" is a free booklet that tells how "American" electric heat has been successfully applied to many household uses, such as those described below. Write for it today, before you forget.

CRISP, evenly browned toast, piping hot, made at table as you want it—that's what you can enjoy to the utmost with the "American" Electric Toaster.

It's economical—averaging ten slices for a cent. It's durable, quick, convenient—the lightest electric toaster made.

It sells uniformly at $4, ready to plug into a lamp socket.

BY THE "American" system, electricity has been economically applied to many household needs. These are examples of "American" electric heating-devices:

Chafing-dish, coffee-percolator, tea-kettle, plate-warmer, disc stove, serving-tray warmer, baby's milk-heater, curling-iron heater, warming-pad, luminous radiator.

FOR industrial purposes we make a variety of electric heating-devices: glue-pots, soldering-pots and irons, air-heaters, laboratory-plates, etc.

If you are interested in electric heat for any purpose—household, hospital or industrial—write us.

If the device you require is practical, we make it.

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Packard pianos—and piano players—are sold by the better dealers everywhere—or direct by The Packard Company, Fort Wayne, Indiana. Send for Catalogue BB—and our liberal payment plan—to-day

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Makers Renowned Reading Standard Bicycles
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R-S

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Write today for FREE BOOKLET "Well Kept Nails"

This little booklet on the care of the nails is written by experts who give in it rules worth many dollars to those who value the appearance and comfort of the hands. Lustr-ite Nail Enamel, the quickest and best nail polish in the world, contains no grease and will not soil hands nor fabric. Use without buffer. Costs only 25c. Sample cake free on request. Sold by druggists generally. Used by 90% of the Professional Manicures.

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A Can be used as torch, cigar lighter, and to ignite gas lamps; it takes the place of matches. Highly nickel plated. Send $1.00.

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is a high grade, fully equipped 4 H. P. Motor Cycle. It has the Herz High Tension Magneto, Breeze Carburetor, and Goodyear White Studded Tires. **List Price $235.00.** Until we arrange an agency in your locality we will allow the agency discount of 20% which makes the net price of the **"Pratt-4" $188.00,** complete with Herz **High Tension Magneto;** $10.00 to accompany order, balance of $178.00 C. O. D. Our thirty-eight years' successful manufacturing experience should mean something to you in purchasing a Motor Cycle.

Write for folder at once.

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Elkhart, Indiana

"Old Town Canoe"

Make canoeing trips your week-end and every-day recreation this year. Canoeing is the most popular, healthful and inexpensive pastime of the summer months.

You can have an "Old Town Canoe" in a size, model and finish to suit any use—completely guaranteed.
Write today for free booklet, illustrated in colors, with canoeing scenes from Maine to California. Also information about forming canoe clubs if you wish it.
Canoe clubs are giving great outdoor pleasure to many people every year. Do you belong to one?

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2000 Canoes to choose from. Immediate deliveries.

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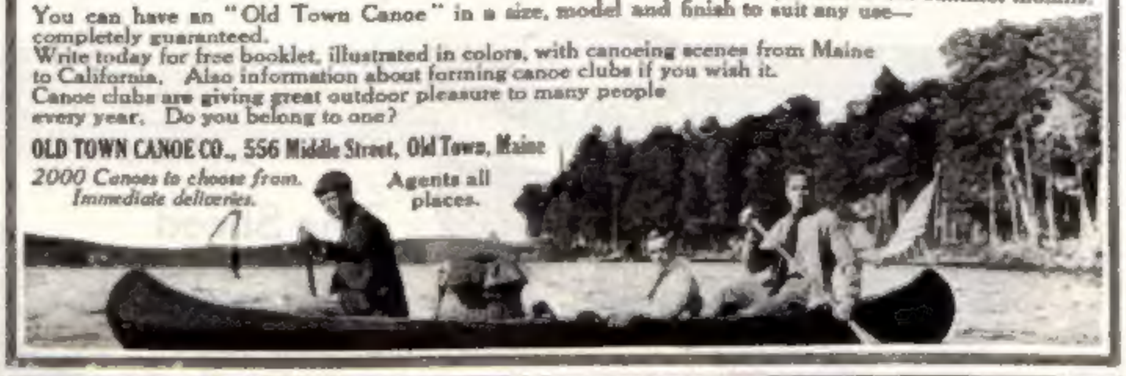

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When you learn that this big, silent engine is built so that it cannot rack or strain itself in a decade of use; when you realize that the Oldsmobile is the first large car with wheels and tires of adequate size; when you fully appreciate the importance of these features in touring or in driving in and out of city traffic, you will say:

"The Oldsmobile cannot be judged by ordinary standards; it creates new standards of its own."

THE SPECIAL	THE AUTOCRAT	THE LIMITED
4-Cylinder $3000	4-Cylinder $3500	6-Cylinder $5000

OLDS MOTOR WORKS, LANSING, MICH.

All out-doors invites your Kodak.

Let Kodak keep a picture record of your every outing. There's a new pleasure in every phase of photography—pleasure in the taking, pleasure in the finishing, but most of all, pleasure in possessing pictures of the places and people that *you* are interested in.

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